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- ART. I.—1. *The History of Somerset.* By the REV. J. COLLINSON. 1791.  
2. *The History and Antiquities of Somersetshire.* By the REV. W. PHELPS. 1836.  
3. *Proceedings of the Somersetshire Archæological and Natural History Society.*  
4. *The Handbook of Somerset.* Murray.

THERE are few parts of England that have been so frequently connected with the noteworthy events of our past history as the county of Somerset. For centuries it was the battle-field of the Belgæ, and here the Romans established camps and stations, built luxurious villas, and worked the mines of Brendon and Mendip. At Cadbury Camp, the Camelot of the old typographers, Arthur is supposed to have kept his Round Table, in the interlude of fighting the Saxons. In the Isle of Athelney, Alfred found a safe retreat in evil days, and from the length and breadth of Somerset called the best part of that army which conquered the invading Danes. A few centuries later Bristol, "the richest of all the cities," became the stronghold of the Empress Matilda, and the neighbourhood around was the scene of Stephen's struggles with her followers. Compared with these early annals, the battle of Lansdown and Blake's noble defence of Taunton appear quite like modern events. Another episode in English history, the scene of which is laid in Somerset, is the battle of Sedgemoor. Local traditions connected with "King Monmouth" are still passed from sire to son in the marsh district.

Added to this, the ecclesiological history of the county is one of great interest. Glastonbury claims to be the site of the first Christian shrine built in Britain.

" The good saint,  
Arimathæan Joseph, journeying came  
To Glastonbury, . . . . .  
And there he built, with wattles from the marsh,  
A little lonely church in days of yore."

So says the poet, in telling of the legends of the Holy Grail and the Winter-thorn, "mindful of our Lord." Then arose the noble abbeys, glorious still in ruin, and the goodly parish churches, rich in architectural beauty. These are among the many points of interest connected with the county. The name of Somerset was supposed to mean the "Summer-land;" but Camden, in his *Britannia*, abandons this idea; "for," says he, "verily, howsoever, in summer time it is a right summer-like country; yet in winter it may worthily be called a winterish region, so wet and weely, so miry and moorish it is, to the exceeding great trouble of those that travell in it." There is an open discussion as to whether the Gael really preceded the Kymri in the occupation of this country. The latter, it would appear, found their western settlements more extensive than they required, and admitted three other tribes. One of these, the men of Galedon, Dr. Guest considers as identical with the Belgæ, who formed the Wansdyke for their boundary. This magnificent earthwork enters the county south of Bath, and terminates at Portishead on the Bristol Channel. The date of the establishment of these people seems very uncertain, and may be any time from one to five centuries before the Christian era.

The minerals of the Mendip and Brendon hills were known at a very early period, and according to Dr. Guest, the boundary of the Wansdyke was intended to include the mineral treasures of the Mendip and the country lying between these hills and the river Parret.

Besides the ranges known as the Mendips, the Polden, the Quantocks, the Brendon, and the boundary line of Blackdown, there are in central Somerset many insular eminences which were favourable for occupation and defence, and on these the Keltic tribes established themselves. At Banwell, at Brentknoll, on the Quantocks, at Neroche Castle, above Ilminster, in various places above the river Axe, on Hamdon Hill, and to the west of the Brendon hills, proofs have been found of these early settlements.



## The Druidical remains of

"Stanton Drew,  
A mile from Pensford, and another from Chew,"

are especially interesting. Sir Richard Hoare considered this work to be of earlier date than the temple at Stonehenge. The district was, no doubt, extensively occupied, for Ptolemy, in his *Geography of Britain*, speaks of Ilchester, the *Ischalis* of the Romans, as the first town in the territory of the Belgæ. The Romans paid their predecessors the compliment of appropriating all that was good in point of situation, and hence their works are often found associated.

Four great Roman roads traversed Somersetshire, and in their vicinity numerous remains have been found, some of which are very unique in character. At Littleton, a villa was discovered which occupied two acres and a half. The Romans settled more in the eastern than in the western part of the county; though in the extreme west, on the Brendon hills, there is evidence of their presence for mining purposes. It is a curious fact that "one of their temples at Bath was fed with fossil coal," says Whitaker, quoting from Solinus.

Bath, the *Aquæ Solis* of the Romans, is full of their vestiges. Numerous remains of bathing-houses have been discovered, and among other temples the ruins of a magnificent one to Minerva. From inscriptions found at different times, it appears that military commanders, high municipal officers, and other persons of rank, frequented the city. St. Patrick, according to his own account, was a descendant of Roman colonists, the son of the Decurio, or Mayor of Bath.

Most of the Roman remains in that city have been found at a distance of from twelve to twenty feet below the surface of the modern town. A good many of these relics, such as pieces of frieze, cornices, and monumental stones, are preserved in the local museum.

It is said that when the Roman legions finally left Britain, they embarked at Uphill Bay, near Weston-super-Mare. Bath itself was conquered and laid waste by the Saxons in 576 A.D.; but legendary lore relates that its fate was some time protracted by King Arthur, who, it is said, defeated the Saxons on Lansdown. The evidences of Roman occupation are very numerous. Near Langport both coins and pottery are often found, and not far from there is the villa of Pitney, which has a most beautiful tessellated pavement. Judging from the state of the Hamhill stone, which was used in the construction, the villa was probably destroyed by fire. For

"a hundred years," says Mr. Jones, "this locality had been the battle-field of the Romano-British, who were Christians, and the pagan Saxons," which accounts for the great destruction of the Roman civilisation in these parts.

Very interesting discoveries have been made at Camerton, six miles from Bath : it was probably the first Roman posting-station out of *Aque Solis* on the Foss Road, which runs from thence to Ilchester and the farther West. The foundations of about ten houses were found here, built as one of our ordinary villages on either side of the road. Some good specimens of Samian ware and quantities of coins have been collected. In the name of the village of Street we have a relic of Roman times on this same road.

It is not too much to say that the whole of this neighbourhood was dotted with villas, so numerous are the remains. Like the extensive villa at Combe, St. Nicholas, which deserves special mention, they were all provided with a hypocaust and baths, together with outbuildings enclosed by a boundary wall, proving the extensive and luxurious character of the structure.

The mining operations of the Romans have been abundantly traced on the Somersetshire hills. On the Mendips they have been actually employed in the present day, in reworking the refuse of an old Roman lead mine ; and on this spot was lately found a coin of Antoninus Pius. In 1853 a pig of lead was discovered on the northern flank of these hills, with an inscription referring to Britannicus, the son of Claudius : this relic is now in the British Museum. Other pigs were found here in earlier times, and have been described by Camden and Leland.

The Romans also worked the iron mines on the Brendon hills, and made use of the brown hematite. In this locality some remarkable implements of wood and a powerful pick-axe, supposed to belong to the Roman period, were found. These things, together with a quantity of local curiosities, may be seen at the Taunton Museum. These local museums deserve attention and support, for specimens which are lost in a great national collection are of immense interest and value in the neighbourhood whose history they serve to exemplify. The town of Taunton has shown a good example in this respect, and has preserved to the county some very important collections, illustrative both of the natural history and of the archæology of Somerset.

Referring to the early times of which we have been speaking, it may be mentioned that Gildas "the Querulous" gives us a

glimpse of the West after the decline of the Roman rule. Dissatisfied with the world, he sought quiet and repose on an island rock in "the Severne Sea." But even here there was no rest for him, inasmuch as the pirates of that day made this rock their retreat; and seeing no end to their plunder, rapine, and sacrilege, Gildas quitted the place, and, crossing over to the mainland of Somerset, betook himself to Glastonbury. Here, very probably, he wrote some part of his history, wherein he describes that "the Gospel was brought to Britain, an island stiff with frost, lying in a distant corner of the world, not very near the sun."

It is a favourite belief in the West, that Joseph of Arimathæa and Simon Zelotes were sent by St. Philip from Gaul into Britain to preach the Gospel, and that they founded a church at Avalon, viz., Glastonbury. It is not improbable that they might have landed at the neighbouring port of Uphill, the *Axiom* of the Romans, and then have proceeded to the interior of the country. The legend says that Joseph stuck his staff into the ground when he reached the island of Avalon, declaring that a Christian church should be built on the spot. This is believed to have been the origin of the magnificent Abbey of Glastonbury, whose beautiful ruins are familiar to the tourist. The legend proceeds to state that St. Joseph's staff had been cut from a thorn-tree in the Holy Land, and that when stuck into the ground took root and flourished, and in proof of its origin it blossomed miraculously at Christmas ever after. What is believed to be an offset of the original tree is shown to this day; and it is quite true that it makes an attempt, more or less successful, according to the mildness of the season, to blossom in midwinter. Dr. Smith says that the tree is, in fact, the *Mespilus Oxyacantha*, a native of Palestine, and is known to flower twice a year. Dr. Layton, a commissioner at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries, thus writes to his superior:—"Pleaseth your worship to understand that yesternight we came from Glastonbury to Bristowe. I have sent you for relicks two flowers, wrapt up in sarsnet, that on Christmas, even at the very hour that Christ was born, will spring and bear flowers." Even as late as James the Second's time "the blossoms were esteemed such curiosities by people of all nations that the Bristol merchants made a traffic of them, and exported them into foreign parts."

A halo of poetry and superstition encircles the lonely Tor of Glastonbury, which stands, and has stood in all Christian times, as a shrine and a landmark in the wide and pleasant

vale of central Somerset. Beneath its shadow King Arthur is believed to have been buried. To doubt the facts of his life, or his place of burial, is an unforgivable heresy in the West. The chronicles of the times, such as they are, certainly associate the deeds of King Arthur with all this district. Nennius says that the eleventh battle of that King against the Saxons was fought at Camelet, a spot identified as a hill-fort about five miles south from the villages of North and South Cadbury, and is passed by the railway line which goes from Yeovil to Bruton. Enderbie also mentions that the Round Table was kept at Camelet. The river Ivel flows near, which Drayton calls,

"The nearest neighbouring flood to Arthur's ancient seat,  
Which made the Britain's name thro' all the world so great.  
Like Camelet what place was ever yet renown'd?  
Where, as at Carlion, oft he kept the Table Round."

This palace of King Arthur, which Leland describes as "a castle upon a very Torre, wonderfully enstrengthened of nature," was, according to legend, supposed to have been built by the great magician, Merlin. Tennyson, in that beautiful series of poems called *The Holy Grail*, gives a marvellous word-picture of the "sacred mount of Camelot." The poet gathering together the myths and fables of the past, tells us that when Arthur hears that his knights are resolved to search for the Holy Grail for a year and a day, orders a tournament in the meadows of Camelot.

The Holy Grail, brought over by Joseph of Arimathea, is supposed to have remained for a season at Glastonbury, and it is rather a curious circumstance that a place in the neighbourhood has been called from very ancient times *Chalice Hill*—chalice, of course, meaning the sacred cup used in the Sacraments. Whether there is any connection between the local tradition and the name it is impossible to say, but the coincidence is noteworthy.

It is remarkable how the pagan myths and the Christian fables are intermingled. There is a Welsh tradition that Merlin conveyed from Glastonbury the thirteen curiosities of the place, including the dish, or cup *Rhydderch*, which had been preserved there. By some it has been supposed that the British name of Glastonbury, *Ynys Wydrin*, or the "Isle of the Little Glass," was given to it in consequence of the presence of the precious glass dish, or holy cup, used at the Last Supper.

The modern pilgrim to the Somersetshire shrines should

take Tennyson's Arthurian poems in his pocket; they are full of local pictures, which recreate past traditions, and place them in the frame of living nature and of real scenery. Allowing for some poetic licence, Tennyson is wonderfully close in his descriptions. He has evidently studied the geological changes which have, during a comparatively recent period, affected this district of the great marsh.

In the *Morte d'Arthur*, the wounded King speaks of going to Glastonbury,—

“ To the island valley of Avilion,  
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,  
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies  
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns  
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,  
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.”

The known geographical changes permit the supposition that Arthur was brought to the Abbey of Glastonbury by water. That he died and was buried there was believed in the time of Henry the Second, who caused his remains to be sought for. Camden transmits the account given by Giraldus Cambrensis, who declares that he himself saw what he describes. He says, “ When Henry the Second took knowledge out of the British bards or rhythmers, how Arthur lay buried in the Abbey of Glascon, between two pyramids, he caused the body to be searched for, . . . and there was found a sepulchre of oak made hollow, wherein the remains of Arthur were bestowed.” According to the Abbey records, a leaden cross with his name and an inscription in the debased Romano-British type, agreeing with alleged antiquity, identified the tomb. Mr. Parker has observed that the custom of burying in a coffin formed of a hollow oak-tree also agrees with the Arthurian date.

In these days of lady doctors, it may not be uninteresting to mention that a MS. Latin poem \* in the British Museum particularly describes that there dwelt in Glastonbury nine sisters skilled in the healing art, one of whom greatly excelled the rest, and whose fame was spread far and near. Her name was Morgana. King Arthur, it would seem, specially desired to consult her and her sisters when wounded in his last battle. Somewhat later, the story of the ladies “ skilled in the healing art ” reappears as the romance of *Morgana in her*

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\* *Vita Merlini per Galfridum Monumeten sum versu Herico ad Robertam Lincolnensem.*

*Castle of Avalon.* It was elaborated according to the characteristic taste of the Crusading days, when Eastern imagery had touched with warm colouring the more sombre legends of the North. Besides robbing the Irish of St. Patrick, who, it appears now, was a Somersetshire gentleman, born under the shadow of the Tor, Glastonbury also claims to be the birth-place of St. Dunstan.

"We must not linger over the youth of this imaginative boy, who was blamed by his pious father for 'loving the vain songs of ancient heathendom—the trifling legends and the funeral chaunts.' We all know the story of his pinching the Devil's nose with his red-hot crucible tongs, and how the foul fiend ran down Glastonbury-street shouting, 'Oh, what has the bald head done?' Another little anecdote, not so well-known, proves that the saint was something of a geologist as well as a metallurgist. One day, after St. Dunstan had been made Abbot of Glastonbury, he walked forth with a little schoolboy to meet the brethren, who were returning from Steward Wulfric's funeral. The two were "singing according to their wont," when a stone was flung at them from the other side of the church; it just missed the Abbot's head, but knocked off his cap. St. Dunstan examined the stone, and pronounced that it was not belonging to any of the rocks of the neighbourhood, so it must have been the Devil who tried to have a 'shy' at him."

Leaving the half-fabulous lives of the saints, we approach something like the firm ground of history when we mention the name of Alfred the Great. After his reverses near Frome, Alfred retired to Athelney, in those days an island formed by the stagnant waters of the Parrett and the Tone. It is supposed that he remained concealed there for a year, while he carefully concerted his measures against the Danes. During this time, popular belief credits him with the incident of burning the good wife's cakes. And pending his forced retreat from public affairs, he is said to have lost from his neck a valuable ornament of gold and enamel. This trinket, strangely enough, was found in the seventeenth century, and is now preserved in the Ashmolean Museum. The chroniclers state that Alfred well knew that the western counties formed the strength and, indeed, the last hope of his kingdom. He waited at Athelney till he heard that the men of Somerset and the adjoining counties were ready to obey his call. Then he arose before the dawn, and "rode in the grey of the morning from thence to Brixton Deverill, and before nightfall found himself at the head of a gallant army." The King's standard was erected at Stourhead, on the borders of Wilts and



Somerset. All the West obeyed that summons. Mendip sent forth her rough miners, the Quantocks her weather-beaten shepherds; and from the low dank meres and from the rich vales men of strength and courage went to swell the army of their King. Every abbey, cell, and convent sent their dependents; for the cause of Alfred was the cause of the Church. To celebrate his victory over the Danes, he founded a Benedictine Abbey at Athelney, of which now there are no remains; but several coffins, encaustic tiles, bosses, and other relics, have been found on the site.

Not far from here is the village of Aller, where, it is said, Guthrun the Dane was baptized, after his defeat at Edington. A very ancient font was dug out of a pond in the vicarage garden, some years ago, and replaced in the church; and no one can assert that it is not the identical font in which the Dane and his followers were made Christians.

In the reign of Alfred's son and successor, Edward the Elder, we have the earliest specimens yet discovered of a coin struck in a Somersetshire mint. In the Anglo-Saxon times moneyers were established at Bath, Ilchester, Taunton, Watchet, Crewkerne, Bruton, Cadbury, and Langport. Coins bearing the names of these places are to be met with in the British Museum, in the Royal Cabinet of Stockholm, and, in a few instances, in other collections. Coins were struck at Ilchester in the time of Henry III., and at Bristol till the time of Queen Mary, when the custom of coining in the country entirely ceased.

While mints were being established over the country, we might suppose that civilisation was advancing; but the following passage, which occurs in the biography of Wulfstan, Bishop of Worcester, gives a curious picture of public morality at the end of the eleventh century. The writer makes mention "of a seaport town called Bristowe, opposite to Ireland, into which its inhabitants make frequent voyages on account of trade. Wulfstan cured the people of this town of a most odious and inveterate custom which they derived from their ancestors of buying men and women in all parts of England, and exporting them to Ireland for the sake of gain. You might have seen with sorrow long ranks of young persons tied together with ropes and daily exposed to sale. The good Bishop at length induced them to abandon their wicked trade, and to set an example to all the rest of England to do the same." A few years ago some subterranean excavations were found, which are believed to have had some connection with this infamous traffic.



The Norman element introduced into Somersetshire after the Conquest must have been overwhelming. William de Mohun was given fifty manors of land in the county, and Geffray, the war-loving Bishop of Coutances, held no less than seventy. The latter was also Constable of Bristol, which place he held, after the death of William, for the Conqueror's eldest son Robert. His object was to store Bristol with arms and provisions, that it might be the stronghold of their party in the West. The Saxon Chronicles say, that the Bishop and his nephew, "Robert de Mulbrei, went to Bryestowe, where they had a strong castle, and they laid waste everything, as far as a place called Bathan, which they burned." They plundered Somersetshire, and laid siege to Ilchester, but were repulsed.

Some years later, Bristol became the stronghold of the Empress Matilda, whose party, according to Henry of Huntingdon, committed all manner of licence, especially the Bristolians, who, whenever they heard of any of the King's adherents having possessions in the neighbourhood, flocked down upon them, carrying them off blindfold into Bristol, and there by starvation and torture mulcted them of their property. It was to put down these robbers and those confederated with them, that Stephen besieged Castle Cary in this county, which he reduced after a sharp struggle. William Perceval Lovel, the Lord of Cary, William de Mohun of Dunster, and others, were leagued together in favour of Matilda. In the *Gesta Stephani* there are reiterated charges against the lawless barons of the West. The Castle of Bristol is called "a den of perdition, and the city itself the step-mother of England." At the same time it is represented as nearly the richest of all the cities of the country, receiving merchandise by sailing vessels from the neighbouring and foreign countries, and placed in the most fruitful part of England.

At the time of Matilda and Stephen, it is said that there were no less than 1,100 castles built in England, and certainly Somersetshire had her share. With the exception of Taunton, which had been a stronghold of King Ina, all the Somersetshire castles were of Norman erection. The "castle builders" were the object of peculiar hatred to the Saxons, who, according to the remark of the Norman, Orderic Vitalis, were easily subdued by their conquerors, principally owing to the want of defences of this kind; for, though "warlike and bold, they could not resist their enemies without fortresses." The *Saxon Chronicle*, in bitterness of spirit, says, "Every rich

man built his castles. . . . They filled the land full of castles. They cruelly oppressed the wretched men of the land with castle works, and when they were built filled them with devils and evil men."

The following Norman names occur in connection with the Somersetshire:—William de Briwere built Bridgwater Castle; William de Mohun, that of Dunster, portions of which remain to this day; Nunney Castle was erected by Sir John Delamere, and Castle Cary owed its fortress to Robert, Lord of Breherval, one of the companions of the Conqueror, whose son, Axelin, was surnamed *Lupus* from the fierceness of his disposition. In after times the sobriquet was softened down into Lupel or Luvell, and lastly Lovel, by which the family was best known. Stogursey was built by the De Coureys; very few remains of this moated castle are traceable, for it had become such a stronghold of robbers, that it was dismantled by the express order of the sheriff. The Somersetshire nobles were somewhat conspicuous for their lawlessness; two of Thomas à Beckett's murderers belonged to the county. Fitzurse had a residence at Wiliton-in-the-Vale, between the Quantock and the Brendon Hills; and Woodspring Priory, near Clevedon, was built by William de Courtenay, in expiation of the crime of his ancestor, Tracey, of whom it is said "the Traceys have always the wind in their faces." A mural reliquary found in Kewstoke Church, and supposed to have been transplanted from the adjoining priory, is believed to contain some of Thomas à Beckett's blood. It is preserved in the Taunton Museum. The characteristic boldness of the men of the West happily turned into more legitimate channels when the mediæval boroughs began to supersede the baronial castle. The trade of the towns promoted distant explorations, and we find Sebastian Cabot getting together the crews for his celebrated expeditions from Bristol and Bridgwater; at the latter place the sailors were renowned for their love of enterprise. Cabot's own account is "that he was borne in Brystowe, and that at iiii. years ould he was carried by his father to Venice, and so returned agayne to England with his father after certayne years, whereby he was thought to have been born in Venice." The Bristol merchants fitted out an expedition in 1494, under John Cabot, by which Newfoundland was discovered. In 1497 another fleet sailed under Sebastian Cabot and explored the coast from this point to Cape Florida, of which John Grey was the first colonist, and Robert Thorne the first to form a commercial settlement—both were Bristol men. Amongst the local events which do

not come to the surface of history we may mention an attack upon Taunton by the Cornish miners. It seems they were angry at a newly imposed tax levied upon them by Henry the VII., and in consequence the Provost of Penrhyn, who had become obnoxious to them, fled, and took refuge in Taunton Castle. The rioters followed him, besieged the place in 1490, dragging out the provost, and murdering him out of hand. It appears that in the following year the Cornish miners, now under command of Perkin Warbeck, occupied Taunton, but finally dispersed on hearing that the King had sent a large army against them.

The dismal story of the quarrel between Lord Stourton and the Hartgills, of Kilmington, in Somersetshire, curiously illustrates the manners and customs of the times.

‘The narrative, condensed from Strype’s *Memorials*, is as follows:— ‘It would appear that some common lands had been enclosed by Lord Stourton, and that Edward VI., at the instigation of the Duke of Somerset, issued a proclamation staying all such injurious proceedings; but the good intentions of the order were disregarded, and a deadly feud rose out of the affair between the Hartgills, who were people of condition, and Lord Stourton.’ There was besides some private matter of quarrel, for we hear that ‘Dame Elizabeth, the mother of Lord Stourton, had taken up her abode with the Hartgills, and that her son desired that William Hartgill should induce her to enter into a bond in a great sum of money that she should never marry. This Hartgill declined to do, unless Lord Stourton would assign out some yearly portion for his mother to live upon.’ ‘In discoursing upon this matter they fell utterly out with one another.’

‘Shortly afterwards, Lord Stourton came over, Whit Sunday morning, to Kilmington Church, when the elder Hartgills were obliged to take refuge in the church tower for fear of him and of his men, who were armed with bows and guns. With the aid of his people, the younger Hartgill managed to keep off Lord Stourton and his party, and his father begged him to take horse and ride up to London, to tell the Honourable Council how they were used. Before he left, the son caused meat and drink to be provided, which was pulled up into the church tower for the sustenance of those who were in sanctuary.

‘Lord Stourton’s party continued to surround the church till the coming of Sir Thomas Speake, High Sheriff of Somerset, who dispersed the peace-breakers.

‘“Throughout King Edward’s reign,” says the chronicler, ‘Lord Stourton continued his malace, and with violence and force took from Hartgill all the corn and cattle that he could in any ways come by.’ At length this became a Star Chamber business, and the matter

appeared so heinously base on the part of Lord Stourton, that he was fined in a certain sum to be paid to the Hartgills, and he was further imprisoned in the Fleet. To the honour of Queen Mary, be it said, that when Lord Stourton 'thought to bear himself out because he was a Papist, and the Hartgills favourers of the Gospel, her Majesty and Council were much displeased, and willed judgment to proceed against him.' However, my Lord got licensed to go down to the country for Christmas, upon a bond of two thousand pounds to render himself prisoner again. After his arrival at his house, he requested a peaceful meeting with the Hartgills, promising to pay them there and then the sums of money ordered by the Star Chamber. The Hartgills stood much in doubt to adventure themselves, but at length agreed to a meeting at Kilmington Church. When Lord Stourton was at hand, they found he was accompanied by fifteen of his own servants, sundry of his tenants, and some gentlemen and justices, to the number of sixty persons in all! Lord Stourton wished to go with them in the church house, but they refused to go into any covered place, the church excepted. A table was then set upon the open green, whereon my Lord laid a cap case and a purse, as though he intended to make payment. He then called the two Hartgills to him, saying that they should have every penny as the Council had ordered, 'But marry,' said he, '*I will first know ye to be true men.*' This was the signal; immediately some of his people seized the Hartgills, they were thrust into the church house, and bound with 'two blue bands of inkle.' Lord Stourton gave the younger Hartgill a blow in his face, and running out of the house with his naked sword, met the young man's wife, whom he spurned, kicked, and finally left on the ground half dead. The Hartgills themselves were carried off to Stourton and there murdered. The manner in which their bodies were disposed of equals the imaginary horrors conceived by Dumas or Eugene Sue. After they were put to death by four men appointed by Lord Stourton, their bodies were wrapped in their own gowns, and carried by the murderers through a garden into my Lord's gallery. At the door of the gallery they found my Lord bearing a candle. As they went on to a place at the end, he that carried old Hartgill, missing a plank, fell down into a hole—the body falling with him. Life was not quite extinct in the old man, for he groaned very sore. Finding by this that they were not quite dead, Lord Stourton ordered their throats to be cut quickly, lest a French priest lying near the place might hear them. Then one of the murderers exclaimed, 'Ah, my Lord, this is a pitiful sight, had I thought that I now think before the thing was done, your whole land could not have won me to consent to such an act.' My Lord answered (for this all came out in evidence), 'What, faint-hearted knave! Is it any more than ridding of two knaves that living were troublesome to God's love and man's? There is no more account to be taken of them than two sheep.' Their bodies were then tumbled down into the dungeon, and a pit dugged for

them, ' my Lord calling unto them from above to make speed, for the night went away.'

" Lord Stourton was arraigned at Westminster, and condemned to be hung with four of his men. The execution took place at Salisbury, on the 6th of March, 1556, the only concession to his noble birth was that he was hung by a silken cord. A twisted wire with a noose, emblematic of the halter, was hanging over his tomb in Salisbury Cathedral as late as 1775, as a memorial of his crime."

Reverting to the mediæval borough, with its municipal element, we shall find few better illustrations of the development of the modern political edifice than in the growth of the Somersetshire towns, which were relatively of far greater importance than they are at present. The West was foremost in the market for the manufacture of woollen goods. Formerly *Bridgwaters*, *Tauntons*, and *Dunsters*, were as well-known fabrics as Spitalfield silks and Manchester cottons are now. The trade was of great antiquity, for we find as early as 1389 the Parliament required that " the broad cloth much made in Somerset shall not be sold tied up and rolled, but shall be displayed to the purchaser," for it appears that this rolled cloth had an outside fair and well made, but often the inside was of a " bad colour and falsely wrought with different wool," which deception brought the merchants, who took it out of the country to sell to foreigners, in danger of death and imprisonment.

In the old town of Bristol, the weavers, who were established there as early as 1390, kept to their own particular quarter, which was Tucker-street and Rackway. In those days the different trades and classes had not only different districts assigned them, but special costumes were enforced; in short every act, whether of buying, selling, dressing, praying, or burying, was regulated by rule. They suffered from a superfluity of laws, which, according to modern notions, must have been most wearisome and oppressive. Amongst the manufacturers clustered at Rackway, was one Thomas Blanket, who is said to have given his name to that comfortable article.

The manufacture of soap was early introduced into Bristol. Fuller speaks of it in his time as having been " anciently made at Bristol, which is the staple place thereof. . . . Yea, and after London meddled with the making thereof, Bristol soap (notwithstanding the portorage) was the cheaper." As early as the second Crusade some wit, referred to by Richard of Devizes, tells a Frenchman, supposed to have a national

prejudice against soap, not to go to Bristol, "for there is nobody there who is not or has not been a soap-maker."

The wealth of the West country merchants must have been great. William Botoner, himself a Bristol man, though better known as William of Wyrcester, speaks of Robert Sturmye, merchant, as living quite in a princely manner. He was mayor of the town in 1550, and it is described that he kept open house for foreign merchants and other visitors. He had extensive dealings with the Levant. He had himself made a voyage to Jerusalem, with 160 pilgrims, in a ship called the *Cog Anne*. He suffered shipwreck on his return, near Navarino. The Greek Bishop of Modon was so kind to him and his companions that Sturmye was ever glad to welcome foreigners. Another merchant, William Canynge, whose name is for ever associated with the beautiful church of St. Mary Redcliffe,

"The pride of Bristowe and the West,"

was, according to the phraseology of the day, "a grave, sad, worshipful man." Besides trading with Flanders, Brabant, Venice, and Genoa, we find him taking advantage of the trade which had lately sprung up with Iceland for stock fish. Henry VI. addressed letters to the Grand Master of Prussia and the magistrates of Dantzic, commending his factors within their jurisdiction, of whom Canynge was one. The riches of this great merchant were so enormous, that a rumour got abroad that he was acquainted with the philosopher's stone, and hence the secret of his countless wealth. The origin of this rumour was owing to the close friendship which existed between Canynge and Norton, the alchemist, a member of an important family in the town, who had for their mansion the great house which is now St. Peter's Hospital. Norton says of himself—

"I also made the elixir of lyfe,  
The quintessence I made alsoe  
With other secrets, many moe  
Which sinful people took me fro."

The wealth and fame of Bristol brought thither many royal visitors, to whom it was the custom to make costly presents; but Henry VII., not satisfied with receiving £500 on his second visit, fined every inhabitant worth £20, on the plea "that their wives went too fine."

At this period an immense amount of church restorations and church building was completed; but preferring to speak



on the subject further on, at present we will glance at the share taken by Somersetshire in the Civil War.

Charles the First took up his quarters for a week at Chard, and from thence issued a proclamation, inviting "speedy peace," but instead came war with its bitter "part takings." For a time the West was the principal theatre of action. At Lansdown, near Bath, was fought the well-known battle, and later in the open country, near Langport, there was a fierce engagement.

We have now come to the time of the castle breakers. Nearly all the Somersetshire fortresses stood siege for one side or the other. The castle of Bristol was first maintained for the Parliament, but somewhat pusillanimously surrendered by Fiennes to a party of Royalists commanded by Prince Rupert. Secondly, it was retaken by General Fairfax, after the battle of Naseby, and subsequently its walls were razed to the ground by order of Cromwell. Dunster Castle was besieged by Blake. The Governor, Colonel Wyndham, made a brave resistance, and the struggle lasted some days. The old market-place in the picturesque little town still bears evidence of the shots.

Bridgwater Castle, now no more, had walls of fifteen feet in thickness. This place, from its great strength, was considered impregnable, and attracted together the Royalists from all the adjacent country, who took thither their moveable treasures. The Prince of Wales was there, for a time, in person, and more than once summoned a council of "loyal justices." During this time Cromwell came to look after the siege, and nearly lost his life outside the walls of Bridgwater. It is said that, while crossing the river Parret, he was nearly drowned by a sudden surprisal of the tidal wave—the bore or eager as it is locally called.

After Bridgwater was taken, the property found there was sent to London to be sold for the benefit of the soldiers who had stormed the town.

Nunney Castle, near Frome, now a picturesque ruin, had also its share in the Civil War. It was held by the Royalists, but succumbed to the attacks of Colonel Rainsborough's and Colonel Hammond's regiments. Farleigh-Hungerford, the birthplace of Margaret Plantagenet, mother of Cardinal Pole, had also a garrison for the King. The chief interest of the struggle in this county centres at Taunton, "which place," says Lord Macaulay, "was defended with heroic valour by Robert Blake, afterwards the renowned admiral of the Commonwealth."



Throughout all the changes of this troubled time, Taunton had stoutly adhered to the Parliament. The religious feeling of the townsmen (then a wealthy body of traders) was strongly Presbyterian. The possession of Taunton was a master-stroke of policy on the part of Blake, and the Royalists well knew the importance of the place. They sent their best men to attempt its reduction, and "Goring's Crew" was long remembered with execration in the surrounding country which they ruthlessly despoiled.

Without walls, without military defences, and against overwhelming numbers, the town of Taunton endured for fifty days an active siege. Again, after a brief respite, it maintained its resistance for five weeks longer, "in all making," says Mr. Hepworth Dixon, "exactly a year as the duration of this marvellous and successful defence." The moral effect of such patient as well as active heroism told favourably for the Puritan cause throughout England. The City of London was about to send succour, when, one Sunday morning, Blake, who was watching from the summit of "Marlin Tower," descried deliverance coming up from the West. While the Sabbath-bells were calling the starving citizens from out the burnt and battered streets to the house of God, the army of deliverance was visibly winding its way, with glittering spears, over the hill-side of Blagdon. Their town was saved! Their children would have bread! The prayers of that morning's service were turned into heartfelt thanksgivings. The anniversary of the day was long kept in Taunton.

Blake was born at Bridgwater, and had nearly attained the age of fifty before his great talents for military and naval command were first called into action. Throughout his brilliant career, which dates from the early successes in his native county, he never forgot his love for Somersetshire, and it is a curious circumstance that he always kept a Bridgwater man near his person, that he might talk of the old place and people.

Charles the Second had many friends in the West, amongst the most staunch of whom was Sir Stephen Fox, the distinguished statesman. After the Prince's escape from Worcester, he passed through Somerset on his way to the coast. The first house he stopped at in the county was Abbot's Leigh, near Bristol, the seat of Sir George Morton. Charles was at first much alarmed, for he found that he was recognised by the butler, who had once been in the King's household, but he took the man into his confidence, and asked him

after Colonel Wyndham, the late Governor of Dunster Castle. Colonel Wyndham, it appeared, had married a Mrs. Anne Gerrard, an heiress, and was residing on her property at Trent. Thither the Prince arranged to go, travelling, as before, in the guise of a servant, with Mrs. Jane Lane behind him, on horseback. Once, when he complained that the horse seemed weary, he received the answer, "No wonder, sire, when he bears the weight of three kingdoms on his back." They reached Castle Cary the first night, and lodged at Sir William Kirton's; the next day they went on to Trent, where Charles remained a fortnight, waiting for means of safe departure out of the country.

Several Somersetshire families suffered for their defence of royalty—amongst others the Berkeleys of Yarlinton, the Berkeleys of Pylle; the Marquis of Hertford lost all his estates in Castle Cary, Ansford, and Dunman, by sequestration; Sir John Stawell, of Cothelestone, endured grievous injury, "being," as Collinson says, "a person zealously affected to the cause of his sovereign, for whom he raised, at his own expense, three regiments of horse and one of foot." He exposed himself to the malevolence and persecution of the Parliament, who imprisoned him in Newgate, sold his lands, cut down his woods, and demolished his mansion at Cothelestone, which had been but recently built in the Italian style.

Oldmixon, the historian, himself a Somersetshire man, tells the following story with evident satisfaction, for he can magnanimously pity the Royalists who have been ill-treated by their own party. After the restoration, Sir John Stawell took the opportunity of telling Charles the Second that he had a son who loved dogs, and, being fit for nothing but the country, he begged for him the office of keeper of the buckhounds, a place then vacant. The King refused the favour; whereupon Sir John took the liberty to represent that he had expended in his majesty's service, and been sequestered to the amount of £105,000. The King replied: "You might have compounded, and saved a good part of it, and sent it to me." "Sire," replied Sir John, "since it is so, I have four sons, and I shall give them advice not to venture any more for any monarch in England."

Lord Macaulay's *History* has made the episode of the Monmouth rebellion so familiar to us, that we shall only glance at events that for the time turned the eyes of all England upon Somersetshire. The Duke was received at Taunton with the wildest enthusiasm, for the people beheld in him the defender of the Protestant faith. When he reached Bridg-

water, "his army consisted of about six thousand men, and might have been easily increased to double that number but for want of arms." None of his followers were much above the yeoman class; the Whig aristocracy stood aloof to a man, and he had hardly left Bridgwater, when Monmouth's manner betrayed his declining hopes. He reached Glastonbury the first night of his march, and his troops bivouacked in the abbey, lighting their watch fires among the picturesque ruins. After some counter marchings and much indecision, he returned to Bridgwater on the 2nd of July, and four days later was fought the battle of Sedgemoor, "the last fight deserving the name of battle that has been fought on English ground." To this day, the plough not unfrequently turns up grim relics of the fight. It will be remembered that the bodies of more than a thousand rebels and three hundred of the King's soldiers lay on that marsh field. It is still intersected by the *rhines* or ditches that were so fatal to Monmouth's army on that disastrous 6th of July, 1685.

A very remarkable novel, bearing the title of *Lorna Doone*, has recently appeared, which is so far historical that it treats incidentally of this period. Its chief merits, however, are the admirable descriptions of scenery, of local habits and manners in the olden time, and the mingled humour and pathos of the story—a story which is doubly interesting to those who know the wild and beautiful country round Porlock Bay.

"The Black Assize," the terrible sequel to the Monmouth rebellion, is even yet remembered by family tradition in the West. Colonel Kirke hung numbers of the rebels on the sign-post of the White Hart Inn, at Taunton, without even the form of trial; but it was left for Jeffreys in his judicial character to perpetrate those atrocities that have caused his name to be execrated in all after time.

It is pleasant to turn to another subject, namely, the architecture of the county. The noble Abbey of Glastonbury, so picturesque in its decay, was long the Western centre of ecclesiastical influence. For four centuries before the Norman Conquest, the Abbot held jurisdiction not only over "Glaston Twelve hides," containing twenty-four thousand acres of land, but stood possessed of an incredible number of outlying manors in Somersetshire and the adjoining counties. This vast wealth suffered considerable spoliation under the new régime of the conqueror, but succeeding monarchs confirmed the privileges of the Abbot, and increased the revenues of the establishment. Till the year 1154 this Abbey ranked first in

England, and not till that date was priority given to St. Alban's. The existence of this great monastic institution had a wide-spread influence in the Western districts: its power converted the politic Saxons to Christianity, and reduced even the Normans to concession. According to Matthew of Westminster, Muchelney Abbey, near Langport, was also founded in the Anglo-Saxon times by the pious Athelstan. Edward the Elder is named as the founder of Wells; we hear also of Athelstan as a benefactor of Bath Abbey, and of Bishop Aldhelm, of the monastery at Frome. Athelney Abbey, founded by Alfred, has been mentioned before. Altogether, the conventual establishments in the county were very considerable prior to the arrival of the Normans. This fact will not be surprising when we remember that the West Saxon kings had more than one residence in Somerset. Remains of Norman architecture are not nearly so numerous in this county as in Gloucestershire. We may mention, however, St. Joseph's Chapel, Glastonbury, the gateway of St. Augustine's Priory at Bristol, and also the Chapter House there. A good deal of Norman work may be met with in nooks and corners at Portbury, and at Qullington, near Frome, there are considerable remains of this kind, including a curious old font of very early Norman date. Uphill old church, which still stands a beacon for mariners on the "Severne Sea," is of great antiquity, and possesses a Norman porch of rude workmanship; the north side of the chancel is also of the same date. Witham Priory Church is an admirable instance of advanced transition Norman. There are only a few fragments of the material structure of Canyington Priory for Benedictine nuns, but it was founded in 1138, and became an important sisterhood. Local tradition says that Fair Rosamond was born at Canyington, and that she received her education at this priory.

In 1178 William of Sens injured himself so seriously in a fall from the scaffold, while building Canterbury Cathedral, that he was obliged to resign the master-trowel. The honour devolved on William the Englishman, who continued to work "according to the new fashion." As late as 1145 William of Malmesbury complained bitterly that the Norman influence was all-absorbing. The elevation of Jocelyn Trotman—an Anglo-Saxon and native of Wells—to the bishopric of that place was hailed with great delight by the Saxon party. The new bishop determined upon rebuilding the cathedral, and leaving therein a monument to the memory of his forefathers. Fuller says that "God, to square his great undertaking, gave

him a long life to his large heart." This cathedral exhibits in perfection the early English style in the nave, the transept, and part of the tower, but particularly in the celebrated west front, which is enriched by tiers of statues, exceeding 300 in number. It was, in fact, a mausoleum to the departed glory of the Saxons, for the Normans are not represented here. Flaxman attached a very high value to these sculptures as works of art. He laid particular stress on the early date at which they were finished, 1242—a period at which there is no record of any school of art having existed in this country, and even preceding the revival of art in Italy. "The work," he says, "is necessarily ill-drawn and deficient in principle, and much of the sculpture is rude and severe, yet in parts there is a beautiful simplicity, an irresistible sentiment, and sometimes a grace excelling more modern productions."

Mr. Parker says of the city of Wells "that it is one of the most interesting in Europe to the student of Gothic architecture. It brings before our eyes an important chapter in history—the long-continued struggle between the regulars, or monks, and the seculars, or the parochial and cathedral clergy. The buildings of Wells are not monastic at all. Each canon had his separate house, and these establishments were distinctly opposed to the monastic system of the eleventh and twelfth centuries." Mr. Parker frequently insists on the fact that Gothic architecture was applied just as much to castles and houses as to churches and monasteries. And as Bishop Jocelyn originally built the palace at Wells, we may look here also for admirable specimens of the early English style. The windows of the great hall, and some others elsewhere, are extremely interesting and beautiful. Portions of the building belong to the decorated style.

Somersetshire is, perhaps, the richest district in England for the remains of Middle Age domestic architecture, especially of the fifteenth century. At Meare there are remains of an earlier date, which are of a very unique character—viz., a *cottage* of the time of Edward the Third. It is called the "fish-house," and belonged to the Abbey of Glastonbury. Great changes have taken place in this place, and where fields are now there existed, as late as Henry the Eighth, a lake called "the Meare Poole, in circuite fyve myles, and one myle and half brode." There is also, near here, the Abbot's house. Mr. Parker has enlarged on these particular buildings. He remarks: "It was usual with our ancestors to build their houses, so to speak, upon vaults. These were now called ambulatories, cloisters, and other names, but the fact was

they were used for whatever purposes they were required." At Meare there is one great hall or banqueting-room which was probably used for general purposes; it was not till a later date that the more private apartments, such as drawing and withdrawing rooms, were introduced.

At Martock there is a very perfectly preserved old manor house, with decorated tracery in the windows; also Greenham House, near Milverton, is another example of fourteenth century work. But the glory of Somersetshire architecture is the "Local Perpendicular," as it is called. When Lord Macaulay's ideal "stranger" climbed the tower of St. Mary Magdalen, Taunton, in the days of "King Monmouth," he is described as seeing "the most fertile of English valleys, and scattered around, manor-houses, cottages, and village spires." Unfortunately for the accuracy of the picture, *towers*, not spires, are the characteristic feature of the landscape. To name the beautiful towers of Somersetshire would be to name half the parishes therein. Mr. Freeman says: "The towers are considered to maintain their supremacy over all others in the country." It is impossible not to be struck with the number and beauty of the ecclesiastical buildings of the time of Henry VII. There is a current belief that Henry rebuilt many of the Somersetshire churches as a reward for the support given by the people to the Lancastrian party. Some of his friends were very well placed in the West. Richard Fox, who had helped him to the throne, was Bishop of Wells, and Dr. Oliver King, a great favourite with the monarch, was Archdeacon of Taunton. The probability, however, is that we must look deeper for the solution of the problem.

Ever since the time when Wickliffe was heard, like "the voice of one crying in the wilderness," the Romish establishment had been gradually losing its hold upon the affections of the people. The Lollards found many followers in Somerset. In Bristol, particularly, the seeds of the Reformation were not unfruitful, and, though concealed, lay fermenting till the reign of Henry VIII. The Bristol Calendar says, that in 1498 "many were apprehended in Bristowe for their consciences, whereby some were burnt."

During this germinating period of the Reformation, there was no doubt increasing hatred to the monastic orders. Their vast possessions disturbed the balance of the secular power, and rendered them obnoxious to the laity. To instance the princely state and honours of the Abbot of Glastonbury, we may mention that fifty monks vowed implicit obedience to him, while a long train of brethren submitted to his rule.



The income at his disposal was vast. Seven parks of deer supplied his table, and the carefully preserved fish-ponds made ample provision for fasting as well as feasting. No amount of eleemosynary hospitality could justify the absorption of so much wealth, and the heads of many of these great establishments read aright the signs of the times. In earlier days the Abbey had done good service as refuge, hospital, and school, besides being a nucleus of civilisation; but "institutions survive their purpose." The day of change was at hand, and to preserve the wealth of the Church, vast sums of money were expended in building and restoring the material structure. The prevailing fashion of the times was the Perpendicular style: it had first developed itself at St. Mary Redcliffe, and henceforth assumed a local type. The Somersetshire Perpendicular church is thus described by Mr. Freeman. He says, "It generally consists of a lofty and elaborate western tower, standing disengaged from the aisles; a nave and aisles with or without a clerestory, according to circumstances, with very commonly a large southern porch as high as the aisles. A high-roofed chancel, containing traces more or less extensive of earlier work. There is a tendency to polygonal turrets in various positions west of the aisles. Pierced and other enriched parapets are common. The roofs are of various kinds, but the coved roof is typical in the West. The interiors are rich in screens and other kinds of wood-work." The beautifully carved seat-ends of many of these churches deserve special notice. Kingston, Broomfield, Spaxton, and South Brent are among the number. At Spaxton there is what is called "the Fuller's panel," which represents a workman with his tools, occupied in cloth-making. At South Brent some of the carvings are very quaint, showing how the satirists of the day indulged their humour. On one of these bench ends is the figure of a fox adorned with a mitre and a crozier. There are, besides, many other strange devices which illustrate the temper of the times, and show something of the bitter quarrel long subsisting between the monks and the parochial clergy.

The beauty of the Somersetshire towers is much enhanced by their picturesque surroundings: Dundry crowning the peak of its lofty hill, Kingston relieved by the wooded Quantocks, and Hutton nestling among its elms.

A good deal of Perpendicular work may be found in the monastic ruins of Somersetshire, especially at Cleve Abbey, situated in the *Vallis Florida* of the Romans, and still one of the loveliest spots in England. Also at Muchelney Abbey on



the other side of the county. Woodspring Priory has remains of this period, but unfortunately the ruins have been converted into a substantial farmhouse. Nothing can exceed the romantic situation of this old priory; it is four miles to the north of Weston-super-Mare, at the farther end of Sand Bay, under a rocky headland called the Middle Hope. The associations of this neighbourhood, dear to Tennyson for its connection with the Hallams, are said to have suggested the well-known lines beginning,

“ Break, break, break,  
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.”

Mr. Parker has more than once observed, that “ Somersetshire is the richest county in England for old houses.” There is hardly a parish that does not contain an Elizabethan dwelling, or one more ancient still. Among the most noteworthy of the old mansions is Montacute House, near Yeovil, an important and beautiful structure, built of the Hamhill stone, which supplied the excellent and lasting material of so many of the Somersetshire buildings. The east and west fronts of Montacute are elaborately ornamented; the former is pierced with no less than forty-one Tudor windows, while the spaces between them are filled with statues. Over the principal entrance is the hospitable motto—

“ Through this wide opening gate  
None come too early, none return too late.”

Barrington Court is a very fine example of a nobleman's house of the latest Tudor style; it is a large quadrangular mass, with projecting wings, the walls perfect with their numerous turrets, small gables, twisted chimneys, pinnacles, and finials, all of stone and richly carved.

Somerset Court, in the parish of South Brent, though an old house, is not remarkable architecturally; but some years ago, when repairing the roof, a roll of papers was found, containing copies of bills sent up to Parliament for the requisitions that had been made by the troops at the time of the Civil War. There were also some letters to his wife from a man shut up in Bridgwater when the town was besieged. In the servant's hall of the same house there is a beam on which there are these quaint inscriptions:—

“ I wronge not the poore, I fear not the rich;  
I have not tooe littell, nor I have not tooe much:  
I was set up right and even.”

On the other side is the motto—

“Be you merry and be you wise,  
And doe you not noe man despise.”

Clevedon Court, belonging to Sir Arthur Hallam Elton, is a beautiful specimen of mediæval architecture. Some portions are as old as Edward II., and the fine front is chiefly fourteenth century work.

There is hardly a village in the western part of the county where you may not find some relics of picturesque antiquity. It often happens that the principal farm-house in the parish is formed from a portion of the ancient manor house, and the chapel, as at Banwell Court, turned into a cider cellar. The dove-cots, the pillion steps, the shattered cross, the old yew tree, or the weird ash in the village green, all speak of the past. Besides, there is many a deep lane, fringed with fern and briony, which an archæologist will tell you was a British trackway ages before the crumbling manor house was raised, or the yew-tree planted for the parish bowmen.

There has been a great deal of good taste and judgment shown in most of the recent restorations. The plan generally followed has been that of preservation, or reconstruction, of the old model. At Taunton this has been carried to an extreme. The old tower of St. Mary's, beautiful and ornate as it was, had some of the worst faults of the Perpendicular style, and it has been reproduced with Chinese accuracy.

Amongst the parochial churches we may mention the restoration of St. Mary Redcliffe, where what is called the *Nil Desperandum* porch, an exquisite work, has been entirely rebuilt by an anonymous benefactor, who signed only with that device.

Over Stowey owes its restoration to the late Lord Taunton, and we may name Stoke de Courcy, Weston Zoyland, and St. John's Glastonbury. Walton, East Lydford, and King's Weston, have been entirely rebuilt on the old sites. Winscombe and Badgworth have been admirably restored. Mark in the Moor, with its historical tower, is going through a gradual process of restoration as the funds come in. In short, a summer day's ride from any given point across the country would prove the active interest which is taken in the preservation of the grand old churches.

We have something to say now about the people who fill these churches and many a dissenting place of worship beside. Fuller, who remarks pertinently on most things,

speaks of the extreme fertility of Taunton Deane, but takes occasion to add, that "the peasantry are rich as they are rude, and so conceited about the fruitfulness produced by 'zun and zoil,' that they consider it a disparagement to be born in any other place." We knew a labourer apologise once for the stupidity of a fellow workman by saying, "How can *her* know better? *her's* from Devon!" "*Her*" means *he*. Another peculiar manner of using the pronoun is to be found exhibited on a tombstone in the churchyard of St. Dubritius, near Porlock:—

"As us am, so must ye be;  
Therefore prepare to follow we."

Since Fuller's time, we have done something towards education, but not very much in the rural districts, where children often leave school at the age of ten and enter upon the drudgery of life. Middle-class schools, too, are very much wanted in the West; the children of small farmers are often more ignorant than the labourers themselves. The most uncouth among the natives of Somersetshire are, perhaps, to be found in the Bridgwater Marsh. In those aguish lands, there are few resident gentry, and the clergy have to contend with ignorance amongst the farmers and drunkenness in the labourers. The farmer sets himself "agin thic thaer chemistry"—at least, the elder generation, and says, indignantly,

"I be a Zummerzset varmer, one of the woolden skule;  
I hates them modern wize uns tha' takes I var a vool.  
Much larning ezent woonted a manageing a varm:  
Ef thay knows tha whay to reaide an rite, muore only does um harm."

These sort of people have an odd way of expressing themselves sometimes. The parson of a parish in central Somerset, one day, about Midsummer, asked the blacksmith, who was a landed proprietor and owned two acres of orchard, what he thought of the apples? He replied, with an animated gesture, "Please God, we shall have a terrible fine crop; but please Him or no, we shall have a goodish lot!" The man meant no irreverence, but wished to convey the idea that a portion of the crop was saved beyond the chances of weather.

Cider is the curse of the county. A poor man being asked what he would do if he were rich, replied, "I'd zit and drink zider all day, and when I couldn't zit, I'd lie!" The tone of morality is not high in the rural districts; the common

remark is not "How wicked to do so and so!" but, "How voolish her be to be vound out!" These observations are not meant to be sweeping, but, truth to say, there is a vast field for missionary labour amongst our own people in the West.

There are several noteworthy peculiarities in the Somersetshire dialect; they use *z* for *s*, *v* for *f*; and many words of one syllable they pronounce as words of two: such as "world" is *war-dle*, and "run" is *herne*. "Dout the candle" is a Somersetshire expression. "Barton" is a farmyard, and "tallet" a corn-loft over the stable. In the rich alluvial districts the wealth of the graziers, who are quite a peculiar class, has passed into a proverb; hence the lines—

"Maister Guy was a gentleman  
O' Huntspill well knawn;  
As a grazier, a hirsch un,  
Wi lands o' his own."

There is a great difference between the speech of the hill-farmers and those from the Marsh; also in their sayings and customs one can see a distinction, which some people suppose divides the Keltic from the Saxon race. On a Bridgwater market-day, those who know the country well could identify, by their speech, the farmers from the Quantocks from those coming from the flats between the river Parret and the Mendip range.

From this last-named district we have the far-famed Cheddar cheese. Thirty to forty cows are the average number kept by the dairy farmers. The women have a great deal to do with the business, and are often the most intelligent. Whether their daughters, who have been "Frenched and musicked," will be quite as active as their mothers in the dairy is somewhat doubtful; certain it is that no farmer can get on in the cheese district without a good wife. To instance the richness of the soil, three weeks or a month is generally considered long enough "to let up" the grass for mowing. The average price of labour in this district is twelve shillings a week in summer. In haymaking and harvest time the wages are often four and sixpence an acre, with cider, and sometimes food. A man can mow about an acre a day; then to set against this, numbers are thrown out of employ in the winter. At that time they take jobs of road-making or hedging; some of them take to shooting snipes and wild ducks, or go off to join draining gangs.

During the last fifteen years, the farmers throughout the country have been more or less eager to adopt an improved

system of agriculture. Steam is now almost universally used on the farm. It is a curious fact that rats are very much on the increase, in consequence, it is said, of the steam-threshing being conducted at different parts of the farm, when, of course, the refuse gets dispersed, and these voracious colonists are attracted thereby. Underground draining is being carried on extensively, while successional crops and liberal dressing tend to compensate the exhaustion of the soil. The improvement in the farms has kept pace with the beneficial extension of the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society, which has brought modern inventions home to the people. This society, which is now only second in importance to the Royal Agricultural Society, owed its existence to a literary Quaker, named Edmund Rack, who settled in Bath in 1775. About twenty years ago a fresh impetus was given to it, chiefly by Somersetshire men.

Formerly it would have been deemed absurd to consider agriculture from a geological point of view, but the bearings of economic geology are daily becoming more and more understood. There is a correlation in all human discoveries; when one branch of knowledge advances, another becomes interdependent, and every new fact is a beacon for future progress. While endeavouring to estimate the relative fertility of different strata, we must consider local conditions—aspect, height from the sea, &c. Allowing for these circumstances, we may take Somerset as fairly exemplifying the general fertility of the red sandstone, the lesser productiveness of the blue lias, and the still less favourable conditions offered by the flint gravel, which often covers the upper green sand. The lias appears more suitable for grass than for arable land. The red marls appear very favourable to the growth of apples. "The apple," says Mr. Whitaker, "seems to have been brought into Britain by the first colonists. The Hadui introduced it into Somersetshire." Teasels and woad are grown in this county, both of course connected with the cloth trade.

M'Culloch says that the Vale of Taunton is the most fertile district in England, but local opinion is in favour of the Bridgwater Marsh. On the other side, there are no less than 20,000 acres of waste land in Exmoor; at least there were, for a portion has been reclaimed, and but for the strong winds and mists that prevail in this elevated region the soil would not prove ungrateful. M. Léonce de Lavergne, in his interesting volume, *Economie Rurale de l'Angleterre*, was surprised that the working classes of Somerset were so badly off,

considering that they had such important markets as Bristol and Bath; and he considered that the only remedy was an increase of production or a decrease of population. It would appear that Somersetshire does need, and would repay, the investment of a larger amount of capital on sound commercial principles. If, for instance, the idea was carried out of a steam-ferry from Brean Down, a promontory intersecting the estuary of the Severn near Weston-super-Mare—if, we repeat, a steam-ferry were made thence to the Welsh coast, a vast amount of trade would necessarily be developed. The agricultural produce of Dorset and Somerset would readily send food to the insufficiently supplied mining districts in Wales. The various ores of the Mendips would be increasingly worked. If a harbour of refuge, which has been talked of, were formed here, it could be united with the finest artillery station in the kingdom, connected as it would be by railway with Portsmouth and Portland.

With regard to population, the other subject which the Frenchman touched upon, we may observe that the increase in the second decade of the century was seventeen per cent. From 1851 to 1861 it has diminished to 0.2 per cent., which, taking Bristol and Bath into account, would imply a great reduction in the purely rural districts. In fact, at the present time many of the tenants will tell you that they cannot find labourers enough. A farmer told us that if it were not for his sons he could not work his farm. The hired labourers are apt to be restless, and will go off, sometimes with scant notice to their employers. There is a desire to gravitate towards great towns; this, together with the effects of emigration, leave the rural districts sparsely inhabited. With some honourable exceptions the cottages are not what they ought to be; in many places they are sadly overcrowded. The habit of eking out the rent by lodging single men is greatly to be deprecated. It would be a great boon to establish something of a club system among the poor, for the single men must have bed and board somewhere.

In Somersetshire it is calculated that about one person in eight is engaged in agriculture. About 17,000 out of a population of less than half a million belong to the manufacturing class. In Yeovil and its neighbourhood there is a manufacture of gloves. The cloth trade is nothing like so flourishing as it was in the seventeenth century, when it was almost entirely in the hands of Nonconformists and had few rivals. Cloth is still made at Wellington and other places, and London tailors will even now tell you that the best cloth comes from



Somersetshire. Ilminster, an ancient place, whose Saturday's market dates from the Saxons, has a manufacture of web for carpets; Chard has lace factories, and Street is known for its mats. Shepton Mallet has considerable manufactures of silk, velvet, crape, and knitted stockings. The river Parret, though devoid of beauty, deserves special mention; for owing to its peculiar deposit of clay and sand, the sediment is utilised in making what are called "Bath bricks," which are known all over the world. Tiles and pottery are also made at Bridgwater and at Highbridge; and close by are the works of the Dunball Company for the manufacture of Portland and Roman cement.

The coal-fields are in the eastern part of the county. The collieries are in the districts of Nettlebridge, Radstock, Paulton, Twiverton, Bedminster, and Nailsea. In 1869, according to the "Mineral statistics of the Mining Record Office," the Somersetshire coal fields produced 547,670 tons.

The sprat fishery, which takes place near Bearn Rock, below Weston-super-Mare, brings in upwards of £10,000 sometimes, in a favourable season; but as a rule the Somerset coast is not very favourable for fishing.

Exmoor produces a breed of ponies that are remarkable for strength and longevity. The small mutton of this district is also much esteemed.

At Blue Anchor, near Watchet, the shore is very picturesque, and has supplied E. W. Cooke and other artists with some charming subjects for the pencil. The rocks which skirt the shore are full of curious caverns; some have quite a fanciful appearance from the curved and contorted strata of beautifully tinted alabaster, varying from the purest white to cornelian red. The substance is used largely for cement, and is being introduced into ornamental articles, such as chandeliers, vases, &c.

The timber of the county must not be passed over in silence. The oaks of Nettlecombe, Sir Walter Trevelyan's place, used to be greatly esteemed by ship-builders; and at the late Lord Taunton's property at Over Stowey there are some singularly fine trees. As high up as Broomfield, or the Quantocks, the trees are of great size; the late Mr. Andrew Crosse mentioned, that on one occasion a great storm blew down a beech-tree in his grounds "that exceeded 100 feet in height and contained nine tons of timber." The local superstitions are by no means so numerous as in the neighbouring counties of Devon and Cornwall. The rustics account for the Druidical remains of Stanton Drew by saying that a



wedding party who would dance on Sunday were turned into stone by the intervention of the Arch-fiend, whom they had summoned from the nether regions to pipe for them. At Keynsham, near Bristol, quantities of Ammonites abound; and the story goes that St. Keyna, a young and beautiful saint from Cornwall, was given this district on condition that she would drive out the venomous brood of serpents that infested it. Her prayers were answered, and she converted all the snakes and vipers into stone. Camden, though he disparages the miracle, observes, "I myself saw a stone brought out from a quarry, representing a serpent rolled up into a spire." Southey mentions that he often saw Ammonites placed over the cottage doors as a charm.

The Witch of Wokey-hole, a fantastic cavern in the Mendip hills, forms the subject of an old ballad to be found in the *Percy Reliques*. The cavern, which is extremely interesting as containing quantities of bones belonging to the extinct fauna of these islands, is reached through the picturesque valley of the Axe. The source of this stream is most singular; it rises from an unseen aperture in the rock, which forms the base of a lofty precipice. The Axe, when here seen, has run an underground course of three miles, having disappeared in what is locally called "a swallet." The old ballad says,

" In auncient days, tradition shewes,  
A brave and wicked elfe arose,  
The Witch of Wokey hight."

Her great delight was to

" Blast the youth of either sex  
By dint of hellish charms."

The neighbourhood was at length relieved of her evil presence by a "learned wight from Glaston."

" He chauntede out his godlie booke,  
He crost the water, blest the brooke;  
Then, paternoster done,  
The ghastly hag he sprinkled o'er,  
When lo! where stood a hag before,  
Now stood a ghastly stone."

The superstitious notions of the uneducated people very much resemble those of the rest of England. Some of their customs are peculiar. On Old Christmas, gangs of people visit the orchards and sing carols to the apple-trees, which is supposed to make them bear good crops. At Brent Knoll, an isolated

hill in the marsh, there is a custom for people to walk round the summit, which was an old British encampment, on the first Sunday in May. This is probably a relic of paganism, and it is very curious that it should have subsisted so long. People come from all parts, even from Bristol, to carry out this ceremonial, which is by no means favourably regarded by the landowners, whose fences are broken down ; in fact, it has been found necessary to have constables in attendance to preserve order on these occasions. There is another custom, which probably has its origin in the remote past—the custom which has been kept up in West Somerset of burning the ashen faggot on Christmas and New Year's Eve. The wood is cut fresh from the tree, and the faggot is bound with three withey-bands. The young people generally select one of these when the faggot is thrown on the fire, and if it is the first to burst they have their wish. The ash is still held in a sort of reverence by the country people ; it is generally found to be the tree selected for the middle of the village green, and there is an idea that it cannot be struck by lightning, which all tends to show the permanence of the notion respecting the myth of the Yggdrasil, or Ash-tree of the World, which is so curiously interwoven with mediæval traditions.

In the West, as elsewhere, people have yielded at times to what may be termed epidemic superstitions. There is a curious example of this sort of thing mentioned at length in Seyer's *Memoirs of Bristol*. A miserable fanatic, called Naylor, assumed to belong to the sect of Quakers, but being disclaimed by them, set up a new religion on his own account. He arrogated something like Divine attributes, and, strange to say, numbers followed him ; men ran by the side of his horse, up to their knees in mud ; women wrote to him as "the fairest of ten thousand." Ultimately this wretched being was put in the pillory and treated with dreadful severity, though there could be no doubt of the unsoundness of his mind. Satirists of the day remarked, that "Laud persecuted the Puritans and cut off Prynne's ears, and the Puritans persecuted the Quakers and bored Naylor's tongue with a red-hot iron." Prynne was imprisoned for some time in Dunster Castle, and was in other ways associated with the county.

The nineteenth century has seen a like mad infatuation among the followers of Mr. Prince, the founder of the "Agapemone," or Abode of Love—a Mormon kind of settlement, on a spur of the Quantocks, near Bridgwater. Happily the scandal has at present almost passed out of public notice, and the funds of the establishment are visibly diminished.

The annals of Somersetshire present a fair number of celebrities. The first light of any real significance which appears in the mental gloom of the dark ages is the "Wonderful Doctor," Roger Bacon, born at Ilchester, in 1214. The fame of this early martyr of science has been unduly eclipsed by his more celebrated namesake. The mere titles of his numerous treatises prove the variety and extent of his investigations; his views on optics were truly remarkable, considering the time in which he wrote. A recent French author, Emile Charles, in writing the life of Roger Bacon, remarks upon the following passage, in which, he says, "we seem to be already breathing the spirit of the sixteenth century." "There are three ways," says Roger Bacon, "by which we can arrive at truth: authority, which only produces assent, and which requires to be justified by reason; arguments, whose most certain conclusions are wanting, unless they are verified; and *experience, which is of itself sufficient.*"

John Milverton, Bishop elect of St. David's, was another Somersetshire man, who had the honour of suffering for his liberal and enlightened views. He was imprisoned at Rome, in the castle of St. Angelo, in consequence of his liberal opinions.

Locke, who was born at Wrington, proved his taste for the good things of Somersetshire, and in a letter to a foreigner about to visit England says, "eat Cheddar cheese and cream; \* \* go to the Hotwells at Bristol, St. George's Cave, where the Bristol diamonds are found, Redcliffe church, and Kingswood coalpits. And at Bristol eat marrow pudding, cock ale, metheglin, white and red muggets, elvers, sack (which with sugar is called Bristol milk), and some other wines, which perhaps you will not drink so well in London."

Macaulay, in his History, remarks, "that the hospitality of Bristol was widely renowned, and especially the collations with which the sugar refiners regaled their visitors." The philosopher had other and less pleasant memories of Bristol, for his father, who was made a captain in the Parliamentary army, was killed there in 1645. Locke kept up his connection with the county by his intimacy with several Somersetshire families, amongst them the Clarkes of Chipley Park, and Lady Masham, the daughter of Cudworth, also a Somersetshire worthy. Mr. Sanford of Nynehead, the present owner of Chipley, possesses a portion of the MS. of the *Essay on the Human Understanding*, and a large number of Locke's unpublished letters.

Towards the end of the seventeenth century, Defoe lived at

Bristol, making pantiles and doing other miscellaneous work. In his early days he had joined the standard of the Duke of Monmouth, and narrowly escaped Jeffreys, as my lord judge "jogged homewards," after making "an aceldama of all the west." It was at Bristol that Defoe got his materials for *Robinson Crusoe*. It appears that Captain Rogers, who commanded two privateers called the *Duke* and *Duchess*, in 1708-9, brought back Selkirk from Fernandez, and that his papers were put into the hands of Defoe. This circumstance was stated on Dampier's knowledge of the facts. The *Bristol Calendar* remarks, that the above-mentioned ships "did great damage to the Spanish trade, and brought great profit to the owners, one of whom was of the sect of Quakers." Dampier the navigator was a native of the county, and, being much at Bristol, was likely to be informed about Defoe. About the same time that Selkirk was on his homeward voyage, Fielding first saw the light, at Sharpham, a manor-house erected by the Abbots of Glastonbury. The author of *Tom Jones* was born in what was called "The Harlequin's Chamber," the window of which may still be seen. The mansion, or what remains of it, has been turned into a farmhouse, but there are the fields, over which the young truant, whenever he could escape, fled from his school tasks. He had his revenge upon the pedagogue of those days, when he depicted Parson Trulliber, said to be a portrait of his tutor. Mr. Allen, who built Prior Park, near Bath, was the original of Squire Allworthy, in Fielding's novel. This fortunate and worthy individual was the friend of many of the celebrated people of his day, whom he gathered under his hospitable roof. Pope finished the *Dunciad* (some say *The Essay on Man*) at Prior Park: however, he disliked Bath, and declared that "nothing but friendship would tempt him to the edge of such a sulphurous pit," a curious mistake, as there is no sulphur in the Bath waters. Alluding to the eloquence of Wyndham, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Pope speaks of him as "master of our passions and his own." This Sir William Wyndham was the descendant of an ancient Somersetshire family, and had had some curious adventures in his day. He was suspected of being implicated in the Pretender's plot in 1715, and the king's messengers came to the old manorial residence of Orchard Wyndham to arrest him. He escaped by the back door, and eluded all pursuit, though a reward of £1,000 was offered for his capture. Eventually he surrendered himself, and remained a prisoner in the Tower for some months.

Early in the eighteenth century Beau Nash was Master of the Ceremonies at Bath; he attained the zenith of his power sometime between 1730 and 1740, when royal princes and beautiful duchesses obeyed his unalterable decrees, and he went about in a chariot and six horses, attended by musicians and others on foot and horseback. The corporation of Bath made him their tutelary deity, and placed a full-length statue of Beau Nash in the Pump Room, between the busts of Newton and Pope, whereat some one remarked—

“Wisdom and Wit are little seen,  
But Folly’s at full length.”

The fashionable follies of Bath were an unfailing resource for the satirists and novelists of the day. About 1770 an attempt was made by the nobility to get up subscription balls from which commoners were almost entirely excluded. The fastidious excused their exclusiveness on the score that the manners of the rich merchants, and the still more uncouth possessors of large fortunes which had been acquired from the Western Colonies or the buccaneering wars of India, were so indecorous. There is an account of a *ridotto* given at the opening of the New Assembly Rooms in 1771, which almost equals the breakfast scene in *Humphry Clinker*. The company are described as making such a violent siege on the refreshments, that—

“And thus, in ten minutes, one half of the treat  
Made a pretty check carpet squash’d under their foot.

\* \* \* \*

So you see, my dear Hal, they bore all things before ’em,  
And trampled on sweetmeats as well as decorum.”

Lord Chesterfield’s description, written somewhat earlier, of life at Bath among his own set, is not more edifying:—

“October 27. Little company appeared at the Pump; those who were there drank the waters of affliction for the departure of Lady Suffolk and Mrs. Blount. . . . Amoretto (the Hon. William Herbert) went upon Lansdowne to evaporate his grief for the loss of his Parthenissa (Mrs. Blount), in memory of whom, and the wind being cold into the bargain, he tied his handkerchief over his hat and looked very sadly. In the evenings the usual tea-table met at Lindsey’s. Amoretto’s main action was at our table, but episodically he took pieces of bread and butter and cups of tea at about ten others. He laughed his way through the girls, out of the long room into the little one, where he *tallied* till he swore, and swore till he went home, and probably some time afterwards. . . . Nash gave a ball at Lindsey’s,

where Mr. Foster appeared for the first time, and was noticed by Mr. Herbert ; he wore his gold-laced clothes on the occasion, and looked so fine that he was taken for a gilt garland. He (Herbert) concluded his evening as usual with basset and blasphemy."

Horace Walpole gives a curious account of Wesley's splendid chapel, and the genteel Methodism which was fashionable at Bath. At the same time the Blue Stockings had their minikin *Académie* at Lady Miller's, at Batheaston. Tickell described in verse the weekly meetings, when "the vase of sentiment" was opened for the poetical contributions of the assembled guests :—

"In just degree, the goddess hails their toils,  
Bows for a distich, for a stanza smiles ;  
Familiar nods an epigram attend,  
An ode will almost rank you as a friend ;  
A softer name fond elegy bestows,  
But nearest to her heart a sonnet flows."

The increased facilities of modern locomotion have taken the votaries of fashion farther afield, and Bath no longer holds the important position that it did of yore. A number of Anglo-Indians affect the place, and it offers a great many educational advantages, in the numerous schools and colleges that have been established there.

We have digressed, however, from our subject, which was a brief enumeration of those persons whose names have conferred honour on the county.

It is hardly necessary to recall the well-known fact that Chatterton, "that marvellous boy," was born at Bristol. Horace Walpole would have been better employed in aiding the struggles of genius, than in sneering at Wesley's Methodism, in the year 1770, when poor Chatterton, in despair, put an end to his brief but miserable life. It was in the north porch of the famous Redcliffe church where he pretended to have discovered "Canyng's Cofre," and the Bromley MSS. The whole story is too well known to need repetition.

Thomas Young, who was born in 1773, at Milverton, a village near the Brendon Hills, was the first of several scientific names associated about the close of the century with Somersetshire. Dr. Young has, perhaps, never been duly appreciated in his own country ; but it must not be forgotten that he received, from the French, the high honour of being elected one of the eight Foreign Corresponding Members of the Institute. His biographer, the late Dean Peacock, ably supported his disputed claims to priority in the investi-



gations connected with the phenomena of double refraction and the polarisation of light. He was among the first who penetrated the obscurity of the Egyptian hieroglyphics; but in this again his claims were disputed. Scientific inquiry received a strong impetus from a knot of West Country men, who made Bristol their gathering place about this time. The Pneumatic Institution in that town, which owed its rise to Dr. Beddoes, was the scene of Sir Humphry Davy's first discoveries in chemistry. In Dr. Davy's Memoirs of his brother, he says:—

“Many men of genius resided there (Clifton) or at Bristol, or made it a place of frequent resort. The most distinguished amongst the number, Mr. Southey, Mr. Coleridge and Mr. Tobin, had very little the advantage of my brother in age; they were entering with eager emulation on the course of glory; he formed their acquaintance and obtained their friendship, and though the great objects of his pursuit were of a scientific nature, yet he found time to take a part with them in labours purely literary.”

It was at Clifton, in 1799, that Davy first experimented on nitrous oxide gas. His biographer says, “Its agency was of a very novel and wonderful kind, contrary to all expectation and almost exceeding belief.” The so-called laughing gas has remained without being of any practical use till a very recent period, when an American discovered that it was an excellent substitute for chloroform in dentistry and other slight surgical operations.

It was at Bristol, at the house of Dr. Beddoes, that Davy and the “Lake” poets made the acquaintance of Mr. Poole, of Stowey. Those who are acquainted with the memoirs of Coleridge and Southey will remember the frequent mention of Nether Stowey on the Quantock Hills. Though this range of hills is only fifteen miles in length, and they attain, at their highest point, Willsneck, an altitude of little more than 1,400 feet, yet they contain extremely wild and beautiful scenery. In autumn the colouring of the Quantocks is magnificent, for the hills are covered with purple-blossomed heather and golden broom. The hill-sides are cleft in a peculiar manner by combes, or deep valleys, which are very rich in vegetation. Coleridge describes the view from Danesborough, which rises above Stowey, in the following lines:—

“I rest, and now have gained the topmost site.  
Ah! what a luxury of landscape meets  
My gaze! Proud towers, and cots more dear to me;  
Elm-shadowed fields, and prospect-bounding sea.”

Looking from another point, Cothelestone Lodge, it is possible to make out thirteen counties on a clear day. And out of the past you may recall this as the scene of many a gay pageant of mediæval hunting days, when the red deer of Exmoor and Quantock were roused by hound and horn. Cardinal Beaufort had a hunting seat at Halshay, in the vale below, and at Milverton Wolsey was pleased to build a house for himself.

But we are speaking of later times, of the days of the first French Revolution, when Thelwall and Coleridge were one day pursuing a lonely path across the hills. The story goes that Thelwall, enchanted with the wild solitude, exclaimed, "Citizen Samuel, this is the very place to talk treason in." "Nay, Citizen John, it is a place to make one forget the necessity for treason," returned the poet, with a true feeling for nature.

Another local anecdote gives us a glimpse of the times. News came slowly in those days, and it was the custom of travellers to stop at the houses of their friends *en route* to communicate the "latest intelligence." A young relative of Mr. Poole's, who was returning on horseback from college, stopped at Nether Stowey, and entering the dining room, he found Southey and Coleridge seated at table with their host. "I bring you great news," cried young John Poole, "Robespierre is dead!" Whereupon Southey put his head between his hands, exclaiming, "Good —, I would rather have heard of the death of my own father!"

De Quincey sought an interview with Coleridge during the time that he was located in the little cottage at "beloved Stowey." It was here that the former made the acquaintance of Mr. Tom Poole, and he speaks of him as "a man, on his own account, well deserving separate notice." He says, "he was the general arbiter of the disputes of his fellow countrymen, the guide, the counsellor of their difficulties, besides being appointed executor and guardian to his children by every third man who died in or about the town of Nether Stowey."

When Southey was Mr. Poole's guest, as he frequently was, his host objected to his dangerous habit of reading in bed at night. This irritated the poet a good deal, and made him exclaim one day, "The worst of Poole is, he is not satisfied to be your friend, but he must be your Saviour."

During the period that Coleridge spent his Sundays in walking, in his blue coat and brass buttons, over the Quantocks, to preach at the Unitarian chapel at Taunton, Words-

worth had become also a near neighbour. He and his sister rented Alfoxton, a place about three miles from Stowey. His early poems are full of allusions to the picturesque scenery of this spot, and to the simple life of the country people. The influences of the Quantocks are still more marked in Coleridge's poetry. In the lines, written during an alarm of invasion, he thus describes the scenery where sometimes his lot was cast:—

"The hills are heathy, save that swelling slope,  
Which hath a gay and gorgeous covering on,  
All golden with the never-bloomless furze,  
Which now blooms most profusely.

Oh! 'tis a quiet, spirit-healing nook."

In a note to the *Ancient Mariner*, Coleridge says, "It was on a delightful walk from Nether Stowey to Dulverton, with Wordsworth and his sister, in the autumn of 1797, that this poem was planned, and, in fact, composed." "Our funds were very low," said Wordsworth, "and we resolved to write a poem for *The New Monthly*, to help pay our expenses." The idea was founded upon a dream, but the details were worked out between them, Wordsworth suggesting that the ancient mariner should commit some crime which should cause him to be pursued by spectral persecution. The poets at first had modestly limited their hopes to a remuneration of five pounds, but the poem grew so much in length and importance, that they began to think of it as the nucleus of a volume. How the expenses of the excursion were paid is not quite clear; they were, we may suspect, reduced to considerable straits, for Wordsworth hints at some very "droll recollections" connected with this pedestrian tour. Recalling these happy youthful days, Wordsworth says:—

"Beloved Friend!

When looking back, thou seest, in clearer view  
Than any liveliest sight of yesterday,  
That summer, under whose indulgent skies,  
Upon smooth Quantock's airy ridge we roved  
Unchecked, or loitered 'mid her sylvan combs:  
Thou in bewitching words, with happy heart  
Didst chaunt the vision of that ancient man,  
The bright-eyed mariner, and rueful woes  
Didst utter of the Lady Christabel."

The walking tourist cannot do better than follow in the steps of the poets, if he desires a few days' freedom from the

beaten track, amidst delightful scenery and many interesting associations. He will pass Watchet, Minehead and Porlock ; at the latter place Coleridge, when in a profound sleep, composed some two or three hundred lines. When he awoke, he wrote out about two pages of this dream-poem, the descriptive parts of which are a perfect picture of this lovely country. Close to Porlock is the romantic little church of Culbone, and four miles due north stands Dunkerry Beacon, the highest point with one exception in the West of England. The neighbourhood is well known to the lovers of sport, the fishing is excellent ; and above all it is famed for the stag-hunting, being amongst the few places where the red deer are still to be found.

Many years later Southey was walking over the Quantock Hills, where he met his friend Andrew Crosse, "Philosopher Crosse," as he was called, of Broomfield. The latter told him that, in the course of some experiments which he was making on electro-crystallisation, he had met with insect life under very extraordinary conditions. This was the first announcement of the so-called *Acari Crossii*, whose appearance brought down upon the experimenter such a torrent of abuse. Southey exclaimed at the time, "Never was a traveller stopped by so extraordinary an announcement." Mr. Crosse was much misrepresented both in scientific and other circles ; but his own words were, "As to the appearance of the Acari under long-continued electrical action, I have never in thought, word, or deed, given any one a right to suppose that I considered them as a creation, or even a formation, from inorganic matter. I have never formed any theory sufficient to account for their appearance. . . It was a matter of chance. I was looking for silicious formations."\*

When a very young man, Andrew Crosse's interest in natural phenomena had been excited by examining a curious and extensive fissure in the transition limestone rock, about a mile from his ancestral home on the Quantocks. The roof and sides of this cave are covered with beautiful crystals of arragonite, a mineral very rarely found in England. His close observations on this interesting cavern led him to ponder on the probable laws of crystallisation ; and by a course of patient experiment he was enabled to imitate the operations of nature in the formation of various crystals, through electric agency. These and other investigations have associated his name with the science of electricity. For many years the

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\* *Memorials of Andrew Crosse*, p. 175.

grounds of the old mansion of Fyne Court, in the parish of Broomfield, were surrounded by an extensive arrangement of atmospheric exploring wires, with which numerous interesting observations on thunder clouds, fogs, and other conditions of the weather were made by the electrician. Mr. Kinglake, the author of the *History of the Crimean War*, is another distinguished Somersetshire man. In his book of Eastern travel, *Æthien*, he mentions a curious delusion that affected him when crossing the desert; he thought he heard the church bells of his native town ringing out their usual Sabbath peal amidst the utter silence of that vast solitude. Soon after he had an attack of the plague, and possibly some unconscious cerebral action produced this effect of the "ringing out of the sweet bells of Marlin tower." Mr. Kinglake sat as Member of Parliament for Bridgewater for twelve years, but he was unseated for bribery at the last election, and the town has since been disfranchised.

It was on the hustings at Taunton that Sydney Smith made his celebrated speech on the Reform Bill, when he introduced the story of Mrs. Partington trying to mop back the waves of the Atlantic with her broom. For many years the celebrated wit held the living at Combe Flory—a lovely spot on the Quantocks, where, as he said, his only misfortune was that he lived "six miles from a lemon." Coming from the brilliant society of London he was apt to find his country neighbours a trifle dull, and he called them "the fat Bœotians;" to which one, Squire Western, retorted by observing that Mrs. Sydney Smith must have been beaten into laughing at her husband's jokes. It is still remembered in the Quantock village, how the lively wit fastened stags' horns on the heads of inoffensive donkeys, and tied ripe oranges on the bushes. In furnishing, his prominent idea was gaiety, "and in consequence," writes his daughter, "even the books had the brightest bindings; and the open window, commanding a view of the pretty valley, admitted a blaze of sunshine and flowers."

We have dwelt at some length on the literary associations and on the picturesque beauty of the Quantock Hills, but there are other parts of the county whose local characteristics must not be passed over.

Weston-super-Mare is a good starting-point for the tourist who desires to see something of central Somerset. From thence he can go to the Cheddar Cliffs, and spend a long summer's day in the midst of some very remarkable scenery. These cliffs are formed by a chasm in the Mendip Hills,

dividing the range completely, as if the two sides had been broken apart; it has been frequently compared to the Khyber Pass in India. This singular defile, through which runs a coach road, is more than two miles in length, and in some places the rocks have been reft to the depth of five hundred feet. Every turn in the winding road presents some startling and beautiful effects. In some places the cliffs are broken into a castellated form, draped with ivy, and crowned with mountain-ash and yew. In other places the wall of rock is broken by fissures, which communicate with mysterious caverns leading to the under world. The Cheddar Cliffs have rather a peculiar flora, at least the plants are not common elsewhere: for example, the *Thalictrum minus*, *Dianthus cæsius*, also the *Arméria*, and *Convallaria polygonatum*. The *Dianthus cæsius*, or mountain pink, deserves especial notice, for its delicate colouring harmonises so well with the limestone rock. The flower is most fragrant at evening.

There are numerous caverns in the Mendip Hills; many of which are exquisitely embellished with stalactitic carbonate of lime in every variety of form. Evidences of disturbance of strata are everywhere to be seen. The frequent occurrence of "swallets" (the name locally given to streams of water which are lost in the earth and re-appear again), proves the extensive nature of the subterranean hollows in this district.

The ossiferous caves of Mendip have long been celebrated for the extraordinary collection of mammalian bones, principally of extinct species. These caves are at Uphill, Hutton, Loxton, and Banwell. In them have been found bones of the rhinoceros, hyæna, bear, ox, horse, fox, &c. Remains of the extinct species of hyæna are very abundant.

Blackdown Hill, near Cheddar, which rises eleven hundred feet above the level of the sea, is the highest point of the Mendip Hills, which extend thirty miles across the country, descending at Axbridge abruptly into the plain, to reappear again in the outlying rock of Brean Down. The picturesque islets of the Holms are still further removed, forming the links of the geological chain across the Channel. South of Mendip we come upon the great marsh-lands of Somerset; these former estuaries of the sea are made up of extensive moors and peat bogs, called "turbaries." The names of the villages, Westonzoyland, Middlezoy, and Chedzoy, *zoy* meaning sea, convey the fact of their physical history. The rich pastures, which rose from

"The skirts of Neptune's wide domain,"



are secured against inundations of the tide by strong banks, called sea walls. The drainage of this important tract of land has been the subject of several Acts of Parliament, beginning as early as 1304. After the cessation of the American war in 1783, a general stimulus was given to agriculture, and attention was turned to these wastes in Somersetshire. An act of Parliament was then passed, authorising drainage and enclosure, and the works were successfully carried out, at the cost of something over a hundred thousand pounds.

The Central Somerset railway line, on its way from High-bridge to Wells, crosses a portion of the marsh. The traveller will be struck by the sight of many acres of the black turbaries, dotted with peat heaps. The peat is first cut into "brocks," again divided, and then laid out with the utmost uniformity to dry; afterwards it is piled up in pyramids, or "tunegars," for casting off. Very curious British and Roman remains have been found while digging these pits. It is moreover a most interesting field for the botanist, who will find here some rare ligneous plants. The "rhines," or ditches, also afford specimens for the herbal.

The turf moor is an exceedingly interesting district to the archæologist, for it preserves the remains of former occupants at various depths below the present surface. There are many proofs that the district must have been inhabited at a very early period, for the chain of embankment which keeps out the sea is of pre-historic times. "No record," says Mr. Poole, of South Brent, "exists that I am aware of, and not even a tradition, of who were the authors of this great work. That it is much earlier than the Norman Conquest is proved by the fact that most of the manors lying within the district can be identified with manors mentioned in Domesday Book." A curious discovery has been recently made in a piece of turbarry at Westhay, belonging to Mr. Poole. When cutting it for fuel, they found, at a depth of six feet below the existing surface, a narrow road or path, about three feet six inches wide, made of split poles of birch and alder, laid transversely, and pegged down at the sides. The work has been done with great care and regularity, and has been singularly well preserved in the moist peat. Traces of these roadways are to be found extending for miles across the turbaries; in fact, on inquiry, their existence has been long known to the working people, who call these sunken paths "The Abbot's Way." It is the custom in the neighbourhood to attribute everything to the Abbot of Glaston-

bury, the tradition of whose greatness still lingers ; but there can be no doubt that these roads owe their existence to a period long anterior to the monastic times. Refuse heaps of British pottery have been found at Mark Moor ; and on the southern bank of the Parret, remains of coarse pottery have recently been met with, together with evidences of fire. At the depth of sixteen feet, and again, at twenty-eight feet below the present surface, bones of men, animals, and pottery were found. Great quantities of bog oak have been dug up in the district ; the peatmen call it "underground oak ;" and some years ago, when the seasons were dry, an immense oak used to make its appearance above the surface. It had been excavated probably by fire, and the rustics called it "Squire Phippen's Big Ship." At length it got broken up for fuel by the cottagers.

Somersetshire is remarkable for the variety of its scenery ; a very short space of time would suffice to transport the tourist from the turf moor and all that level land to the top of the Blagdon hills, from whence he can obtain the best idea of

"Taunton's fruitful Deane, not matched by any ground,"

as Drayton says. Further to the westward on Dunkerry Beacon, he may stand on the highest point but one in the West of England ; formerly beacon fires were kindled here, which could be seen from the heights above Plymouth to the Malvern Hills in Worcestershire.

It will now be desirable to add a few remarks on the geological character of the rocks which underlie this varied landscape. Commencing with the Devonian rocks of the Palæozoic series, we find that the Quantock and Brendon Hills, and the sterile waste of Exmoor, are examples of this formation. The disturbed character of these rocks in West Somerset is remarkable : the forces to which they have been subjected have been sufficient to contort them so that not a single bed now occupies the same position in which it was first formed. The minerals which have been found on the Quantocks are sulphate of barytes, arragonite, many varieties of the carbonates of lime, carbonate, sulphuret, and peroxide of iron. There is also yellow sulphuret of copper, and blue and green carbonate of copper. Veins of what miners call "gossan" are frequent ; there is a saying among the Cornish people that "Gossan rides a good horse." Attempts have been made, but very inadequately, to develop the mineral treasures of the Quantocks. Some years ago a Cornish inspector, speaking to the late Mr. Crosse of Broomfield, said

that it was his opinion that some day the Quantock range would become one of the principal mining districts in the West of England. At the present time the Ebbw Vale Company is successfully working that particular kind of ore known as the white carbonate of iron, and used for the manufacture of the best steel. Hematite iron ore is frequent in this district.

The prevailing rock of the Mendip range, which extends from Frome to the Bristol Channel, is carboniferous or mountain limestone, resting on the old red sandstone, which rises from underneath the limestone in the highest parts of the district. The limestone at Cannington Park, lying north of the Quantocks, was long a vexed question with geologists; it is now decided to be a member of the carboniferous series.

The limestone of the Mendip Hills plunges, on the south, under the marshes already described, and on the north it is chiefly bordered unconformably by magnesium conglomerates and new red marl. On the east all these rocks are overlaid by the oolitic strata, which may be often seen lying horizontally to the highly-disturbed beds of the carboniferous limestone. These strata have undergone great disturbances, as is exemplified in the highly-inclined beds forming the Cheddar Cliffs, and the romantic combes of Brockley, Goblin, Burrington, and others. The insulated rocks—the steep and flat Holms, which belong to the neighbouring limestone series—seem to have been left in the course of denudation, and stand as witnesses of strata underlying the Bristol Channel. The minerals of the Mendips are lead ore, lapis calaminaris, iron ore, manganese, and ochre. Clay ironstone is found in the coal measures at Hatton-on-the-Fosse, and hematite iron ore has been dug at Banwell and other places.

After leaving the mountain limestone the coal formation comes next in geological order. All the coal-fields of Somerset as yet found are north of the Mendip range. The whole district between these hills and the Gloucestershire boundary of the county is more or less coal-bearing. There are signs of great activity at most of the collieries now open. It is supposed that the trough of mountain limestone which now holds the alluvial deposit of the Bridgewater Marsh may contain mineral treasures yet to be developed.\*

New red sandstone comes next in order, outlying the coal measures. Somerset presents an extensive and varied series of these deposits. The vale between the Quantocks and the

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\* See Article "On the Denudation of South Wales and the adjacent Counties of England," by Andrew C. Ramsay, Mem. Geol. Survey. 1846.

Brendons, extending to the sea, is an example. The lower beds are principally of new red sandstone, above which a conglomerate occurs, consisting of a magnesio-calcareous cement.

The mass of this series from Williton to Minehead is principally arenaceous or marly. If a line be drawn from Wivelscombe to Orchard Portman, across the country commonly known as the Vale of Taunton, we shall obtain a fair section of the red sandstone series of this district. "Its general thickness," said Sir Henry de la Bèche, "would probably not exceed a few hundred feet." The conglomerate is extensively worked for the lime in the cementing matter. The limestone in these beds is much worn by abrasion, and contains such fossils and bears such characteristics as may lead geologists to look to the space between the Mendip Hills and the Holms as the localities from which these waterworn pieces of carboniferous limestone rock were derived.

Superincumbent lias, conformable to the new red sandstone, may be observed on the coast from Blue Anchor to Watchet. A considerable quantity of gypsum (commonly called alabaster) occurs in this district, and, as beforementioned, is now extensively used. The strata of the beach between Watchet and Blue Anchor are so much contorted that they have been compared to the great waves of the sea suddenly consolidated. At low water spring tides the fossil remains of a submerged forest may be seen at Minehead. Within the memory of man the sea has gained considerably on this coast.

The lias of Somersetshire is richer in organic remains than even the well-known formation of the same kind at Lyme Regis. At Watchet, nearly perfect skeletons of ichthyosaurs and plesiosaurs have been found; also the bones of a huge platiodon and the similar remains of a pterodactyle. In the central part of Somerset the lias is of extensive occurrence, and the neighbourhood of Street, near Glastonbury, has supplied some of the finest specimens of saurians possessed by the British Museum.

We have now enlarged data for the entomology of a former world. In the same bed with fishes and saurians are impressions of thousands of insects: the gaudy dragon-fly and the ephemera abound. It is a curious fact that the railway cuttings in this county, and in other parts of England, have caused a great increase of insects, especially among some of the rarer kinds of butterflies. This observation was made to the writer by a naturalist who had been a collector all his life.

Pentacrinites, echini, ammonites, nautili, abound in the Watchet lias; and on the beach are multitudes of compressed ammonites, still retaining the beautiful iridescent naacre.

The insulated hills, which are a peculiar feature of Central Somerset, are mostly formed of lias. In the case of Brent Knoll, we find the lias capped by the inferior oolite.

In the Eastern part of the county, extending from Castle Cary to Bath, we have different members of the oolite formation. The well-known great oolite is extensively worked at Bath for building purposes. The less recent formation of the inferior oolite supplied in former times the Hamhill stone, of which so many of the perpendicular churches were built. It is remarkable how fresh this stone looks in the interior of the building, when it has undergone the process of scraping, which is usually the first thing attended to in the restoration of a church. The Hamhill stone may be considered as one of the underground treasures of the county. The quarries of Dundry, near Bristol, have resumed working of late years; the durability of the stone is evinced by the fact that Redcliffe church was built of this material. The Doulting oolite is perhaps the most beautiful and the most durable stone to be found in Somerset.

The Blagdon Hills, skirting the county south of Taunton, are of green sand, capping the lias, and occasionally surmounted by chalk. The neighbourhood of chert, gravel and flint are always to be traced by the excellence of the roads. The rich alluvial deposits which cover so large an area form most valuable grazing land.

Such a long series of geological formations, as are here described, are of rare occurrence in a single county, and render Somersetshire a peculiarly interesting district to the scientific observer.

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ART. II.—*Passages from the English Note-books of Nathaniel Hawthorne.* London: Strahan and Co.

THIS book is in some respects very curious, and in others it is important. To those in quest of characteristics it cannot fail to be attractive; for all Hawthorne's prejudices, whims, and strange fancies find frankest revelation on the page, and in a style that radiates ever and anon all the peculiar fascination of his singular mind, as we see it in *The Scarlet Letter*, or *The Marble Faun*. It seems that he gave strict orders that no formal life of him should be given to the world; and his wife (now, alas! also gone from among us), believing that she was free to communicate as much of his private notes as could be thrown into form, thus discovered a means of gratifying a not unnatural curiosity on the part of a large section of readers, and, at the same time, of conforming with her late husband's wish. We are not sure but Hawthorne is as directly revealed by this means as he could have been in any other way. One of his characters, he says, made himself awful only by hiding his face; and a good deal of the mystery that is inseparable from a man of Hawthorne's type is his perpetual retreat back upon himself in the telling of his story through the veil of abnormal characters or conditions. All his works are biographies of moods and experiences; but he needs the spectrum of other and alien moods through which to exhibit them. (The peculiarly subtle manner in which he involves himself with the most morbid and conflicting of human emotions is, to a large extent, the secret of his strange attractiveness.) And of this he himself seems to have been quite conscious; for we find him thus writing in the dedication of his *Snow Image* to his friend Horatio Bridge:—

"There is no harm, but on the contrary, good, in arranging some of the ordinary facts of life in a slightly idealised and artistic guise. *I have taken facts which relate to myself, because they chance to be nearest at hand, and likewise are my own property.* And as for egotism, a person who has been burrowing, to the utmost of his ability, into the depths of our common nature, for the purposes of psychological romance, and who pursues his researches in that dusky region, as he needs must, as well by the tact of sympathy as the light of observation, will smile at incurring such an imputation in virtue of a little preliminary talk about his external habits, his abode, his casual associates, and other matters



entirely upon the surface. *These things hide the man instead of displaying him. You must make quite another kind of inquest, and look through the whole range of his fictitious characters, good and evil, in order to detect any of his essential traits.*"

A biography of Hawthorne's inner life, as he himself confesses, thus lay in solution in his stories. He uniformly took facts which related to himself, because they chanced to be nearest at hand, and likewise were his own property. A satisfactory biography of him would thus, on one side, have been as nearly as possible an analysis of his books, and an attempt to discover the real and substantial groundwork in each of them. Perhaps this was the reason why Hawthorne was so determined that no one should undertake a life. He himself only could write a life, and he had already written it so far, in the only way in which it could be satisfactorily written. His life distributes itself into cycles, each one being marked by a crisis—the casting off of the shell of an old experience, and the appropriation of the new one, being signalled by the advent of a book. For "men of uncommon intellect, who have grown morbid, possess this occasional power of mighty effort, into which they throw the life of many days, and then are lifeless for as many more." It is very remarkable that, while he complains of the stagnation of his productive faculties during his employment at Salem Custom House and other places, he then seemed, nevertheless, to be quite consciously appropriating the needful material to be sooner or later drawn out in the shining webs of romance. And these "periods of suspended animation," as he himself has called them, seemed as much a necessity of his genius as were the favourable circumstances for production. His life was a perpetual series of reactions, in which what we may call the two selves took position to view each other. "Though my form be absent, my inner man goes constantly to church." Hawthorne's inner man, indeed, went into many places from which the form was absent, and the special characteristic of his genius is that he never failed to look back upon the other self left behind as being something shadowy, dreamlike, unreal. He believes only in his own mental world: men and outer things only *begin* to have a real existence to him, when they glide from out their ordinary relations to interpret and reveal that wonderful inner life of his. Men are but shadows drawn sometimes by a sort of fascination across the glass-slide of his imagination, leaving their impress there; but they are absolutely dim and colourless, if not viewed at proper distance and in con-

genial lights. Says the showman of Main Street, no other than Hawthorne himself, idealising history for us: "Only oblige me by standing further back, and, take my word for it, the slips of pasteboard shall assume spiritual life, and the bedaubed canvass become an airy and changeable reflex of what it purports to represent."

There are some writers who lead you with them by the hand into the very midst of the scene they portray—pointing out the characters of note, and introducing you, one by one, to those their familiars, thus helping you gradually to take in the whole scene from different points of view, and who thus excel, by the very want of atmosphere and the magic relief of subtle shades and side-tints. They scarce put anything in words which a painter of ordinary capability would not creditably paint, or, at all events, paint in such a way that you would not be instantly shocked with a sense of disharmony and impropriety. But Hawthorne is of a very different order. Every fresh condition of life that appeals to his sympathy sufficiently to lead him to seek in the most remote way to *dramatically* involve himself with it, is but a new magic circle into which he may transport himself to look thence upon real life and eject over it a dewy haze as of morning mist, yet so changing the whole aspects and relations of things as to be a veil of mystery, wonder, and surprise. But he never for a moment loses the overpowering consciousness that he has but transported one self there to be wistfully viewed and contemplated by another self, hidden away among the shadows and foliage, and sometimes among rocks, such as those where Love was fabled of the ancients to dwell. It is this wistful self-dividedness which, in our opinion, is the key to Hawthorne's character, and the mysterious nearness yet far-offness of his art.

Thus it comes about that, while the inner life of Hawthorne seems at first to be the all-important thing in a study of his writings, we find before we have proceeded far that in few cases has a great writer been more dependent on outer circumstances for giving the impulse to production, and determining the form and pattern of it. Fulfilling, so to speak, in his own inner life and imagination, all possible abnormal experiences and composite conditions of feeling, even at times verging upon the inhuman, he approaches life, not so much as an artist as a scientific man. He is desirous rather of verifying his own fancies, than of broadly and sympathetically viewing life to represent it as it is. Hence arises the "coldness" which, as he himself says, is inseparable from

the most effective portions of his work. You cannot "take it into the mind without a shiver," he goes on to say. This, to a great extent, proceeds from the conscious and determinate ends with which he approached the real world. He was incessantly on the outlook for symbols by which fitly to declare himself. The world was, to a large extent, another Egyptian Gallery, from whose strange and motley groups he desired to isolate a figure or hieroglyph here and there, to testify for ever to his marvellous depth of thought and penetration of the paradoxes of human life. He often tried to overcome this tendency in his character, but without result. He must either be a silent hypochondriac, or he must go out and mingle observant in the busy stream of destiny that courses through all active human life. Repelled from men by the innate shyness of his nature, he was ever drawn to them by that triumphant need of utterance which betrays the artist. He was blamed for abusing confidences when he painted his brethren of Salem Custom House, and so he was when he portrayed the community of Brooke Farm; yet he is absolutely right in the excuse he urged, that he had no personal interest in the representations. To him they were merely serviceable as supplying suggestions of masks or symbols for great spiritual realities.

"Nor," he argues, "are these present pages a bit of intrusive biography. Let not the reader wrong me by supposing it. I never should have written with half such unreserve, had it been a portion of this life congenial to my nature, which I am living now, instead of a series of incidents and characters *entirely apart from my own concerns, and on which the qualities, personally proper to me, could have had no bearing.*"

In a certain sense, indeed, Hawthorne never realised the practical nearness of anything save what identified itself closely with his deepest affections. The officials of the Custom House of Salem were as remote from him as though they had belonged to a community in the moon. He would have written of both with equally unconscious freedom. For individual men he cares not, unless he has been led to love them: in *man*, he is deeply interested; but it is in a curious and remotely speculative way. Indeed, it may be said, that he has no direct concern with character as such, character only exists to him as a medium through which to pour the stream of his own phantasies.

He needed solitude; he needed society: he escaped from Brooke Farm to the City, to spy on people at their back doors.

He disliked the *finesse* of society and all its make-believes, and yet he acknowledges his liking to study the physiognomy of cities, to pry into all their crannies and out-of-the-way corners. But it needed to be at a certain distance, so that he could isolate and arrange what he saw to suit his own fancy. Too close contact often spoiled the illusion; for then his heart spoke, and the person was transformed into a portion of his own life, and its secret was a confidence. Hence we can well believe what Mrs. Hawthorne has said: "He had the power of putting himself into each person's situation, and of looking from every point of view, which made his charity most comprehensive. From this cause he necessarily attracted confidences, and became confessor to many sinning and suffering souls, to whom he gave tender sympathy and help, while resigning judgment to the Omnipotent and All-wise." In spite of his "awful insight" he was as blind as a child to the defects of his friends. He could see nothing to blame in his old college-mate, Franklin Pierce. He has given no portrait of a confessed friend in his fiction. Indeed, nearness to him blinded him. He felt that the extension of the realm of the heart by new individual affections narrowed the range of his observing power. Therefore he was jealous of making new friends; to them he literally gave away, far more than most men,—a part of himself, of his own creative faculty. Whenever he got interested in a character, so as to love it, he could no more analyse or dissect it for his artistic purposes; and hence the cold reserve in which he seemed to wrap himself. Coverdale, who is the *alter ego* of Hawthorne in *Blithedale*, says with respect to the Hermitage: "I brought thither no guest, because, after Hollingsworth failed me, there was no longer the man alive with whom I could think of sharing all. So there I used to sit, owl-like, yet not without liberal and hospitable thoughts. I counted the innumerable clusters of my vine, and fore-reckoned the abundance of my vintage. It gladdened me to anticipate the surprise of the community, when, like an allegorical figure of rich October, I should make my appearance, with shoulders bent beneath the burden of rich grapes, and some of the crushed ones crimsoning my brow as with a blood stain."

Nor could anything well be more characteristic than the account he gives of his meeting with Douglas Jerrold,—how the little man was shocked that Hawthorne should think of him as a hard "acid," cynical creature, how the tears actually came into his eyes at being so misunderstood, and how Hawthorne, even while he felt there was a good deal of acting in the whole

thing, could not help letting Jerrold creep into a corner of his heart. The Note-books are full of direct instances of this—notably so is the record of the Englishwoman who came to him and said she was an American, and “fooled him out of half-a-crown, which, after all, he might have spent in a far worse way.”

Hawthorne, in one place, significantly likened himself to a “double ganger,” and that essentially expresses the leading elements of his character. It is a mistake to suppose that, because he loved solitude, he was withdrawn from life and its manifold interests. No man ever had a keener or more morbidly anxious curiosity respecting all that concerns man, all that is bound up in the possibilities of human nature. These confessions are characteristically true:—

“Though fond of society, I was so constituted as to need occasional retirements, even in a life like that of *Blithedale*, which was itself characterised by remoteness from the world. Unless renewed by a yet further withdrawal towards the inner circle of self-communion, I lost the better part of my individuality. My thoughts became of little worth, and my sensibilities grew as arid as a tuft of moss (a thing whose life is in the shade, the rain, or the noontide dew), crumbling in the sunshine, after long expectance of a shower.”

And yet elsewhere, in the same work, he confesses that—

“No sagacious man will long retain his sagacity if he live exclusively among reformers and progressive people, *without periodically returning into the settled system of things, to correct himself by a new observation from that old standpoint.*”

Thus we can see how important to a man of Hawthorne's type was the outward life he lived, the circumstances into which he was thrown. The form of his work was to a large extent determined by these. For long periods he was often powerless, when, suddenly, a face, a figure, a defect, an oddness of character would give him the handle of his symbol, which for a long while he had studiously sought without any success. Often, doubtless, had Hawthorne pondered the mystery of sin, and its strange effects upon humanity, both injurious and beneficial, as he conceived of them—even the sin of adultery had inevitably been meditated on over and over again by this most subtle casuist of human nature; but it was not till one day, fumbling among old records at the Custom House of Boston, he came on a sentence decreeing that a woman convicted of adultery should stand on the meeting-house steps with the letter A marked upon her



breast, that the problem flashed upon his imagination in full artistic form. The friend who was beside him at the moment showed insight in saying, "We shall hear of the letter A again." Just before going to Italy, it would seem that he read the story of Trelawney's *Recollections of Byron*, and was especially struck with the description of the poet's feet,— "feet clubbed and legs withered to the knee; the form and face of an Apollo, and the feet and legs of a sylvan satyr." Had Hawthorne not read this passage and immediately afterwards gone to breathe the artistic air of modern Rome, we should certainly never have had the transforming power of sin presented to us in the exact shape which it takes in the wondrous Romance of *Monte Beni*.

Another writes: "I do not doubt but it was Thoreau's wonderful intimacies with various animals that suggested to his friend and neighbour, Mr. Hawthorne, the character of Donatello in the tale of *Transformation*." Perhaps it may be remembered that Henry Thoreau, well-bred and well-educated, would enter none of the learned professions at the urgent wishes of his friends, but retreated into the woods, and built for himself, with his own hands, a hut at Walden, near Concord, where, in solitude, he pursued his studies of natural history, with something like instinct. His love for animals and all natural things was a passion. Though a man of supreme brain, as is attested by his several books and his unique letters, he was, in his habits, really like some creature taking rank between man and the brutes, and bringing them, as Hawthorne feigns of Donatello and his ancestors, into something like sympathy and good understanding. His fame spread, and he soon drew students and children from far places.

"Sometimes," says the writer above quoted, "I have gone with Thoreau and his young comrades for an expedition on the river, to gather, it may be, water lilies. Upon such excursions, his resources for our entertainment were inexhaustible. He would tell stories of the Indians who once dwelt thereabout, until the children almost looked to see a red man skulking with his arrow on the shore; and every plant or flower on the bank or in the water, and every fish, turtle, frog, lizard about us, was transformed by the wand of his knowledge, from the low form into which the spell of our ignorance had reduced it, into a mystic beauty. One of his surprises was to thrust his hand softly into the water, and as softly raise up before our astonished eyes a large bright fish, which lay as contentedly in his hand as if they were old acquaintances. If the fish had also dropped a penny from its mouth, it could not have been a more miraculous proceeding to us. We could not then get his secret from him."



No doubt this Thoreau had some share in the fashioning of Donatello in Hawthorne's mind, though the other circumstances, fortuitously arising, may have had their own effect. Such facts are enough, at all events, to throw some light on the peculiar processes of Hawthorne's wonderful mind. And plenty more of this sort could be found out by patient groping. Mr. Moncure Conway, who has written a very graceful little sketch of Hawthorne for Mr. Hotten's edition of the *American Note-books*, takes occasion to say that, "No one who has been startled by seeing the strange profile on the side of the Profile Mountains in New Hampshire, can doubt where the story of 'The Great Stone Face' was conceived." But in 1840 we find Hawthorne recording in his Note-book what is evidently the original suggestion for this story, which does not seem to acknowledge any such specific local reference, though no doubt the Profile Mountain brought the idea into definite objective form at the last. "The semblance of a human face to be formed on the side of a mountain, or in the fracture of a small stone, by a *lusus nature*. The face is an object of curiosity for years or centuries; by-and-by a boy is born, whose features gradually assume the aspect of that portrait. At some critical juncture the resemblance is found to be perfect. A prophecy might be connected." Even the phantasy of self-criticism, which is so humorously carried out by way of introducing the wonderful tale of *Rappaccini's Daughter*, was evidently suggested by the circumstances of the queer little foreigner, half Swiss, half German, whom Hawthorne met in 1837, at Bridge's on the Kennebec, and who Frenchified Hawthorne's name into M. de l'Aubepine.

Such facts as these give us a little further insight into Hawthorne's manner of working. He burrowed, to use his own phrase, "to the utmost of his ability, into the depths of our common nature for the purposes of psychological romance;" but it was essential to him that, before casting any thought into artistic form, he should receive from real life at least the handle of his symbol. Very little often sufficed him for this, but it was a *conditio sine qua non* that he should have that little, if he was to be in any degree effective. Even *The Minister's Veil* is but a new allegorical rendering of the sad fate of Mr. Moody of Maine. This Hawthorne himself has freely acknowledged. And certainly it is surpassingly noteworthy that in the earlier *American Note-books* we find Hawthorne more employed in "burrowing" inward for principles, than in seeking for symbols in the outside world; while in the *English Note-books* the process is exactly reversed. He

no longer thinks it worth while to busy himself with setting down records of his subjective phantasies, but is rather curious and active to fix traits, characters, and incidents, suitable for being transformed into symbols. And just as the wisdom of the fancy became more and more the real possession of the intellect and the heart, he seems to have less cared for the perplexing joys of solitude, and learned to feel more relief and pleasure from contact with his fellow men. Thus, it seems to us that Mrs. Hawthorne's words, prefatory to these *English Note-books*, apply with much more force to the American ones. She writes :—

"Throughout his journals it will be seen that Mr. Hawthorne is *entertaining*, and not *asserting*, opinions and ideas. He questions, doubts, and reflects with his pen, and, as it were, instructs himself. So that these Note-books should be read, not as definite conclusions of his mind, but often merely as passing impressions. Whatever *conclusions* he arrived at are condensed in the works given to the world by his own hand, in which will never be found a careless word."

Had we more space at our command, we believe it would be easy to verify this statement by extracts. We must give one or two :—

"The dying exclamation of the Emperor Augustus. Has it not been well-acted? An essay on the misery of being always under a mask. A veil may be needed, but never a mask."

Under date 1837, we find these records :—

"A blind man to set forth on a walk through ways unknown to him, and to trust to the guidance of anybody who will take the trouble; the different characters who would undertake it; some mischievous, some well-meaning, but incapable; perhaps one blind man undertakes to lead another. At last, possibly, he rejects all guidance, and blunders on by himself."

"A person to be in possession of something, as perfect as mortal man has a right to demand; he tries to make it better, and ruins it entirely." [This is an idea which occurs under various refinements. Thus we have it some years later.] "A person to be the death of his beloved in trying to raise her to more than mortal perfection, yet his aiming so highly should be a comfort to him."

"Some very famous jewel or other thing, much talked of over the world. Some person to meet with it, and get possession of it in some unexpected manner, amid homely circumstances."

"A woman to sympathise with all emotions, yet to have none of her own."

The peculiarly abstract character of these conceptions is what most strikes one. They are so utterly without any apparent reference to the real world, and suggest only the vaguest moral paradoxes; but the following is of a somewhat different kind, and on the whole is more of the character of remark we meet with in the *English Note-books* :—

"The other day, at the entrance of the market-house, I saw a woman sitting in a small hand-waggon, apparently for the purpose of receiving alms. There was no attendant at hand; but I noticed that one or two persons who passed by seemed to inquire whether she wished her waggon to be moved. Perhaps this is her mode of making progress about the city, by the voluntary aid of boys and other people who help to drag her. There is something in this—I don't yet well know what—that has impressed me, as if I could make a romance out of the idea of a woman living in this manner a public life, and moving about by such means."

Hence there is some ground for saying, as indeed Zenobia did say of Miles Coverdale, that a shrinking sensitiveness, almost maiden-like, was combined in Hawthorne, with a cold curiosity truly Yankee-like. Zenobia had long recognised Coverdale "as a sort of transcendental Yankee, with all the propensity of your countrymen to investigate matters that come within your range, but rendered almost poetical in your case by refined methods which you adopt for its gratification."

But the "cold curiosity" of Hawthorne must not be spoken of as though it were absolute and all pervasive. He was saved from the worst result of this temper, as we have said, by warm human attachments, which, rendering him blind even to the most patent faults of his favourites, restored his faith. He owed more to his blindness than to his insight, and he himself would no doubt have said that we all do. He was no sceptic. He believed in God and in humanity, with a firm and unquestioning allegiance. Only he was a keen detector of the false coin of humanity, and needed to protect himself against the scorn and cynicism which that qualification necessarily tends to engender. His heart was simple, though his intellect was large and keen. Indeed we discover now and again a trace of self-hate, when his suspicions carry him into too pronounced attitudes of dislike. If he quickly detects the bad side of any creature, he must for his own peace pursue the investigation until he finds some justifying trait or disposition. Nothing is so bad but it may have its use; no creature is so debased but he may be a minister of

good. And this is carried so far with him indeed, that, while reading him, we are constantly forced into a sort of questioning as to whether there is such a thing as evil after all, and whether we ever can tell, amid the mixed and most fluctuating elements of life, what is for the good of the individual or of the race. And yet there is a peculiar shadow lying at the root of his optimism. In the *New Adam and Eve*, he says, "There must have been shadows enough, even amid the primal sunshine of their existence, to suggest the thought of the soul's incongruity with its circumstances."

But the larger sphere which the soul inevitably seeks must finally be found, as it only can be found, in love; and, firmly believing this, Hawthorne is only cynical for a moment; and then he seems to reprove himself even for the momentary mood. Hence there is what we should hardly have expected to find in such a man—a dominating cheerfulness. Unless we have realised this, it is somewhat puzzling at first to find him in 1856 writing thus:—"I have suffered woefully from low spirits for some time past; and *this has not often been the case since I grew to be a man, even in the least auspicious periods of my life.*"

We should have fancied that Hawthorne was one of the most despondent of men. But when we find that there was such a large sphere of his nature kept wholly intact from all the confusion that may be bred of psychological riddle-reading—a pure chamber of love and trust—we at once find the sufficient explanation. Otherwise it is hardly possible that the cold observer could have written thus:—

"I am glad to think that God sees through my heart; and, if any angel has power to penetrate into it, he is welcome to know everything that is there. Yes; and so may any mortal who is capable of full sympathy, and, therefore, worthy to come into my depths. But he must find his own way there. I can neither guide nor enlighten him. It is this involuntary reserve, I suppose, that has given the objectivity to my writings; and when people think that I am pouring myself out in a tale or an essay, I am merely telling what is common to human nature, not what is peculiar to myself. I sympathise with them, not they with me."

When one begins a systematic study of Hawthorne—eager to get all the light that circumstances can throw upon his strange creations—the Note-books, interesting in themselves, become very tantalising and unsatisfactory. They are so broken and disconnected. They jump from epoch to epoch, leaving some of the most interesting periods wholly dark.

Thus, in the *American Note-books*, we have no record of the all-important years between 1825 and 1835, when *The Twice-told Tales* were written, and when the most decisive influences were at work in forming Hawthorne's character; the year spent at Boston, as weigher and gauger under Bancroft, is summed up in a dozen pages of extracts from his letters; the period of the surveyorship at Salem, extending over three years, has no record here at all, nor has the time he remained at Salem, after his escape from the Custom House before he went to Lenox in 1850. Yet all these periods are biographically interesting;—that the first is especially so is clear from the very significant glance which he casts backwards, and which gives the passage a good right to be here presented, although it appears in the *English Note-books* in 1856:—

"I think I have been happier this Christmas than ever before by my own fireside, and with my wife and children about me—more content to enjoy what I have—less anxious for anything beyond it in this life. My early life was, perhaps, a good preparation for the declining half of life; it having been such a blank that any thereafter would compare favourably with it. For a long, long while, I have occasionally been visited with a singular dream; and I have an impression that I have dreamt it ever since I have been in England. It is, that I am still at college,—or sometimes even at school,—and there is a sense that I have been there unconscionably long, and have quite failed to make such progress as my contemporaries have done; and I seem to meet some of them with a feeling of shame and depression that broods over me as I think of it, even when awake. *This dream, recurring all through these twenty or thirty years, must be one of the effects of that heavy seclusion in which I shut myself up for twelve years after leaving college, when everybody moved onward, and left me behind. How strange that it should come now, when I may call myself famous and prosperous—when I am happy too!*"

Mrs. Hawthorne, indeed, tells us, in her preface, that as no journals were found prior to those of 1835, Mr. Hawthorne must have destroyed those he had written, which is a circumstance ever to be regretted. Had the wide gaps only been filled up, we should have had something like a complete and wholly unconscious memoir from Hawthorne's own hand. As it is, we sometimes feel a little vexed that Mrs. Hawthorne has defrauded us of details of close personal interest, and has too often added to the wrong by irritating us with asterisks. It was not Hawthorne's way to reveal too much even to his own eye: he was ever watchful over his own confessions to himself. "I have often felt," he writes, "that words may be

a thick and darksome veil between the soul and the truth which it seeks. Wretched were we, indeed, if we had no better means of communicating ourselves, no fairer garb in which to array our essential being, than these poor rags and tatters of Babel!" But that is only a fresh reason, why, if we are to be let into such a man's confidence at all, we should receive it wholly and not partially. Just when we fancy we are to be drawn into a somewhat closer confidence, the Rhadamanthine hand of the editor is put forward and draws our companion aside. But perhaps we are inclined to fancy that more was thus kept from us than really has been so. Anyway, to the end we feel there is much untold, and that even now we are somewhat in the position of the old Quaker, who wrote to Hawthorne, "that he had been reading my introduction to the *Mosses* and *The Scarlet Letter*, and felt as if he knew me better than his best friend," which only calls forth from Hawthorne the quietly incisive words: "But I think he considerably over-estimates the extent of his intimacy with me." We must not fall into the old Quaker's error, and over-estimate the extent of our intimacy with him.

But the lack of a continuous sketch of his life and the sense of the vast importance of biographic facts in estimating his productions, have led us to gather all that we could find of a personal nature, either in English or American literature, and to try briefly to construct such a continuous narrative. We hope our readers will not grudge us the space.

Hawthorne was born in the quaint old town of Salem, on the 4th of July, 1804. There is something striking in the circumstance that the man who was to give New England fresh life in literature—to garner up in words most rare and fine, "the light and colour of every historic day that had dawned and set in it"—saw the light as the 4th of July bells were ringing, and on the very ground where took place the weirdest events with which early story in the Massachusetts colony is associated. For he was a direct descendant of that Justice John Hathorne, who was nothing loth to give harsh sentence against the witches, and who has been so faithfully pictured by Longfellow in his tragedy of *The Salem Farms*, thus, at least in his own idea, at once serving the state and propitiating heaven.

The oldest and most important families in Salem were sprung of men who had first been sailors and had then turned merchants, and Hawthorne was come of one of these. "From father to son, for above a hundred years, they followed the



sea: a gray-headed shipmaster, in each generation, retiring from the quarter-deck to the homestead, while a boy of fourteen took the hereditary place before the mast, confronting the salt spray and the gale which had blustered against his sire and grandsire. The boy also, in due time, passed from the forecastle to the cabin, spent a tempestuous manhood, and returned from his world-wanderings to grow old and die, and mingle his dust with the natal earth."

So writes Hawthorne himself, intent upon the past, so that it was not required of him to specify there the very important circumstance that the last of the line of sailors never did come back to Salem to lay his dust by the side of his kindred in the natal earth. Captain Nathaniel Hawthorne, his father, who had had due share of the world-wanderings—a brave and fearless man—never returned from one of his long voyages. He died some say at Calcutta, some at Havana, after two girls and a boy had been born to him, he having married a woman of sensibility, strong character, and remarkable beauty of person—Elizabeth Clarke Manning—who had also come of a good Salem family. The death of her husband cast such a gloom over her life, that she remained a sorrowful recluse ever afterwards; the dark shade of her sorrow no doubt falling heavily on the boy, and preparing him to receive the more readily the weird impressions which Salem was so well fitted to produce.

The Mannings were next-door neighbours of the Hawthornes in Union Street, but had secured some property elsewhere. So it came about that the young Nathaniel—left fatherless at four years of age—was much thrown upon his mother's people, spending his early years mostly under the care of his uncle, Robert Manning, and often living on an estate which belonged to them near to the town of Raymond, not far from Sebago Lake, in Maine. One can easily imagine the glee with which the boy would start on his journeys, and how, boy-like, he would be just as eager to return to the old house in Union Street, near to the Long Wharf, the centre of the now dwindling foreign trade of Salem, which was flowing fast into the ports of New York and Boston; notwithstanding that Salem could boast honours in that regard of which they could not deprive it. The first American ship for India and China sailed from its port, and Salem ships opened the trade with Holland and the South Seas. It had still its Custom House and its wharves, and, though some of its once busy courts were grass-grown, the seafaring flavour clung about the whole town. The recurrent noise and stir of

traffic would please the lad vastly after the quiet of Manning's Folly, as the country house was named, with its large rooms and rambling passages.

But Salem had other interests besides its trade, not unlikely to exercise a powerful influence over his quick, sensitive mind. It was redolent of the past. The spirit of New England seemed to hover over it. Some of its quaint wooden houses had been the scene of tragic story; for they had been the abodes of Endicotts, Corwins, Curwins, Gedneys, Gardners, Higginsons, Hutchisons, Mathers, and Hathornes — names that carry a whiff of New England air with them. The witch-house, where, in 1692, the old women who had the misfortune to be ugly as well as old were tried and mercilessly condemned for witchcraft, by the pious fathers of New England, still stood; and one could sit upon the gallows-hill, where the witches were hung, and look out upon the far-stretching sea, as one mused on the ways of Providence, and the strange changes that time brings to the birth. The memory of these witchcraft tortures and executions has thrown a kind of ghostly spell over Salem, exactly of the kind to entrance the imagination of a boy like Hawthorne.

And he soon became a voracious reader of the very sort of books calculated to deepen the impression that would inevitably be made by the stories he would constantly hear. An early accident, too, withdrew him from companions of the same age, and tended to breed the shyness and love of solitude by which he was ever afterwards characterised. When between eight and nine years of age, while playing at bat and ball, he was struck in the foot and lamed, so that he was compelled to use crutches. Up to this time he had been a lively boy, entering with enthusiasm into all kinds of games and fun. We are told that, during his lameness, he found all his delight in books, lying flat upon the carpet and reading whatever he could lay his hands on. It is not without significance, in one respect, that the *Castle of Indolence* was one of his favourites, and that the first book he bought with his own money was *The Faërie Queen*. But still more significant is his fondness for Bunyan's *Pilgrim*. Whenever he went to visit his Grandmother Hawthorne he used to take the old family copy to a large chair in a corner of the room, near a window, and read it by the hour without once speaking; no one ever interfering with him, or asking him any questions. Thus early he used to invent long stories of a wild and fanciful character, and would speak of the travels he would undertake, and the adventures he would engage in when he

became a man, a suggestive forecast of that mixture of love for shy studious retirement, and hunger for practical contact with men, and with new scenes and situations, which characterised him to the end.

He had not long recovered from his lameness when he was seized by an illness which deprived him of the use of his limbs, so that once again he was only able to move about by the aid of crutches. But all this while his education was solicitously superintended by his Uncle Robert, who, when the boy could no longer go to school, engaged the best masters, who regularly came and heard him his lessons. The most notable of these was Joseph Worcester, the well-known author of the dictionary.

When he was between ten and eleven it would appear that his mother retired with him and his sisters to the property of her family, near Sebago Lake. She longed for more complete retirement than Salem would allow. And she could scarcely have found a more suitable spot than Manning's Folly. It was almost shut in by the great pine-trees, which, when the house had first been built, had been partially cleared away, but had, in course of years, almost regained their old dominion. The lasting effect of his few years' residence here Hawthorne has himself put on record in most characteristic words: "I lived in Maine like a bird in the air," he says, "so perfect was the freedom I enjoyed. But it was there I first got my cursed habits of solitude." We can easily imagine the dreamy dark-eyed youth, haunted by sad thoughts of his mother's singular circumstances and all unjoyous life, yet unable to frame into words the sympathy he could not but feel, young though he was, and endeavouring to find relief in outdoor exercise and observation of nature. "During the moonlight nights he would skate until midnight all alone upon the Sebago Lake, with the deep shadow of the icy hills on either hand. When he found himself far away from his home and weary with skating, he would take refuge in a log-cabin, where half a tree would be burning on the log-hearth. He would sit in the ample chimney and look at the stars through the great aperture which the flame went roaring up. 'Ah,' he said, 'how well I recall the summer days also, when with my gun I roamed at will through the woods of Maine. How sad middle life looks to people of erratic temperaments. Everything is beautiful in youth, for all things are allowed to it.'" These days spent in the piny solitudes of Maine without companions—skating in the moonlight, and shooting in the long summer afternoons,

have left deep witness of themselves in many a shadowy picture and sombre glimpse of natural grandeur.

At fourteen, he returned to Salem to attend school, where, under the care of his uncle, he was prepared for college. Here he took great delight in wandering at night about the old town, or on the sea-beach, his imagination full of the weird memories that clustered about its weather-stained, wooden-gabled houses. He was quick to learn, and showed that he was made of the very material for a scholar: but he had little ambition to surpass others, and was not likely to strain a faculty in the keen race of competition. Even at this time he was marked by quiet solicitude for the satisfaction of real self-development rather than by any concern for the applause of others.

While yet only sixteen, Hawthorne was sent by his uncle to Bowdoin College, in Maine, where he studied with great success. He had for fellow-students Longfellow, Cheever, Franklin Pierce, and Horatio Bridge. All these acknowledged to have received from him a singularly powerful influence. Bridge entered the navy, and his *Journal of an African Cruise* was edited by Hawthorne, who again dedicated to Bridge his volume entitled *The Snow Image*. In the course of the dedicatory letter, he gives this exquisite glimpse of himself as a student:—

"On you, if on no other person, I am entitled to rely, to sustain the position of my dedicatee. If anybody is responsible for my being at this day an author, it is yourself. I know not whence your faith came; but, while we were lads together at a country college, gathering blue-berries, in study-hours, under those tall academic pines; or watching the great logs, as they tumbled along the current of the Androscoggin; or shooting pigeons and gray squirrels in the woods; or bat-fowling in the summer twilight; or catching trouts in that shadowy little stream which I suppose is still wandering riverward through the forest,—though you and I will never cast a line in it again,—two idle lads in short (as we need not fear to acknowledge now), doing a hundred things that the Faculty never heard of, or else it had been the worse for us; still it was your prognostic of your friend's destiny that he was to be a writer of fiction."

Hawthorne made close friends of several of his fellow-students. In their society, it would seem that his confirmed shyness and reserve, to a great extent, vanished. He was then famous for his manly beauty and for his feats of physical strength. His frame would have given the impression of a soldier or a sportsman rather than of a student, had it not been for "a certain reserve and grace which rendered the

size and strength of frame unobtrusive." From this country college, as Hawthorne has called it, he retired to Salem in 1825, as "though it was for him the inevitable centre of the universe," having graduated with honour. Here in his native place, he lived the life of a recluse—"passing the day alone in his room, writing wild tales, most of which he destroyed, and walking out at night."

About three years after his return to Salem, he published anonymously a slight romance, with the motto from Southey, "Wilt thou go with me?" He never acknowledged the book, but it shows plainly the natural bent of his mind. "It is a dim, dreamy tale, such as a Byron-struck youth of the time might have written, except for that startling self-possession of style, and cold analysis of passion, rather than sympathy with it, which showed no imitation, but remarkable original power." The same lurid gloom overhangs it that shadows all his works. It is uncanny; the figures of the romance are not persons, they are passions, emotions, spiritual speculations. He met all the importunities of his friends to republish it in later days with a firm refusal, even begging his friend Field never to mention the dead book to him again.

It was now that the old town put forth her full power of fascination on him. It is told how he would decline invitations to the drawing-rooms of the better class, and would seek out illiterate old friends, and familiarly hob-nob with them. The gloomy mystery of Puritan life and character had fallen on a sensitive imagination in many ways prepared to take its impress. Struggling by day to unravel the obscurer mysteries of the spiritual life, he would find fresh suggestions of horror in the sombre monuments that met his gaze as he wandered, ghost-like, through Salem streets at dead of night. It was during this period, when so much was at work to colour and give permanent bent to his genius, that the *Twice Told Tales* were mostly written. They clearly tell of the influences which were most powerful. They either concern themselves with the analysis of mixed and morbid conditions of feeling, or they quaintly describe scenes of the olden time, with a gleam of sunshine thrown into the picture, that, like a little stream half hidden under leaves in a shadowy pine wood, glimmers here and there only to deepen the sense of sombre loneliness, when the glimpse of it is momentarily lost again. It is of this period that he himself says:—

"I sat down by the wayside of life, like a man under enchantment, and a shrubbery sprang up around me, and the bushes grew to

be saplings, and the saplings became trees, until no exit appeared possible, through the entangling depths of my obscurity. And there, perhaps, I should be sitting at this moment, with the moss on the imprisoning tree-trunks, and the yellow leaves of more than a score of autumns piled above me, if it had not been for you."

Referring to his early friend, Horatio Bridge.

Bridge and O'Sullivan, who was then editor of *The Democratic Review*, urged him to contribute to its pages, and thus an efficient way was first opened to him for contact with the public. But the great public did not at once get into raptures over the airy and allegoric pabulum with which Hawthorne was most inclined to supply it. He himself was pleased with the warm recognition of a limited circle, and wrote of himself, afterwards, with a touch of semi-cynical pride, as having been for long years "the most obscure man of letters in America."

After he had had eighteen months' trial of life as an assistant collector in the Custom-house at Boston, the duties of which office he seems to have discharged with singular patience and discreetness, he wrote thus whilst he was a temporary inmate of the Union Street family mansion:—

"Now I begin to understand why I was imprisoned so many years in this lonely chamber, and why I could never break through the viewless bolts and bars; for if I had sooner made my escape into the world, I should have grown hard and rough, and been covered with earthly dust, and my heart might have become callous by rude encounters with the multitude. . . . But living in solitude till the fulness of time was come, I still kept the dew of my youth and the freshness of my heart. . . . I used to think I could imagine all passions, all feelings and states of the heart and mind; but how little did I know! *Indeed, we are but shadows; we are not endowed with real life, and all that seems most real about us is but the thinnest substance of a dream, till the heart be touched. That touch creates us—then we begin to be—thereby we are beings of reality, and inheritors of eternity.*

"When we shall be endowed with our spiritual bodies, I think that they will be so constituted that we may send thoughts and feelings any distance in no time at all, and transfuse them warm and fresh into the consciousness of those whom we love. But, after all, perhaps it is not wise to intermix fantastic ideas with the reality of affection. Let us content ourselves to be earthly creatures, and hold communion of spirit in such modes as are ordained to us."

In 1841 Hawthorne lost his place through political changes, and it was then that he ventured on the bold experiment of residence at Brook Farm, which had a far more intimate bearing on his mental development than almost any other of



the outward changes of his life. It is scarcely possible that a man of his temperament could have embarked in a socialistic experiment expecting very much from it, in any other form than as presenting a medium for fresh observation of character. There is a tone of hopefulness in the first entries of his journal, and yet a sort of cynicism seems to surcharge them almost unconsciously.

"Through faith," he says, "I persist in believing that spring and summer will come in their due season; but *the unregenerated man shivers within me and suggests a doubt whether I may not have wandered within the precincts of the Arctic Circle, and chosen my heritage among everlasting snows.* . . . Provide yourself with a good stock of furs, and if you can obtain the skin of a polar bear, you will find it a very suitable summer dress for this region."

It has been said that Brook Farm was an attempt to practically exhibit the "transcendental" ideas which had been eloquently proclaimed, and that Emerson, the apostle of the new ideas, though interested in Brook Farm and a constant visitor, did not regard himself as being called to organise expedients for the practical embodiments of his ideas. But this would scarcely account for Hawthorne's having taken part in the enterprise. He was singularly far from being subject to "transcendental" enthusiasm, and, while a warm friend of Emerson, did not suffer himself to be moved an iota from his own groove of poised and self-centred yet half-morbid meditation. Clearly Hawthorne's presence at Brook Farm had not been dictated by any great hope of a regeneration of humanity, such as inspired Dana, and Ripley, and Curtis, who were professed enthusiasts in the scheme—men who had devoured the works of Owen and Fourier, and fancied that their ideas only needed the infusion of sound religious sentiment to secure such a permanence as had been denied to former schemes of the kind. Hawthorne was too sharp an observer of human nature to cherish such dreams as these. Besides, he was by nature sceptical of anything which interfered with the free development of natural tendencies. He had no faith in philanthropy. He was a conservative and an aristocrat simply in virtue of that wistful scepticism which make him ever doubtful of new courses. But at the same time there was in Hawthorne a very decided vein of curiosity and a strong need for contact with fresh scenes and situations. He fell on torpid moods, on those periods of "suspended animation," and needed to be quickened out of them by contact with prosaic and extraordinary

conditions of life. We believe that Hawthorne expected to find such in Brook Farm. Not that he consciously framed to himself the reasons for his going thither. He went in obedience to a dictate of his nature—the same as had reconciled him so completely to the coal-weighing at Boston, and was yet to reconcile him to the surveyor's work at Salem and the consul's work at Liverpool. It was that element in his character which led to the following confession, which reappears in manifold forms throughout the more personal portions of his stories and his journals:—

"It contributes greatly towards a man's moral and intellectual health, to be brought into habits of companionship with individuals unlike himself, who care little for his pursuits, and whose sphere and abilities he must go out of himself to appreciate. The accidents of my life have often offered me this advantage."

So far, we may rely upon it, there was a disinterested enough motive behind Hawthorne's movements while at Brook Farm. He took his fair share of the work; the first savings of his pen were put into the scheme; and yet he could not devote himself to it, as he had hoped. He was involuntarily an observer rather than a co-worker. Mr. Noyes, in his *History of Socialisms*, waxes rather wroth against Hawthorne; but he fails to appreciate the man's nature in this regard, and, consequently, tends to do him an injustice. Hawthorne, no doubt, went to Brook Farm with hopes of results upon his own mind and character which were not realised; and, therefore, all that was left for him was to leave it, as soon as he could in honour do so.

Looked at impartially, the *Blithedale Romance* is a "poeti-co-sneering one," as Noyes has called it. It is a semi-cynical argument against all such schemes for reforming society. The moment Hawthorne went to Brook Farm, it seemed to become his main business to observe. He could not help himself; for it consisted with his genius so to do. The redeeming point is that he deals as fairly by Miles Coverdale, his acknowledged *alter ego*, as by the rest. Coverdale is put before us with all his cold inquisitiveness, his incredulity, his determination to worm out the inmost secrets of all associated with him. Perhaps there is not a more characteristic touch in the work than we have in this passage, saturated as it is by a quiet cynical humour. He is speaking of the secret which seemed to lie sealed in Zenobia's heart, imparting a sort of falseness to her whole character and conduct.

"It irritated me, this self-complacent, condescending qualified approval and criticism of a system to which many individuals—perhaps

as highly endowed as our gorgeous Zenobia—had contributed their all of earthly endeavour and loftiest aspirations. I determined to make proof if there were any spell that would exorcise her out of the part which she seemed to be acting. She should be compelled to give me a glimpse of something true—some nature, some passion, no matter whether right or wrong, provided it were real."

In this way it was that Brook Farm served Hawthorne—in quite a different way, of course, from what he himself had expected. It gave him new views and impulses to literary production: it furnished him with several types of character: "The self-conceited philanthropist; the high-spirited woman bruising herself against the narrow limitations of her sex; the weakly maiden, whose trembling nerves endowed her with sibylline attributes; the minor poet beginning life with strenuous aspirations which die out with his youthful fervour."

"Really I should judge it to be twenty years since I left Brook Farm," writes Hawthorne during a short holiday at Salem, in September 1841, "and I take this to be one proof that my life there was an unnatural and unsuitable, and, therefore, an unreal one. It already looks like a dream behind me. The real Me was never an associate of the community; there has been a spectral Appearance there, sounding the horn at day-break, and milking the cows, and hoeing potatoes, and raking hay, toiling in the sun, and doing me the honour to assume my name. But the spectre was not myself. Nevertheless, it is somewhat remarkable that my hands have, during the past summer, grown very brown and rough, insomuch that many people persist in believing that I, after all, was the aforesaid spectral horn-sounder, cow-milker, potatoe-hoer, and hay-raker. *But such people do not know a reality from a shadow.*"

And yet, in spite of all this, he returns to it, with full intent to profit, and to work to others' profit; only underneath all we see the same ever-recurrent vein of cynicism and cold self-removed observation:—

"Nothing here is settled; everything is but beginning to arrange itself; and though I would seem to have little to do with aught beside my own thoughts, still I cannot but partake of the ferment around me. My mind will not be abstracted. *I must observe, and think, and feel, and content myself with catching glimpses of things which may be wrought out hereafter.* Perhaps it will be quite as well that I find myself unable to set seriously about literary occupation for the present. It will be good to have a longer interval between my labour of the body, and that of the mind. Meantime, I shall see *these people and their enterprise* under a new point of view, and, perhaps, be able to determine whether we have any call to cast in our lot with them."

With the failure of the Brook Farm enterprise, and Hawthorne's retirement from it, we may date the beginning of a new era in his life. He is hereafter less inclined to trust to ideas, and far less interested in them; he seems determined to cultivate more than he has done acquaintance with the world as it goes. In 1843 he marries Miss Peabody, and retires to the old manse at Concord, which he has himself described so excellently at the opening of the *Mosses from an Old Manse*. Here, as he had now to face the responsibilities and necessities of a wedded home, he bent himself to his work. He wrote books of a less artistic character than he was well fitted to write, simply because the public would buy them; but here also he wrote the exquisite *Wonder Book for Children*, and also *True Stories told from Grandfather's Chair*, in which early American history is touched with a very free and yet very reverent hand. The *Mosses* were also gathered together here, and the charming introduction written whilst he was daily enjoying the exquisite scenery near Concord, and in close association with congenial minds like those of Emerson, Thoreau, and Longfellow.

"During Hawthorne's first year's residence in Concord," writes his friend, G. W. Curtis, who had left Brook Farm later to live at Concord, "I had driven up with some friends to an æsthetic tea at Mr. Emerson's. It was in the winter, and a great wood fire blazed upon the hospitable hearth. There were various men and women of note assembled; and I, who listened attentively to all the fine things that were said, was for some time scarcely aware of a man, who sat upon the edge of the circle, a little withdrawn, his head slightly thrown forward upon his breast, and his black eyes clearly burning under his black brow. As I drifted down the stream of talk, this person, who sat silent as a shadow, looked to me as Webster might have looked had he been a poet—a kind of poetic Webster. He rose and walked to the window, and stood there quietly for a long time watching the dead-white landscape. No appeal was made to him; nobody looked after him; the conversation flowed steadily on, as if every one understood that his silence was to be respected. It was the same thing at table. In vain the silent man imbibed æsthetic tea. Whatever fancies it inspired did not flower at his lips. But there was a light in his eye which assured me nothing was lost. So supreme was his silence, that it presently engrossed me to the exclusion of everything else. There was very brilliant discourse; but this silence was much more poetic and fascinating. Fine things were said by the philosophers; but much finer things were implied by the dumbness of this gentleman with heavy brows and black hair. When he presently rose and went, Emerson, with the slow, wise smile that breaks over his face like day over the sky, said, 'Hawthorne rides well his horse of the night.'"

Such was his life at this time, quiet, busy, productive. Sometimes, when Mrs. Hawthorne was absent seeing her friends at Boston, he would dismiss the "help," and do all menial service for himself, such as cooking food, washing dishes, and chopping wood. For this latter bit of work, indeed, he seems to have had quite a fancy. The washing of dishes irritated him; "if the dishes once cleaned would remain so for ever, one might be content," he says; thus covering some of his own awkwardness by the play of a humorous irony, which is deeply characteristic of him. To the end, much of the most pretentious effort of men seemed to have its symbol in his washing of the dishes!

After nearly a three years' residence here, he was appointed by Mr. Bancroft to the office of Surveyor of the Port of Salem. All the world is familiar with the literary outcome of that period. *The Scarlet Letter* is its never-dying memorial. He entered on his duties there in 1848, and in 1849 the first sketch of that unique production was shown to Mr. Field, the famous publisher of Boston. But it illustrates well the character of Hawthorne, that he himself had no desire to seek the public favour again. The indifferent reception which *The Twice Told Tales* had met with, and the slow sale even of his later efforts, seemed to have made him distrustful of his own power to secure popularity, though it never seems to have made him doubtful of his own destination as a burrower in the field of psychological romance. Mr. Field, at once with the tact of a true literary adviser and the delicate consideration of a friend, managed to make the shy, reticent man confess to the existence of a hidden treasure, and did not leave till he had carried it away with him for perusal. The work was at once developed more fully under Mr. Field's advice, and no sooner was it published than it won its author fame. His life then sums itself up in the works which he has left us. He resided at Lenox for a year, and then returned for a short while to Concord; he left America for Liverpool in 1853, where he remained till 1858 as United States Consul; and of this period we have full record in *Our Old Home* and the *English Note-books*; while the note-books in France and Italy carry us on until his return to America, when his health was failing, so that he never again wrought with much ease or freedom, though some of the passages in the choice fragment *Pansie* are as musical and felicitously turned as anything he ever wrote.

And do we not see in his writing traces of early community with sorrow, of contact with moods most alien to childhood

and youth, of the weird impression and haunting mystery of Puritan life which he drank in during those night rambles in Salem, and plenteous evidences, too, of the deep hold which the beauty and terror of nature had laid upon his soul in those days and nights of solitude in the Raymond woods, on the ice, or on the water? Hawthorne in one place regrets the lack of a favourable atmosphere in which the fruits of his mind might have ripened to literary form; but yet he says of one of the most depressing periods of his life, "I do think and feel and learn things that are worth knowing, and which I should not know unless I had learned them there, so that the present portion of my life shall not be quite left out of the sum of my real existence. . . . It is good for me, on many accounts, that my life had this passage in it." The latter view we are inclined to think the true one. Hawthorne's debt to what seemed unfavourable circumstances is incalculable; his life in this regard is as good an illustration as could well be found of the strange law of spiritual compensation which plays grandly through all human life, and of which he is himself, perhaps, the greatest literary exponent of later times.

And how shall we fitly characterise the massive product of this most subtle mind? His novels are properly the poetry of Puritan sentiment. Take from them the almost bloodless spirituality, which sprang from his early contact with the terrible problems of sin and death and the future, and all interest would vanish. "Strong traits of his rugged ancestors," he frankly acknowledges, "had entwined themselves with his," although he was but a "frivolous writer of story-books." To him as to them there is but one reality—Eternity. So close does it lie to his constant thought, that nothing more frequently occurs in his writings than questionings as to whether the real world is not more shadowy after all than the spiritual one. One of his characters, in making this declaration, is for the moment but Hawthorne's own mouthpiece: "More and more I recognise that we dwell in a world of shadows; and, for my part, I hold it hardly worth the trouble to attempt a distinction between shadows in the mind and shadows out of it. If there be any difference, the former are rather the more substantial." The pervading ghostliness of his conceptions springs from the intensity with which this was constantly felt. His characters are the embodied passions, emotions, yearnings, and hopes of human nature. A cold current of ghostliness comes near us with their presence. They are just as much clothed on with flesh



and blood as to render them visible to us. We see them for a moment, while we remain fixed in the position in which the Master has been pleased to place us—the moment we move to get a fuller or a closer view, they vanish from our sight. This strangely elusive quality of Hawthorne's characters is very notable; and still more the skill by which he nevertheless manages, by the play of peculiar lights of fancy, to give relief and variety to his singularly airy abstractions. To him there are still demons and witches and angels, but they are more closely identified with the large facts of human nature than heretofore. In man's life itself all the weird conceptions of man seem to be secretly realised, if we could but read it truly. And the laws of the spiritual world, secret, subtle, irresistible, cannot be balked. They alone are permanently powerful; and justify themselves in the last result of all. Other things are but appearances and delusions that draw men to destruction.

But the element of faith in Hawthorne, though in one point of view a product of the Puritan influence, is associated with peculiarly fatalistic tendencies, owing to the hesitant wistful nature of his genius, exaggerated, as it was, by generous contact with all the culture of his time. He would not persecute for any cause, as did his ancestors; but this is only because he sees, more clearly than they did, that wrongdoing and falseness of all kinds infallibly carry their own punishment with them—a punishment which is far more terrible than any form of physical pain could possibly be. The Puritan theology taught that we are not, and cannot be, saved by any goodness of our own, that of ourselves we are only evil—tainted with sin from the birth; that we are the sorrowful victims of morbid inheritances, of the strange fatalities of constitutional depravity; and that it is only through the benefit of another's righteousness that we can hope for salvation. And so it is in Hawthorne's scheme. He believes in inherited evils—in defects of will, in taints of blood, in diabolic tendencies of nature; but he believes also in a Divine purpose, which embraces human life, and turns what appears only evil to the individual, into good for the whole, in which he is finally embraced. We all atone for each other by turns; and if not willingly, then Providence is avenger and "wrongs the wronger till he render right." Had Hawthorne been as sceptical of Providence as he was of men, he would have been helplessly melancholy. He could never have looked into other men with the steady quietness that he did, and his tales had been simply oppressive, if it had not been

for this ever-present background of faith in humanity and its possibilities. Humanity is on the way towards a higher condition, and each individual, *will he, nil he*, must contribute his quota of help. But let no man trust in himself in view of the higher ends of life. Here we find the nexus between his highest speculative principles and his political and practical ideas. He is a fatalistic optimist, preaching his doctrine with the weapons of the romancer. A touch of cynicism comes in whenever he regards individuals aiming to grasp and appropriate to themselves a secret which is the right of all; for he sees no hope for persons as such. "The world will be more and more;" but the best directed efforts of the most far-sighted men, are as likely to hinder as to promote that end. They, indeed, are quacks who make it their aim to overreach or to outrun Providence, even in struggling for ends the very noblest. For the moment that a man is impatient of a high result, and struggles or fights for it, he has lost faith and has become only ambitious; and ambition is always, and in all its forms, a cruel slave-driver. Compulsion is of its very essence. This is as much the case when the *object* seems noble as when it is mean. Philanthropy—become a mere profession or an all-absorbing purpose,—a Moloch to which sweet human affections must be daily offered up,—is as vain and is likely to be almost as fruitful of evil result as is wickedness itself. Hawthorne sometimes winks with the eye that is fixed on the follies and delusions of the individual; he never winks with the eye that is directed to the spiritual world. This completely saves him from cynicism. All his insight never robbed him of his faith in that, but confirmed it. We have already quoted a passage which proves how true a spiritualist he was; and yet how he hates the "spiritualists" and holds them up to ridicule. In one word, Hawthorne holds by Providence, and not by men. But his idea too boldly stated would tend to paralyse all noble effort. And for this we blame him. Providence needs its human agents; but, amidst the materialism and the self-faith and the pretence of the present century, was it not something to hear a clear voice like that of Hawthorne raised in favour of other influences than those which men may put forth on their own account?

Hawthorne is the teacher of a "wise passiveness." To make clear his ideas of the supreme play of Providence in human affairs, he needs in some sort to reduce the reverence for individuality by a strange mixing and conglomeration of motives. The good are not wholly good with him; neither

are the worst of men wholly bad. But the very goodness of the best, when it is reckoned on as goodness, may become an evil, and the shame of the sinner may be translated into a source of blessedness by the ministry of atonement. Hester Prynne's scarlet letter transforms itself into a painful bliss in her little Pearl; but Arthur Dimmesdale's scarlet letter, hidden from the eyes of all, burns into his very heart. And so because of the casuistical constructions and the necessary apologies for some forms of transgression, Hawthorne does tend to somewhat confuse settled conventional moral judgments. But he could only do this with the thoughtless or the ill-disciplined. There never is the shade of oblique reference to true nobleness, or to real devotion, however opposed the object of it may be to what he himself would elect. Nothing could be finer than his sympathy for Endicott in his story of *Merry Mount*.

His morality is really of the noblest. It is the consecration of unselfishness. All things yield to self-sacrifice. This is the perpetual miracle-worker. With what skill he shows us how Phœbe Pyncheon yields up her very life for Clifford and Hepzibah. Poor Phœbe! It seemed that she was giving up her sunshine, her youth, and all its heritage for them, and yet she says: "Ah, me! I shall never be so merry as before I knew Cousin Hepzibah and poor Cousin Clifford. I have grown a great deal older in this little time. *I have given them my sunshine, and have been glad to give it; but, of course, I cannot both give and keep it. They are welcome notwithstanding.*" And yet Holgrave replies: "*You have lost nothing, Phœbe, worth keeping, nor which it was possible to keep.* Our first faith is of no value; for we are never conscious of it till after it has gone. I shouldn't wonder if Clifford were to crumble away some morning after you are gone and nothing be seen of him more, except a heap of dust. Miss Hepzibah, at any rate, will lose what little flexibility she has. They both exist by you."

This is a cardinal idea in Hawthorne's theory of life. It often recurs. Giving up is truest gaining. That which robs us of what we most cherish is that which may most enrich. Our one business in life is to boldly declare for the soul. And if Hawthorne sometimes seemed unconsciously to do violence to cherished standards, he was, up to his measure, true to the deepest spirit of Christian teaching. A little note we have met with in one of our investigations leads us to conclude that this was to be the burden of the *Dolliver Romance*—that strange conception which was working itself into clearness in the mind of the great Puritan poet when

he was half consciously descending into the valley of the shadow:—

"I can't tell you," he writes to the publisher, "when to expect an instalment of the romance, if ever. There is something preternatural in my reluctance to begin. I linger at the threshold, and have a perception of very disagreeable phantasms to be encountered if I enter. I wish God had given me the faculty to write a sunshiny book. . . . *I want to prefix a little sketch of Thoreau to it, because, from a tradition which he told me about this house of mine, I got the idea of a deathless man, which is now taking a shape very different from the original one.* It seems the duty of a live literary man to perpetuate the memory of a dead one, when there is such fair opportunity as in this case; but how Thoreau would scorn me for thinking that I could perpetuate him! And I don't think so."

"The idea of a deathless man!" And so old Dr. Dolliver, with his faculties all decayed, and his frail body almost visibly lapsing away, was to live on and on by virtue of his love for Panzie, to guard and watch over her, till he should be esteemed as deathless; and Panzie, like Phoebe Pyncheon, was to joyously give up her youth for his sake, to prevent his shrunken body from falling into a heap of dust. She was to give him her sunshine, life, and youth; he was to give her wisdom and hope, and by his love to dower her with the tranquil joy of that lovely purity of age which is so quiet and reposeful in contrast with the hard bold purity of youth. The situation is one quite to Hawthorne's heart; and, though it seems not a likely one to be made powerfully interesting, he would have made it fascinating with touches of most quaint revelation.

We are debtors and creditors to each other, and our accounts can never be exactly balanced. The mysteries of life with Hawthorne close and centre here. He will not hear of perfect people. To be perfect were to be isolated. Those who are accredited with the possession of uncommon goodness, he is very apt to regard with suspicion. He loves unconscious goodness, and, like another shrewd poetess of our time, glories in childish naughtiness, if so be it is only *childlike*. The following shows him as the ruthless prober of ideals:—

"There being a discussion about Lord Byron on the other side of the table, Mrs. N. spoke to me about Lady Byron, whom she knows intimately, characterising her as a most excellent and exemplary person, high-principled, unselfish, and now devoting herself to the care of her two grandchildren,—their mother, Byron's daughter, being dead. Lady

Byron, she says, writes beautiful verses. *Somehow or other, all this praise, and more of the same kind, gave me an idea of an intolerably irreproachable person*; and I asked Mrs. N. if Lady Byron were warm-hearted. With some hesitation, or mental reservation, at all events, not quite outspoken,—she answered that she was."

As here, so in his fiction, Hawthorne is never for a moment lost in his own illusions. He looks coldly on the most beautiful shapes which he can conjure up before his imagination. He ruthlessly pricks his ideal to show how weak it is: and then calmly dips his pen in the blood to write out its story further, with a pale brightness of colouring, and a suggestion of higher perfection arising out of what appeared to be the fatal point of defect. His flowers nearly all grow out of graves. His sunshine is oppressive till it touches and is toned on shadow. Humanity is a mass of sores and blotches; were it not for these, indeed, men would stagnate into stupidity and animalism. The world improves by dint of its errors; for exceptional individual attainment is but the issue of disease. He is the Puritan casuist, preaching another kind of fatalism, in which the accepted ideals of life are not destroyed, but inverted. "We go all wrong by a too strenuous resolution to go right," he urges over and over again, which is an indirect accusation of want of faith, for which less cold observers than Hawthorne have often blamed the present age. Of all writers, however, it may be said that Hawthorne is the least dogmatic; and of all books his tales are, perhaps, the least calculated to encourage positive ideas about human nature and human life. Rather it seems as though he was continually edging us on to paradoxes, that like shifting sands suck the shoes off our feet as we hasten onward, and all the more if they are weighted with defences to shield us from every chafe and injury. Shoes are good; but if the feet are being so crushed by them that we cannot walk barefooted, 'tis well that we should throw them aside so as to gain the free use of our feet even at the cost of some momentary suffering. Delusions can never be real and positive helps.

Much of Hawthorne's finest humour springs from the fear lest he should be taken for a sentimentalist, and this, notwithstanding that he had some of the symptoms of the sentimental disease. He shrank from publicity, and yet he sought it; confessing, with something of maladroitness, as it seems to us, in his preface to the *Twice Told Tales*, that they were written to open a point of contact with the world, and not for his own pleasure: while yet, in the very same breath,

the verdict of the world is spoken of as having been but of little moment to him, and is of little moment even now. He sometimes unnecessarily depreciates himself and his works out of concern lest he should seem self-conscious. He is too strictly and stiffly on his guard, taking rather too much "care not to say anything which the critics and the public may hear that it is desirable to conceal." As was said by a person of good natural judgment, but of limited literary culture, to whom we had given one of Hawthorne's earlier stories to read, "It is as if he threw in some humour, in case he should seem to be vain of his art." And this is true. He has little of the ordinary weakness of literary men in the need for sympathy. He decries his own heroism with a touch of cynical humour, even while heroically standing up for his friend. This is very significant; he is speaking of his determination to dedicate a book to Pierce, notwithstanding that the General had lost public favour and was in a sense then proscribed:—

"I have no fancy for making myself a martyr when it is honourably and conscientiously possible to avoid it, and *I always measure out my heroism very accurately according to the exigencies of the occasion, and should be the last man in the world to throw a bit away needlessly.* So I have looked over the concluding paragraph, and have amended it in such a way that, while doing justice to my friend, it contains not a word that ought to be objectionable to any set of readers. If the public of the North see fit to ostracise me for this, I can only say that I would gladly sacrifice a thousand or two dollars rather than retain the goodwill of such a herd of dolts and mean-spirited scoundrels."

His works are not stories at all in the sense we mean when we call Scott's novels stories. They are great allegories, in which human tendencies are artistically exhibited to us. He will always be most truly appreciated by close students of human nature, though the ghostliness of his imagination gives him sometimes a strange fascination. Of his literary qualities what need is there to speak. No man has ever used the English language with more perfect grace and self-control than he has done, no man has more skilfully brought out its more secret chords and harmonies. His words fit his thoughts, as neatly as do the coverings which nature provides for her finest and most delicate productions—chaste ornament never being spared. Of the man, we have only to say, in closing, that he was tender, pure, and upright, and of the writer, that he faithfully revealed the man.

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ART. III.—*The Dialogues of Plato, translated into English, with Analyses and Introductions.* By B. JOWETT, M.A., Master of Balliol College, Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford. 4 Vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press. London: Macmillan and Co. 1871.

THE appearance of Professor Jowett's long-expected volumes is singularly opportune. Recent discussions have placed the Oxford school of philosophy in a somewhat unfavourable light. We are fortunate in having, fresh to our hands, but innocent of controversy, a sample of the work of that school from the man to whom more than to any other it owes its foundation and success. It is very well timed, too, that this should take place just when he has attained the Mastership of that college which he has raised to fame by this study. A less pleasing coincidence is that within a few weeks of the publication we should have lost a veteran expositor of Plato, perhaps the only man in England quite competent to criticise the Professor on terms of equality. The death of Mr. Grote is a loss upon which it is not necessary to enlarge, and his merits as a historian and philosopher cannot fail to be fully recognised. But we must not enter into the unavoidable comparison of the two great English works on our subject without first expressing a high admiration for the marvellous learning and ability manifested in that of Mr. Grote. The value of his Plato is not lessened by the coming out of the later book. Mr. Jowett, himself, is full of respectful affection for his "father Parmenides," as he playfully styles him. In fact the two works are as unlike as two valuable commentaries on the same author can well be. A better illustration than the comparison of these cannot be found of the difference between the historic method of Oxford and what, with no ill connotation, may be called the dogmatic method. The Vice-Chancellor of London is aware of the dangers of over systematising and of judging an ancient writer in the light of modern opinions. Yet he cannot refrain from elaborating a picture of the Platonic philosophy, and, trying it by the standard of the system he himself favours, pronounces it unsatisfactory. The Master of Balliol announces at starting that any attempt to make

a system out of Plato must fail, "for system had not yet taken possession of philosophy." It is of more importance to see Plato as he was, than to try coldly and hardly to point out wherein we conceive him to have fallen short of the truth. "He may be illustrated by the writings of Moderns, but he must be interpreted by his own and by his place in the history of philosophy. We are not concerned to determine what is the residuum of truth which remains for ourselves. His truth may not be our truth, and may, nevertheless, have an extraordinary value and interest for us."

The task of detailed criticism on Mr. Jowett's work has been amply performed in the newspapers and monthly periodicals. There are, of course, in so voluminous a translation, not a few renderings which individual critics would like to alter. One or two remarks in the Introductions may be challenged. The somewhat peculiar Platonic Canon adopted, in the order of the Dialogues, and the greater theories of the book, will naturally fail to commend themselves to all. But these detract little from the value of this *Plato in English*, which gives not only the thoughts, but very much of the inimitable dramatic genius and vivacity, of the most consummate of Greek artists in style.\*

There is, perhaps, no philosopher whom it is so important to study in the historical spirit as Plato. Round his name has gathered an unusually large mass of misleading associations. Plato has suffered, like Aristotle, but in a greater degree, from the identification of his opinions with those of later writers who called themselves by his name. The "Platonists" of Alexandria, Florence, and Cambridge are the source of most of the popular notions of "Platonism." These representatives are the more confusing because the picture they draw is sufficiently true to prevent one's easily forgetting the caricature in regarding the original. Their system, in itself so unlike the real Plato, has been slowly built up out of a part of his teaching, exaggerated and distorted by admixture of oriental mysticism, and put forward as not only a true but a complete account, to the almost utter oblivion of by far the largest and most important portion of his writings. It is strange that Plato, above all things a moralist, should have been known so long mainly for the *Timæus*, his solitary physical treatise.

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\* It would, perhaps, be better if we were not so frequently reminded that our commentator is Professor Jowett the heresiarch. Still we are not sorry to have attention called to the great religious significance of Plato.

His very copiousness is in this respect misleading. He is the first of the Greek philosophers whose works have come down to us in bulk. Of his many forerunners we can only judge from the testimony of others, or from short and disconnected fragments. Plato we know from his own words. There is some danger of regarding him as a more connected and determinate thinker than they, simply because he is so in comparison to us. We despair of finding out the whole doctrine of Parmenides or Heraclitus from the remains preserved in chance quotations. Looking at the mass of the Platonic writings we think we have passed into an age when men expressed themselves more fully, and we naturally seek for a consistent body of dogmas. But, in fact, many of Plato's predecessors were more systematic than he, and their works more nearly proportional in amount to his than we imagine. Plato, though the last of his age, lived at a time when he could still think freely upon any subject that presented itself, untroubled by the need to harmonise his conclusions with the results of other lines of thought. System, as a dominant necessity, came in with the encyclopædist of Stagirus. Not only must we be on our guard against expecting from him the careful consistency of a modern thinker, it must be remembered that, writing only detached pieces, he in the course of his long life may be expected to have somewhat modified his opinions, as indeed there is much evidence to show that he did. A more special reason yet for not severing Plato from his age and surroundings, is that no one so closely as he has connected his writings with the outer world he lived in. Other philosophers, even Plato's own pupil and successor, Aristotle, give to us books written in the seclusion of the study, presenting only the subject under examination, oblivious of all that is taking place outside. The Dialogues are intimately bound up with the daily life of Athens. Living men, names familiar to every reader of Greek history, are made the vehicles or the occasion of the discussions. Nor is it merely a trick of art that links Plato so closely to the common life of Greece. His works are the natural product of that life, not the lucubrations of a solitary brain. He is but the Hellenic character expressing itself in the realm of thought. In him the Greek race gave its grandest contribution to the intellectual development of the world, just as, in the political society in which he was bred, it had worked out its portion of the problem of social order. And just as in his time the city-state which embodied the essentially Greek idea of liberty had attained to its ripeness and a little more, so in Plato the

Greek mind had reached its maturity, and in him shows the signs of decay. Politically the Greek race did not die with the supersession of the communal system. Some of its most dazzling feats, the time of its widest influences, Alexander and the Grecising of Asia, had yet to come. Neither did the Greek mind become effete when Plato ceased to write. Aristotle and the Stoics, the literary conquest of Rome, the New Testament and the Empire of Greek in theology, were triumphs still reserved for it. Still, as we are justified in placing the culmination of the political life of Hellas in the period between the deaths of Pericles and Epaminondas, so the culmination of the purest Greek thought falls within the lifetime of Socrates and Plato. The ripeness of the inner comes, as is generally the case, a little later than that of the outer life. The intellectual fruit of the most stirring times comes when those times have passed. So it was in our own country. The great deeds of Elizabeth's reign were followed in the time of political weakness by the great thoughts of Shakspeare and of Bacon. The stormy education of Milton and Hobbes bore its noblest fruit in the shameful days of the Restoration. It was, perhaps, the consciousness that the glory of Greece was departed that made Plato try as much as possible to live in the past. Almost all the Dialogues are placed in the lifetime of Socrates, and so admirably has Plato succeeded in identifying himself with him that, in the main, master and pupil are indistinguishable. Outer testimony points out a few discrepancies, but no clear line separates the two. Socrates will always be seen through the medium of Plato. Plato is only a writer of dramas in which Socrates is the chief speaker. The two are inextricably blended into one great personality which is the central figure of Greek philosophy.

The earliest philosophers strove individually to exercise that power which Aristotle claims for the philosopher in the abstract—*περὶ πάντων θεωρεῖν*. They began with speculations on the universe as a whole, and did not care to portion it out into fields of thought. The origin and working of the material world; the nature of the soul of man; the existence and character of the gods; the trustworthiness of human knowledge: all these are the subjects of each man's thoughts, and at the same time he mixes freely in political life. Plato inherits this wide domain, and transmits it to Aristotle. He drops the practical side of philosophy, but more than compensates the loss by uniting in his person the line of succession, not only of the philosophers, but of the moralists. Before Socrates morality was in the hands of the poets. He is the

first moral philosopher. Plato is a metaphysician and a physicist, but above all a moralist. The divided streams which unite in him had a common source. All Greek ideas arise among the myths. They become known to us first in the Homeric poems. Homer is the starting-point of Greek philosophy, but he is no philosopher. He is the fountain-head of Greek morality, but no moralist. The spirit which prompts him is distinguished from that of the scientific period by the absence of reflection. The poet betrays no consciousness either of himself or of his audience. Everything in him is concrete and distant. The present and the personal are of no account. It is not to be supposed that Homer attempts to solve the problems of the world. He is not even aware of them. But he incidentally and unintentionally suggests the answer that men will give when the problems begin to press for solution. He fills men's minds with the idea of ever-present and ever-working personal agencies. The conception of an unchanging order, moving in accordance with unembodied law, is forestalled. He crystallises the unreasoning moral instincts of his time. He shows virtue her own comeliness, and vice his own image, yet with no purpose to do so. His striking figures are not intended to represent characters. There is no attempt at analysis or rationale. They rouse the imagination, excite unaccountable feelings of admiration or disgust. But there is no appeal to the reason. Morality as yet is not, for the element of consciousness is wanting. It is the sense of this defect which makes Plato the unwilling enemy of the poets and of Homer. "If you allow the honeyed muse to enter, not law and reason, but pleasure and pain, will be the rulers." (*Rep.* p. 607.)

Hesiod, our next oldest witness, shows the first steps taken towards a philosophy both of nature and of morals. The poet is no longer the mouthpiece of the muse. He has begun to ask himself questions, and to answer them from his own knowledge for the good of his hearers. His two poems are most important landmarks in the intellectual development of Greece. The *Theogony* is the first attempt to account for the physical universe. The *Works and Days* contains the first generalisations on human life and conduct. The division of the streams is beginning to open. Afterwards the Gnostic poets carry on the discussion of right and wrong. Speculative truth is the department of the philosophers.

When, after the deluge of the Dorian immigration, a less brilliant, but more refined society than that of the Heroic age began to rise in Greece, the relations and duties of social life

could not but receive much attention. At such a time brief maxims of conduct, and neat expressions of a shrewd knowledge of the world are in great demand. The proverb and the fable become popular, and the favourite poets are the satirist and the moralist. Such a period in England succeeded the decline of chivalry, and is represented in Gower, Lydgate, and Skelton. The literature of Greece is as copious in this department as we should expect from its later attainments in philosophical ethics. We can judge only from fragments. Still, the Seven Wise Men, Theognis, Simonides of Ceos, with one or two others, perhaps we should add Æsop, are more or less known to us, and form an assemblage of early moralists such as few languages can exhibit. They write at the time when "the long rise of the hexameter" is giving place to the short lines and stanzas of the Lyric poets, scarcely one of whom is destitute of the Gnostic spirit. The reflections are acute rather than deep; the moral standard is not high, cautious selfishness is inculcated rather than generosity, class-prejudices often warp the judgment, and the whole morality is fragmentary and without fundamental principles. But they performed a most important service in fixing and multiplying the moral ideas current before them. They were the educators of the new Hellas as Homer was of the old. How wide-spread and deep-seated was their influence appears in every Dialogue of Plato. Theognis, Simonides, Solon, and the rest are the recognised exponents of morality. The first task of Socrates is to show their inadequacy, and with them especially is contrasted the teachings of Socrates and "the other Sophists" (Aristoph. *Clouds*, 1355, &c.).

The intellectual descendants of Hesiod through the line of the *Theogony* are the philosophers. They, like almost all the poets we have named, arose either in Ionia itself, or in those parts of Central and Western Greece which most felt the Ionic influence. The remarkable part played in early Hellas by the Ionic race has been startlingly set forth by Dr. Curtius. It was but natural that literature and philosophy should have the same birthplace as commerce and civilisation. There is no need to enter into the obscure and uncertain details of the pre-Socratic systems. It will be sufficient to indicate those ideas which, at the time we are more immediately concerned with, formed an important part of the tradition of Greece. By common consent the glory of inaugurating the new era belongs to Thales. Beyond this we know very little of him. Crude as his great tenet—that water is the ἀρχὴ τῶν πάντων—



may seem to us, the very fact that it was taught shows that a great step has been taken in the world's history. The bewildering multiplicity of polytheism has been supplanted by the conception of the universe as a single whole. The notion of constant personal interference has given way to that of Divinity working through natural forces. And under the materialistic term "water," Thales has directed thought beyond the first testimony of the senses to a deeper principle that reveals itself only to close observation. These three conceptions are the foundation of philosophy. Thales did not answer his questions. His greatness is that he asked them. Subsequent speculation in Greece, with all its diversity, was but the working out of the ideas of Thales. The Physicists familiarised men with the idea of nature and natural causes. Their theories are rude and fantastic enough, and dominated by abstraction and false analogy, though some of their guesses seem strangely happy. To these thinkers is in the main due the widening of the gulf between the philosophers and the people, by overthrowing the mythical explanations of natural phenomena. Anaxagoras was banished from Athens for (as Mr. Grote expresses his crime) the de-personification of Helios and Selene.

It was inevitable that where physical speculation was conducted in a single brain, without the appliances of experiment, mere conceptions of the thought should not be distinguished from objective realities. Metaphysics is part of the legacy of Thales. His next successor, Anaximander, announced that "the infinite" or indeterminate alone could be that which was capable of the infinite modification necessary to the ἀρχή. Pythagoras, fixing upon the simplest of general ideas, declared "number" to be the principle of all things, a theory which has this advantage over the other two, that it is universal, which "water" is not, and, as compared with the barren abstraction of Anaximander, might claim to be at least a *vera causa*. In the Eleatic school metaphysics assumes the proportions of ontology. The great figure of Xenophanes—theologian, pantheist, sceptic—stands at the head of the succession. He cannot see his way to reconciling the One-and-All, which his reason tells him is the only real existence, with the infinite variety of phenomena. He marked the distinction between the seeming and the real; he could not determine their relation. Parmenides attempts to explain the contradiction. He parallels the antinomy of the One and the Many by that of reason and sense, recognising a sort of inherent contradiction in the human mind. He thus

sets up the most important distinction of early speculation,—that between being and seeming,—the *noumenon* and the phenomena, matter of knowledge and matter of opinion. Nothing really exists but the *Ens Unum Continuum*, the One Unchanging Absolute Being, cognisable only by reason. All else—plurality, change, motion, generation—are unreal, the object of the sense,—that is to say, true only to us.

The great opponent of Parmenides is Heraclitus of Ephesus, known in antiquity as the Obscure, a title he owes partly to his style, but more to his teaching, which consists (in Mr. Grote's words) in the "co-affirmation of contraries." Previous thinkers had devoted themselves to the search for the ἀρχή of all things, the One amid the Many. They had failed to solve the problem. Heraclitus asked himself the reason. He answered, because they sought for what does not exist. There is no One Absolute Being. Not that these philosophers had been utterly wrong. It is true to say of things that they *are*. But it is equally true to say that they *are not*. There is nothing which, in the very act of being what it is, is not also in the very act of ceasing to be what it is, and becoming what it is not. The permanent contribution of Heraclitus to philosophy is, that he raised Becoming into a principle of thought. Everything is in process of becoming something which it now is not. And yet it is something now, or else it would not exist. These contraries he affirms together. Being and Not Being are not true apart, but they are true together, for they are the factors which make up Becoming, which is the state of the universe. Everything moves. Nothing is still. All things are in a state of flux.\*

To this chaos of conflicting theory and proofless dogmatism, one more element had to be added to complete the confusion and prepare the way for the remedy. This was the work of Zeno the Eleatic. An ardent believer in the Parmenidean doctrine of the *Ens Unum Continuum*, he came to Athens and found himself in the midst of adherents of the Ionian philosophers, and his views heterodox. As soon as he began to expound his theories, he was met by countless objections, which the maintainers of the current opinions were not slow to perceive, and to urge with full Athenian adroitness. It would seem as though Zeno was at first somewhat taken aback by these new difficulties, unthought of among the orthodox Parmenidists of Elea. He does not appear to have

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\* For an excellent summary of the principal characteristics of the early philosophy, see Mr. Jowett's *Introduction to the Timæus*. (Vol. II. p. 502.)

been able to answer the objections; but, unshaken in his belief, he retorted on his opponents with other and more serious contradictions unsolved in the hypotheses they accepted. The ingenuity of his dilemmas has never been surpassed. His paradox of Achilles and the tortoise has attracted solutions from all the great logicians from Aristotle downwards, and none of them have been accepted as quite satisfactory. In these discussions between the invincible Eleatic and his numerous adversaries was forged and tempered the new weapon of Dialectic, the negative arm of philosophy, the searching criticism which was the test of truth. Zeno made the weapon. It was reserved for another to wield it. In his zeal for his own cause, Zeno had played the part which, in modern philosophy, fell to Berkeley. This irrefragable logic had, all unconsciously, brought about the *reductio ad absurdum* of all existing schools. Philosophy had to start afresh. The world was ready for Socrates.

Socrates was already born, heir of all these traditions, and growing up in Athens, to which, from Eastern cities and Western colonies, philosophy and literature were steadily gravitating. The year of his birth is most probably B.C. 469, which synchronises with the first appearance of Pericles in public affairs, is one year after the fall of Pausanias and Themistocles, and one year before the first prize of Sophocles. He is thus the contemporary of the great men who adorn the most brilliant period of Greek history. The political power of Athens reached its height during his boyhood. He grew up to take part in the long fierce struggle of the Peloponnesian War. It was the golden age of art and poetry. The mind of Socrates was fed on the masterpieces of Phidias and the great dramatists. What actual training he received it is hard to say. He had passed his school days before the Sophists had introduced systematic education. Doubt, too, hangs over his father's ability to afford the best teaching to be had. Probably Socrates went through no more than the common course of music and gymnastics. Far more influential in moulding his character and his thoughts must have been that gratuitous and general education which the State supplied to every citizen in the art treasures that graced the city, and in the public spectacles and theatres. In Athens, moreover, men had more intercourse with one another than in a modern capital. It was, in many respects, like a country town. Large as, for Greece, its population was, those who constituted Athenian society were comparatively few. They lived much in public and in the open air. In the places

of common resort, the lowest and the highest, the famous and the obscure, the old and the young mingled freely. The best education of all was the conversation of the marketplace and the palaestra, backed by the constant demand for thought in the ecclesia and the dicastery. The stimulus to the mind was powerful, and such a man as Socrates did not stand in need of any other.

All periods of mental excitement, when thought in the general public is exceptionally active, are epochs of restlessness and change. This was especially true of the time in which Socrates lived. Never had Greek intellect yielded so rich a harvest. Never was the mind of Greece so much disturbed. Change was rife in the political world. Scarcely had Hellas begun to settle down from the disturbances of the Dorian immigration, scarcely had the rival races begun to lose their distinctness, and a stable society to rise on the ruins of the old heroic age, when fresh elements of disorder were introduced. The Persian, descending from his mountains on the vast empires of the plains, had made of Western Asia one great power stronger than ever. The thin line of Hellenic settlements on the coasts was soon absorbed into the barbarian realm, and Central Greece itself compelled to put forth all its strength to avert a similar fate. East and West acted and reacted on each other with tenfold rapidity. The somewhat narrow circle of Greek experience was speedily enlarged, and new ideas sprang up from a wider knowledge. In the collision with the power of Persia Greece came off victorious, but in the conflict she became changed. The age after the Persian wars is as different from that before it as the latter is from the times before the Olympiads. The Greek character and political forms had developed in peace up to the time of Marathon. They showed their strength in that memorable generation of trials and triumphs. Greek history afterwards is but the history of "The Decline and Fall."

The age of the Peloponnesian War (by which phrase we mean the whole time from the ceasing of the dread of Persia to the beginning of the dread of Macedon) presents Greece upon its trial. It was an open question, but more and more tending to an unfavourable decision, whether the glory of Greece was gone, or whether it was merely in transition from one glory to another. Old ideas, old forms, were passing away; the problem was to replace them by new ones. Meanwhile all was unsettled. Thucydides draws the picture of the time; Greece ranged into two hostile camps; the one sturdy in defence of old institutions, and ready even for retrograde

movements; the other eager to broaden the basis of the state, and make the many rule; Sparta the champion of discipline and order, but proving constantly the effeteness of the narrow routine she favoured; Athens striking for individual liberty, and selfishly crushing her unwilling allies into powerless subjects; in the smaller states frequent revolution and capricious change of allegiance; throughout Greece a struggle for men knew not what, except it were dominion over their nearest rivals and adversaries, in which all moderation and morality were set at nought, patriotism gave way to fierce partisanship, and the Hellenic spirit to unscrupulous courting of Persia.

In the general unsettlement the conventional morality inherited from times far other than these had small chance of holding its own. It was formed to meet simpler needs. Something far deeper was wanted now. It had never been subjected to criticism. It was now matter of daily discussion. Nothing is more remarkable in the literature of this period than the direct and constant bearing it has upon moral questions. If the speeches of Thucydides are not grossly out of character, appeals to abstract moral principles and the discrimination of moral ideas, formed the staple of popular oratory, to an extent to us wearisome and pragmatistical. The dramatists again, whose works were the main food of the general mind, combining the offices of the pulpit and the press, invariably raise questions of moral responsibility, of mixed motive, and of casuistry, in their plots, their treatment often suggesting startling theories of right and wrong, and of the relations of men to each other and to the gods. Who could listen to the *Prometheus* or the *Orestes* without far-reaching doubts as to the foundations of religion and morals? The *Antigone* could not but excite discussion on the relative claims of rival duties. The elaborate disquisitions of Euripides must have put many strange and heterodox notions into the heads of his audience. When we remember, too, how large a part of an Athenian's life was taken up in seeing plays and listening to speeches, we cannot wonder that belief and conduct was at such a time constantly under examination. Morality assumes an importance it never had before, and philosophy turns from the remote subjects it had dealt with hitherto, to the study of practical life, and the principles that should guide it. "Socrates," says the familiar sentence, "brought down philosophy from heaven to earth." Men did not care to find out the nature and laws of the planetary system, when questions of near interest were daily pressing

for solution. It was not wholly Socrates that accomplished this. It was in great measure the work of the Sophists.

Much controversy has of late years sprung up around this celebrated name. Mr. Grote, in his history of Greece, and again in his *Plato*, has challenged the traditional estimate of their character, and their relation to Socrates and his time. The question has been ably taken up and argued in general agreement with Mr. Grote, by Mr. J. Stuart Mill, in his last published volume of essays. And now Mr. Jowett\* admirably strikes the balance between the old and the new views. His whole examination of the subject is too long to quote; the substance of it shall be given, and, in the most important passages, in his own words.

The defence of the Sophists from their popular ill-repute, set up by the historian of Greece with even more than his usual learning and acuteness, amounts to this:—He first exposes the delusive inexactness of speaking vaguely of "The Sophists" as though they were an organised school maintaining a system of mischievous dogmas. There is as much confusion in this as in speaking in like manner of the Schoolmen, as is so frequently done. It is even greater. There is less unanimity among the Sophists than among the systematising doctors of the Middle Ages, who at least had the common faith of Christianity to hold them together. But just as we ignore all the varying beliefs and fierce controversies of many centuries, when we class Abelard and Albert the Great, Alcuin, Aquinas, and Duns Scotus, under a common name, so we unify a period shorter, but of even greater diversity, under the single designation of "the age of the Sophists." Gorgias, Protagoras, Prodicus, Hippias, Damon, Polus, Thrasymachus, with many contemporaries, forerunners, and successors, including men so diverse as Pythagoras, Isocrates, and Socrates himself, all are called Sophists by friends and enemies, and by indifferent historians. Judged even from the representations of Plato alone the Sophists have little in common, as regards their tenets. Many of them, such as Protagoras, Gorgias, Hippias, &c., are highly praised. To Damon he pays the finer compliment of complete deference. Miccus is even represented as an admirer of Socrates. They were in no sense a school holding common opinions.

Mr. Grote next endeavours to show that the word "Sophist" was not necessarily a term of reproach. He adduces passages of ancient writers in which it is plainly convertible

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\* See the Introduction to *The Sophist*.



with "philosopher," and many others in which it is an honourable name, or at least indifferent. He admits that it often conveys contempt or dislike, but, as Mr. Mill puts this point, "the term was an insult or a compliment, according to the person who used it; like metaphysician, or political economist, or Malthusian in the present day."

"But the question," says Professor Jowett, "is, not really whether the word 'Sophist' has all these senses, but whether there is not also a specific bad sense in which the term is applied to certain contemporaries of Socrates. Would an Athenian, as Mr. Grote supposes, in the fifth century before Christ, have included Socrates and Plato, as well as Gorgias and Protagoras, under the specific class of Sophists? To this question we must answer, No; wherever the word is so applied, the application is made rather by an enemy of Socrates and Plato, or in a neutral sense. Plato, Zenophon, Aristotle, Isocrates, all give a bad import to the word; and the Sophists are regarded as a separate class in all of them. And in later Greek literature the distinction is quite marked between the succession of philosophers from Thales to Aristotle, and the Sophists of the age of Socrates, who appeared like meteors for a short time in different parts of Greece. For the purposes of comedy, Socrates may have been identified with the Sophists, and he seems to complain of this in the *Apology*. But there is no reason to suppose that Socrates, differing by so many outward marks, would really have been confused in the minds of Anytus or Callicles, or of any intelligent Athenian, with the splendid foreigners who, from time to time, visited Athens or Elis at the Olympic games. The man of genius, the great original thinker, the disinterested seeker after truth, the master of repartee whom no one ever defeated in an argument, was separated, even in the mind of the vulgar Athenian, by an 'interval which no geometry can express,' from the balancer of sentences, the interpreter and reciter of the poets, the divider of the meaning of words, the teacher of rhetoric, the professor of morals and manners.

"The use of the term Sophist in the Dialogues of Plato also shows that the bad senses are not affixed by his genius, but already current. When Protagoras says, 'I confess that I am a Sophist,' he implies that he professes an art denoted by an obnoxious term; or when the young Hippocrates, with a blush upon his face that is just seen by the light of dawn, admits that he is going to be made 'a Sophist,' these words would lose their point unless the term had been already discredited. There is nothing surprising in the Sophists having an evil name; that, whether deserved or not, was a natural consequence of their vocation. That they were foreigners, that they made fortunes, that they taught novelties, that they excited the minds of youth, are quite sufficient reason to account for the opprobrium which attached to them. The genius of Plato could not have stamped the word anew, or have imparted the associations which occur in contemporary writers, such as Xenophon and Isocrates. Changes in the meaning of words can only be

made with great difficulty, and not unless they are supported by a strong current of popular feeling. There is nothing improbable in supposing that Plato may have extended and envenomed the meaning, or that he may have done the Sophists the same kind of disservice that Pascal did to the Jesuits. But the bad sense of the word is not, and could not have been invented by him, and is found in the earlier Dialogues of the *Protagoras*, as well as in the later."

It is true, however, that Plato does make a perfect *bête noir* of "the Sophist." He is his natural enemy, and he delights to represent Socrates in conflict with him.

"The Sophist, in Plato, is the master of the art of illusion; the charlatan, the foreigner, the prince of *esprits-faux*, the hireling who is not a teacher, and who, from whatever point of view he is regarded, is the opposite of the true teacher. He is the 'evil one,' the ideal representative of all that Plato most disliked in the moral and intellectual tendencies of the age; the adversary of the almost equally ideal Socrates. He seems to be always growing in the fancy of Plato, now boastful, now eristic, now clothing himself in the rags of philosophy, now more akin to the rhetorician or lawyer, now haranguing, now questioning, until the final appearance in the *Politicus* of his departing shadow in the disguise of a statesman. We are not to suppose that Plato intended by such a description to depict Protagoras, or Gorgias, or even Thrasymachus, who all turn out to be 'very good sort of people, when we know them,' and all of them part on good terms with Socrates. But he is speaking of a being as imaginary as the wise man of the stories, and whose character varies in different Dialogues. Like mythology, Greek philosophy has a tendency to personify ideas. And the Sophist is truly a creation of Plato's, in which the falsehood of all mankind is reflected.

"A milder tone is adopted towards the Sophists in a well-known passage of the *Republic* (v. 492), where they are described as the followers rather than the leaders of the rest of mankind. Plato ridicules the notion that any individuals can corrupt youth to a degree worth speaking of in comparison with the greater influence of public opinion. But there is no real inconsistency between this and other descriptions of the Sophist which occur in the Platonic writings. For Plato is not justifying the Sophists in the passage just quoted, but only representing their power to be contemptible; they are to be despised rather than feared, and are no worse than the rest of mankind. But a senator or statesman may be justly condemned, who is on a level with mankind when he ought to be above them. There is another point of view in which this passage should be considered. The great enemy of Plato is the world,\* not exactly in the theological sense, yet in one not wholly

\* Compare Mill, *Diss. and Dis.* III. 318. "The enemy against which Plato really fought was not Sophistry but commonplace."

different—the world as the hater of truth and lover of appearance, occupied in the pursuit of gain and pleasure rather than of knowledge, banded together against the few good and wise men, and devoid of true education. This creature has many heads: rhetoricians, lawyers, statesmen, poets, Sophists. But the Sophist is the Proteus who takes the likeness of all of them; all other deceivers have a piece of him in them. And sometimes he is represented as the corrupter of the world, and sometimes the world as the more dangerous corrupter of the two.”

The specific charge which Plato is constantly flinging in the teeth of the Sophists is that they “prostitute” (it is Socrates’ own word)\* their wisdom for money. It seems to him a vile degradation, a philosophical simony. Yet his fairness towards individuals appears even here. Protagoras, in the Dialogue that bears his name, is made to appear superior to any mere mercenary motives, as one who drives no hard bargains, but is content to leave his reward and support to the gratitude of those he has profited. We are, perhaps, inclined to attach too much importance to this allegation of a hireling spirit. Plato, like most reformers, denounces with no sparing tongue what he would sweep away, and does not stay to reflect upon the considerations which brought it to pass and keep it up. On this point the words of Mr. Mill are specially apposite:—

“The sophistic and rhetorical profession attain their purposes,” he affirms, “not by making people wiser and better, but by conforming to their opinions, pandering to their existing desires, and making them better pleased with themselves and with their errors and vices than they were before. And is not this the really formidable temptation of all popular teaching and all literature? necessarily aggravated when these are practised for their pecuniary fruits. We may picture to ourselves Plato judging from this point of view the teachers of the present day. An established clergy, he might say, are directly bribed to profess an existing set of opinions, whether they believe them or not, and however remote they may be from the truth. The ministers of every non-established sect are no less bound by their pecuniary interest to preach not what is true, but what their flocks already believe. Of lawyers it is not necessary to speak, who must either give up their profession, or accept a brief without scruple from what they know to be the wrong side. Schoolmasters, and the teachers and governors of universities, must on every subject on which opinions differ, provide the teaching which will be acceptable to those who can give them pupils, not that which is really the best. Statesmen, he might say, have renounced even the pretence that anything ought to be required of them but to give to the public not what is best for it, but what it wishes to have.

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\* Xenophon, *Memorabilia*, 1, 6, 13.

The press, especially the most influential part of it, the newspapers and periodicals, by what incessant evidence does it prove that it considers as its business to be of the same mind with the public; to assent to, adulate, public opinion, and instead of disagreeable truths, ply it with things it likes to hear?"

Such arguments as these we frequently hear, and he who uses them can easily make out a strong case. But—

"One thing he forgets,  
That policy, expecting not clear gain,  
Deals ever in alternatives."

The balance of disadvantages is, perhaps, in favour of things as they are. We can see that Plato's objections are not mere sentiment, but point out a real evil, and at the same time we must beware of passing a sweeping condemnation upon whole classes which in Athens, as in England, doubtless included among them many noble and high principled men.

It is remarkable that the commonest charge against the Sophists, that they corrupted young men, was the very charge upon which Socrates himself was put to death. There can be no doubt that he fell a martyr to the advocacy of a higher morality. The foundation of the quarrel between the public and the Sophists lay in the horror with which ordinary men, content with what had satisfied their fathers, beheld the general unsettling of the younger minds under the stimulus of abundant teaching and discussion. Vaguely conscious, for their own part, of the want of something behind the familiar phrases, they saw in the questioning of the received standards the utter abolition of all morality. Their anger turned against the most prominent questioners, the Sophists. Confounding all distinctions, they saw only the one point of agreement. These were the men who disturbed people's minds; the men who made youths wiser than their fathers; the men under whose reputation forward lads sheltered themselves when they made their elders look foolish for holding what, for all ridicule or argument, they could not help thinking right after all. And on the very forefront of these names was Socrates, differing greatly, his adherents would say, from the rest, but known to outsiders only as the most brilliant, persistent, and annoying of the Sophists. His personal attack was harder to disregard than the set speeches of others. His example was, perhaps, the most frequently copied with a coarser wit by men who had learned no more from him than to parody the form of his method. "Intelligent Athenians" who took the

trouble to inquire might have distinguished him. But the stupid and the careless could not but misjudge him. We are distinctly told by Xenophon that most of the young men of family and wealth who consorted with Socrates did so against the strong disapprobation of their relatives. It needs not to say that the relatives were not without some justification for their uneasiness. A period of extreme activity of thought is a dangerous one. A man cannot have the chance of forming well-grounded opinions without the chance of arriving at mere delusions.

The public had a quarrel with the Sophists, and so had Plato, but on different grounds. He had the same quarrel with the public itself. He did not echo the accusation that the Sophists had corrupted Athens. He retorted that the corruption was due to the society of Athens and not to them. The people corrupted the young men, and not him only, by forcing all to speak and think and judge of the good and the beautiful according to the caprices of "the monster Demus," instead of trying everything by the idea. The Sophists were but the natural outcome of the unintelligent, moral orthodoxy that prevailed. A morality based upon threadbare *loci communes* could not stand amid the intellectual activity of the time. Commonplace had produced the Sophists, who were but a higher form of itself. They were but substituting one set of maxims for another. It were poor gain, if gain at all, to exchange stolid commonplace for clever commonplace. Socrates and Plato aimed to get rid of both, by striking at the foundation—the fixing of moral standard in opinion, and not in the knowledge of real truth. The fault of the age was unsettlement. Socrates set himself to find a basis of fixity.

According to his own account, given in the *Apology* (a work probably more historical than other Platonic writings), he did not set himself this work. He found it thrust upon him by the providence of the god of Delphi. He says that Chærephon, an impetuous friend of his, inquired whether Socrates were not the wisest of men, and the priestess replied that he was. This answer, when reported to Socrates, surprised him, for he knew that he knew nothing. So to disprove the dictum of Apollo, he set to work to find a man who, upon trial, appeared certainly wiser than he. He thought it easy to find such an one, and began with a celebrated politician. But he found upon cross-questioning him that he could give no rational and consistent account of what was really beautiful and good to which he professed to be directing his efforts. Socrates, therefore, concluded that the

politician at least, though he was thought, and thought himself wise, was really not so wise as the ignorant questioner, who, at all events, was not living under a delusion. He then tried other politicians and poets of various kinds, but found that none could give a clear account of the principles of their art, or even explain its products.

Finally, he went to the artisans, thinking that they knew at least their own trade. And he was not mistaken, for they certainly did know how to work; but because they knew this, they fancied they knew all sorts of high matters, and this defect overshadowed their wisdom. So Socrates concluded that the Oracle was right, for in that he knew nothing, he was no worse than everyone else; and in that he knew he knew nothing, he was better than they. In this story there is doubtless much truth. We know, both from hints in Plato, and from the more trustworthy evidence of Xenophon, that Socrates always held himself to be acting under special orders and guidance from above. Still, it shows of itself that the Oracle cannot have been the stimulus that set him first to work. His fame had already reached Delphi, and at Athens there were men who held him in even extravagant admiration. It shows, too, that Socrates had already given thought to the basis of his knowledge, and learnt the lesson of his ignorance. It indicates the source from which the impulse really came. The method he pursued of cross-questioning the reputed wise, and showing a want of clearness and consistency in their answers, bears evident marks of the influence of Zeno.

But the aim of Socrates was far wider than that of the Eleatic. Zeno was but a polemic defending the stereotyped theses of Parmenides. Socrates had no theories to defend. Like Descartes, he made a clean sweep of all he had previously thought certain, and began to seek for a firm base on which to re-erect the structure of belief. Like Descartes, too, he seems to have proceeded upon the unavowed axiom that all clear ideas are true. The main purpose of his life, and of the several conversations which composed it, was to arrive at a distinct conception of moral notions. The old division of the Platonic writings into Dialogues of Search and Dialogues of Exposition, has doubtless been made too much of. No hard and fast line separates the two classes. But there is reason to believe that the dialogues in which the element of inquiry strongly predominates are more Socratic, and therefore earlier in composition, than those which enunciate positive opinions. Such pre-eminently are those which Mr. Jowett places at the beginning of his first volume. They are devoted for the most



part, to the examination of some single conception. For instance, the *Charmides* discusses temperance (or rather the extremely complex and wide notion of σωφροσύνη); the *Lysis*, friendship; the *Laches*, courage; the *Euthyphron*, holiness. In these some incidental turn of a casual conversation raises the question of the true nature of such or such a virtue. Definition after definition is started, examined, and set aside as inadequate, and usually no final answer is given. The subject is looked at from many points of view, various lights are cast upon it, many valuable hints are thrown out by the way, and the company separate in the true Socratic spirit, dubious of their own knowledge. The philosophy of Socrates is emphatically a search for truth. His professed ignorance, the irony with which he has been accredited, is no pretence. It may seem strange to us, as it did to his contemporaries, that the wisest of men, who could so irresistibly expose the ignorance of the most renowned professors, and whom no one ever vanquished in argument, nor, with one or two exceptions, even encountered without defeat, should have no system of his own. But the truth is that he was content to seek, and not to accept for truth what could not stand the most merciless examination. If he did not find, he was content to prepare the way for others, and his life was cut short, though only by a few years, before he had satisfied himself of the first principles. His place in the history of philosophy is to wield "the negative arm," to criticise and destroy, not to construct.

Yet it would be a mistake to class him among the sceptics. He works towards an end. When the ground is cleared of obstructions, when the tools are fashioned, and the workmen trained, then men might begin to build, but an unsound foundation would only bring the superstructure down with a crash. The age he lived in, with its moral unsettlement, was the result of such an accepting in haste a shallow and shifting foundation for what men wished to be true. "First principles," says Socrates, "even when they appear certain, should be carefully considered." (*Phædo*, 107 B.) "How ridiculous that the highest truths should not be held worthy of the greatest exactness!" (*Rep.* 504 E.) His immediate purpose is always seen to be, not the confusion of his adversary, but the instruction of the interlocutors and the audience. This is illustrated by his favourite saying that he followed his mother's profession, and was a midwife, to help men's thoughts to the birth. Zeno is a dialectician, crushing the strongest. Socrates is a master of the art of conversation,

assisting the young and the weak. It is not, however, to be supposed that the suspended judgment of Socrates made him hesitate in the practice of virtue, or left his mind a blank on all moral questions. We know that he was distinguished in Athens for his firm adherence to what he held right. He was a careful observer of the religion of his country, and devoutly obedient to the indications of "the God." He does not draw the perverse conclusion which makes moral scepticism so dangerous. He does not see in uncertainty the removal of moral obligation, but rather the imposition of the additional duty of inquiry, and meanwhile he lives according to the best of his light, though he knows it is only opinion. Where he ventures a positive solution of a difficulty, "he throws us back upon those old familiar, emotional associations, unconscious products and-unexamined transmissions from mind to mind—deep-seated belief without any assignable intellectual basis or outward standard of rectitude."\* The fundamental principles which—unproved as to him they must have seemed—he appears most firmly to have held are these two: he agrees with the popular persuasion that right and wrong are not distinctions changing with the fluctuations of opinion and convention. In this, though by a method unapproved of many, he was the ally of the generality against the clever paradoxes of some Sophists and Rhetoricians. He was firmly convinced, too, that virtue and vice were convertible with knowledge and ignorance. False opinion was, it is true, a moral defect, but men did wrong not willingly, but for want of a thorough conviction—that is to say, a real knowledge of the nature and consequences of their actions. Socrates does not announce these principles as "necessary truths," or axiomatic; he would, perhaps, have marked them only as "a working hypothesis," but one of which he never saw reason to doubt.

The personality of Socrates is familiar to every reader. Those who have never read a line of Plato or Xenophon know how the insignificant, almost hideous, old man moved amidst the perfect beauty of the Athenian race; how, in the gymnasia and gardens, in the market-place, and the houses of private citizens, he pursued his strange calling of earnest conversation with any who would answer him; how he came to be the idol of a group of the noblest and richest of Athens, attracting young enthusiasts from other cities, and fascinating the handsomest and most reckless of his countrymen, even to the

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\* Grote, I. 357.

deadly brilliance of Alcibiades himself; how, nevertheless, he raised no school, nor set himself up as a teacher, but went on in his simple life of hardness and poverty, surpassing in endurance the trained strength of the hardiest; how nothing could stir him from right-doing, not the popular fury after Arginusæ, nor the oligarchical tyranny of the Thirty; how, finally, the hate of those whose satisfaction he had disturbed, and whose belief he had disputed, put him to death in spite of his friends; and how, refusing to purchase respite by the slightest concession, he died in an imperturbable calm, leaving a great name and almost perfect character, many followers, but no doctrines. All this is an oft-told tale.

There are two passages in the Dialogues that will serve to show the two sides of his position in Athens—the secret of his power and the explanation of his fate. The first is the celebrated speech of the drunken Alcibiades in the *Symposium* (215 *et seq.*). He bursts into the banquet of Agathon, and instead of continuing the occupation he interrupted of pronouncing encomiums on Love, undertakes to give one on Socrates. The oration is too long and too well known to admit of or need quotation. He likens Socrates to the masks of Silenus to be seen sitting in the statuaries' shops, having pipes and flutes in their mouths, and they are made to open, and inside them are images of the gods. He describes the marvellous fascination Socrates exerts over him, such that, if he did not stop his ears and fly from the siren, he would grow old sitting at his feet. "For he makes me feel that I ought not to live as I do, neglecting the wants of my own soul. He is the only person who has ever made me ashamed, which you might think not to be in my nature."

The other passage, which shows how Plato, if not Socrates, was aware of the annoyance caused by forward lads under his influence, to their parents and elders, is in the *Philebus* (p. 16):—

"Any young man, when he first tastes these subtilties, is delighted, and fancies that he has found a treasure of wisdom; in the first enthusiasm of his joy he sets (not every stone but) every thought rolling, now converting the many into the one, and kneading them together, now unfolding and dividing them; he puzzles himself first and above all, and then he proceeds to puzzle his neighbours; whether they are older or younger, or of his own age—that makes no difference, neither father nor mother does he spare; no human being who has ears is safe from him, hardly even his dog, and a barbarian would have no chance with him, if an interpreter could only be found."

This constant annoyance from Socrates himself, still more from those whom he infected, working in the narrow circle of Athenian life, explains, if it fails to palliate, the atrocious national crime of the condemnation of Socrates.

That memorable event took place in the year 399 B.C., and with him fell the epoch of general interest in moral inquiries. The companions of Socrates were scattered, many of the most notable were already dead or distant. Philosophy withdrew from the common ways of men into schools, and gardens, and porticoes, where those that cared for such pursuits might come and seek her. She no longer strove to attack ignorance in its strongholds, but only held out an attractive retirement to such as would separate themselves from the world. The first of these schools was opened thirteen years after the death of Socrates, in a garden somewhat less than a mile outside the gates of Athens, on the road to Eleusis. It adjoined the sacred precinct of the hero Academus, from which it gained its name of the Academy. The founder was Plato, who for nearly thirty years walked and talked among its groves.

The interval between the dispersal of the *Socratici viri* and the opening of the Academy, is marked by the rise of various philosophical sects, professing to regard Socrates as their father. Euclid of Megara and Phædo of Elis combined the Socratic "ethical point of view with the Ontology of Parmenides, and followed out that negative Dialectic which was common to Socrates with Zeno." Antisthenes and Aristippus are known as the founders respectively of the Cynic and Cyrenaic school of ethics, the cruder forerunners of Stoic and Epicurean. Of these, called, in comparison with Plato, "the imperfect Socratic schools," it is not necessary to speak; traces of their influences, especially that of Euclid, are to be found in Plato, but otherwise they are important only as steps in the transition to later schools.

The true successor, or rather the other self of Socrates, was Plato. Of his life but little is known with certainty. His birth, of noble Athenian parents, took place in Ægina in the year 427. He seems to have become acquainted with Socrates not more than ten years before the death of the great converser. His brothers, Glaucon and Adeimantus, and his uncle Critias, were also numbered among the Socratic companions. The dramatic veil is drawn so closely that we learn from the Dialogues nothing of himself except the fact that, though present at the trial, he was prevented by illness from witnessing the end of Socrates. The Epistles of Plato are of dubious authenticity. Grote declares for them; Jowett

against. If genuine, they add much to our knowledge of Plato's outward life, little to our acquaintance with his philosophy. He evidently wished himself to be regarded as the continuator of the life of Socrates so violently terminated. None of the Dialogues were probably written during the lifetime of the revered master. They are designed to make that voice still heard which the people would have silenced. At first Plato pursues the merely negative criticism of the living man. The earlier writings may be regarded as more Socratic than Plato. The two are indistinguishable till Plato begins to enunciate positive opinions. Even here he was ostensibly only completing the Socratic procedure. We have seen that destruction was preparatory to construction. Plato was but doing the work which Socrates would himself have done had Athens spared him.

According to Aristotle, the distinctive contribution of Socrates to philosophy was the sense of the need for definitions.

"As the Platonic Socrates puts it in the *Euthyphron*, all men agree that the person who acts unjustly must be punished, but they dispute very much *who it is* that acts unjustly—*which* of his actions are unjust—or under what circumstances they are so. The emotion in each man's mind, as well as the word by which it is expressed, is the same, but the person or the acts to which it is applied by each, although partly the same, are often so different, and sometimes so opposite, as to occasion violent dispute. There is subjective agreement, with objective disagreement. It is upon this disconformity that the Socratic cross-examination is brought to bear, making his hearers feel its existence, for the first time, and dispelling their fancy of supposed knowledge, as well as of supposed unanimity. Socrates required them to define the general word—to assign some common objective characteristic, corresponding in all cases to the common subjective feeling represented by the word. But no man could comply with his requirement, nor could he himself comply with it, any more than his respondents. So far Socrates proceeded, and no farther, according to Aristotle. He never altogether lost his hold on particulars; he assumed that there must be something common to them all, if you could but find out what it was, constituting the objective meaning of the general term. Plato made a step beyond him, though under the name of Socrates as spokesman. Not being able (any more than Socrates) to discover or specify any real objective characteristics common to all the particulars, he objectivised the word itself; that is, he assumed or imagined a new objective Ens of his own, the Platonic idea, corresponding to the particulars, but existing apart from them in a sphere of its own—yet nevertheless lending itself in some inexplicable way to be participated in by the particulars. It was only in this way

that Plato could explain to himself how knowledge was possible; this universal *Ens* being the only object of knowledge, particulars being an indefinite variety of fleeting appearances, and as such in themselves unknowable. The imagination of Plato created a new world of forms, ideas, concepts, or objects, corresponding to general terms; which he represents as the only objects of knowledge and as the only realities." *Grote*, I. 327.

Such in bare brevity is the celebrated theory of ideas, the result of the long negative process of Socratic search. Here, as so often elsewhere, Socrates and Plato cannot be distinguished with any hard clear line of demarcation. Plato puts all his expositions of the ideas into the mouth of Socrates, the fullest being in the *Phædo*, great part of which work is narrative, and possibly historical. Still, on the whole, it is probable that nothing so definite ever proceeded from the actual Socrates, but that it is all the invention of Plato. It bears marks of the influence of pre-Socratic thought, and was the result, if Aristotle is to be trusted, of an attempt to reconcile the unchanging rest of real existence maintained by Parmenides with the "constant flux" of Heraclitus. The former is in the region of the ideas, the latter in that of the particulars. The manner in which the idealism is treated in different Dialogues exhibits striking inconsistencies. Even Platonic manysidedness cannot stand the strain of accounting for the discrepancies of the *Phædrus*, the *Republic*, and the *Theætetus*, much more of the *Timæus* and the *Parmenides*. In the last Dialogue the whole doctrine of objectively existing ideas is put to the test of the severest criticism, and found wanting. The overthrow is so complete that many scholars take it for proof of non-Platonic authorship. Even Aristotle can find little to add to the objections there stated. Perhaps the chief contribution of Professor Jowett to Platonic commentating, is a theory of the rise of these contradictions. His opinion is that they represent successive stages in Plato's own belief. The first form taken by the theory is given in the *Meno*, *Phædrus*, *Symposium*, and *Phædo*. Here it is intimately connected with a previous state of human existence, with the erotic sentiment that forms so strange a part of the Platonic philosophy, and with an exalted and mystical view of the mode of reaching true knowledge. In the *Republic* the mystical rhapsodies disappear. The pre-existence of the human soul is not dwelt on, and the road to knowledge is by a laborious training in abstract thought without supernatural revelation. The *Philebus*, *Parmenides*, *Theætetus*, *Sophist*, and *Statesman*, form a later group, distinguished by the



abandonment of the transcendental doctrine for a psychological theory of knowledge. It is from the first group (aided by the *Timæus*, a perfectly unique work) that the common notion of "Platonism" is derived, though with strange admixtures on the way.

One comes to the perusal of Plato expecting to find a gorgeous idealism, that shall carry the mind away irresistibly into a perfect cloud-land of romantic speculation. He is conceived as a sort of Hebrew prophet among philosophers. The shock is great when we find him a dialectician, a close hard reasoner. We wonder how he won the reputation in which men hold him; what should make Milton name him with the Attic dramatists, and with Chaucer, among those whose works are the luxuries of thought. Disappointed as we are, we have found the key to the mystery. The witchery of Plato lies in this very Dialectic. The miracle about him, is that from so dry a source he has called forth so strange a fascination. As with the living Socrates, the outward shape is almost hideous at first sight, but the inward beauty not merely vanquishes, it transforms the repulsive exterior into its own likeness. There is, indeed, an oriental element in Plato that easily explains the attraction he had for Jews and Alexandrians. The religious spirit is strong upon him. His philosophy is a religion to him, and, as often happens, the most highly wrought enthusiasm is inspired by the most abstract and, to strangers, most uninteresting of doctrines. Dialectic was in origin only ordinary conversation—the talk of one man with the common haunters of the Athenian market-place. But it had been exalted almost beyond recognition. It was to Plato the instrument in the "conversion of the soul" (*ψυχῆς μεταστροφή*, *Rep.* p. 521), the only road by which a man could regain the high estate of a former life. For the soul, he said, (*Phædrus*, p. 246, &c.), lived upon earth a degraded life. Its fitting occupation, which indeed it originally had, was to be a guardian spirit to the inanimate creation. But it lost its wings and fell from the height of heaven till it reached the solid gross earth. It is now like a chariot with two winged horses. But the one has broken pinions and is weaker than the other. The soul is ever trying to ascend the arch of heaven, where, if it could reach the topmost point, it might pass through as the gods do, and, standing upon the convex of the sphere, gaze upon the world of real existence. It might see things as they are, and not as they appear to us. It might look upon absolute righteousness, absolute justice, absolute beauty and good.

This is the life of the gods, and some few favoured souls may catch now and then a glimpse of it. And when once they have seen the great sight, though but for a moment, they are strengthened to rise again. For the sight of these things is the food of the soul, and makes its wings to grow.

All this is myth, and told as such, but the allegory was to Plato more true than that which at first it had been designed to set forth. He asked himself how the fallen soul was to be awoke to the sense of its degradation, how it was possible to train and strengthen the maimed steed till it no longer weighed it down in its efforts to rise. He answered that the memory of those real existencies which the soul had known in its former life, was awakened in a man by the sight of some object of surpassing beauty. He saw in it some strange resemblance to the absolute beauty he had known before. For the beautiful, and the just, and the good, were the same thing as the divine. But the beautiful was the most striking and enchanting. When this reminiscence had been aroused, the man first conceived a passion for the object that had called it up, then for all beautiful things, and, by-and-by, a rare fortune might enable him to rise to the love of the beautiful itself. "Such an one," said the prophetess who revealed the mystery to Socrates (*Symposium*, p. 210), "when he has reached the utmost limit of earthly love, shall suddenly see a certain Beautiful of a wondrous nature. It ever is, nor ever becomes nor ceases to be, nor grows nor decays. It is not in this fair, in that foul; now fair and then foul; fair to some, foul to others; that Beautiful which he shall see is not like a beautiful face, or beautiful hands, or any other beauty corporeal, but itself by itself, with itself, existing ever, like unto itself alone, and the beauty of all things else flows from their sharing in it." But this bliss is only to be attained by long and laborious training. It is "the reward of all his toils." He must learn to fix his gaze upon the idea alone. At first he cannot see the pure absolute. It is confused in his thoughts with the many things that have called up the recollection. It must be purified, the obscuring matter must be cleared away. The idea must be made to stand clearly out from all its embodiments. To effect this purification is the office of Dialectic. To express its working Plato had another metaphor. For one parable could not display all the mysteries of the philosophic life. The soul, he said, is full of a longing after immortality. But such is man's nature, immortality can only be gained by giving birth to a seed that shall keep his father's memory alive. The parable does not hold

at all points, nor is it consistent with that of the chariot. But it serves to show the work of Dialectic. It is that of a midwife to assist the bringing forth of that with which the soul is pregnant. Nothing else can take its place. Books are dead and rigid. They cannot answer when spoken to. They cannot move and bend with the turns of thought. Conversation alone, directed by an experienced talker, can elicit that which lies deep down in the mind of the learner. (*Cf. Meno*, p. 82.) It only can restore the fading recollection to its early vividness. But, after all, Dialectic is but the midwife. She did not give the strength to conceive. Or, to return to the earlier and fuller illustration, Dialectic did not give the sight of the supercelestial glories. It was but the trainer who strengthened the weakly steeds and developed their wings. The beatific vision was a special revelation, the gift of the god. Yet in this sacred training, even the trainer, in this holy birth, even the midwife was divine. Dialectic was the gift of Zeno brought down from heaven "by some Prometheus along with fire of a most dazzling clearness" (*Philebus*, p. 16).

It is impossible to speak of this mysticism of philosophy without borrowing the terms used to express the mysticism of religion. For we have no other. The exceeding closeness of resemblance between the two may suggest how near are the borders of the highest fields of philosophy and religion. The parallel might be drawn out at greater length. It might be shown especially how Plato's presentation of the philosophic life as an arduous discipline broken only by moments of ecstatic contemplation corresponds to the conception of the higher life to be found in the biography of many a Christian saint. When Spinoza spoke of his growing ability to rest in the idea of good, the words and the feeling call up associations almost equally akin to the Platonic philosophy and to the Christian religion.

It is the need for something higher and more powerful than human philosophy which is at the bottom of the two most striking peculiarities of Plato's picture of the earnest moral life. He wants some motive force stronger than Logic, not amenable to the laws of rational conduct—some enthusiasm akin to madness (*Phædrus*). This he finds in the strongest passion known to him, that of Love. Doubtless the influence of the word "philosopher" was not lost upon him. We, in using it, think only of the latter part—the wisdom. With Plato the Love was the first and most prominent element. The philosopher's love of wisdom could, he thought,

rise as high as that of two lovers in the ordinary sense,—nay higher, inasmuch as the object of his love was more beautiful than theirs.

Plato feels also the want of something to supplement the knowledge that can be gained by human reasoning. This it is which leads him to the frequent use of myth in his exposition of the highest truth. It is not explanation enough to attribute it merely to the exuberance of the poetic genius of Plato, nor to say, with Mr. Jowett, that the infancy of philosophy, as of life, loves its picture-language. This is but part of the reason. We cannot but wonder to see, sometimes avowed and always baseless fiction put forth so prominently by the advocate of the severest truth. The allegories and illustrations are not surprising. Parable has always been allowed to the teacher of high and novel doctrine. The elaborate similes of the prisoners in the cave, of the ship's crew in mutiny,\* set Plato's meaning in a clearer light than any direct enunciation of his opinions could have done. The long parallel of the chariot horses exhibits a thought that perhaps could not have been definitely expressed; and the pictures he draws impress themselves more firmly on the memory than the most epigrammatic of sentences. If all the tales in Plato were allegories, they would excite no wonder. But it is certainly strange, when the man who denounces the time-honoured legends of his country as impudent, ignorant fabrications, and condemns poetry itself as dealing with what is apparent, only reintroduces myths of his own, and is a poet in all but metre. But in the myths of Plato's own making there is one very remarkable common feature that reveals their purpose—all, or nearly all, of them, refer to another world, or to long past and far different states of this. They are revelations of a former existence, accounts of creation, and of events before the present race of men was upon the earth, or foreshadowings of the life after death. They are a recognition in the Platonic teaching of "the ignorance of man," of the fact that our philosophies reach but a little way, behind and before is the dark. They are Plato's confession that our life and our world is but a fragment and can only be known when its relation to that which is beyond shall be clearly seen. As in later times metaphysical systems have ended by becoming theologies, so Platonism could not rest unconnected with the superhuman. But Plato was without that material for extra-mundane speculation, and that guidance in

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\* *Rep.* p. 515, &c, p. 488.

it which Descartes or Hegel enjoyed in the presence of an accepted system of the other world. They could rest when they had reached by reasoning what the world believed without reasoning. But in Plato's day the old myths were no longer believed. There was no standard even among the unphilosophic by which to try conclusions as to the supernatural. Yet the old legends were the only channel through which knowledge of this kind had ever been believed to come. The knowledge that Plato craved must come to him through a similar channel. And the idea of fresh myths was not repulsive. He believed that the old ones were the work of ancient thinkers; why should not he make myths as well as Hesiod. There was no test of Homer's myths, why should one be needed for Plato's. The received tales, he said, were false, because degrading to the gods and polluting to man. If he could frame stories reverent and pure, what was to hinder them from being true? It is quite possible that Plato wrote his myths in some such spirit as this. And if at times he reflected that they had no solid basis, he would think that, at least, it would be well if men could be got to believe them. So he tells them with all possible verisimilitude, and adorns them with his utmost skill as possibilities suggesting guesses at truth. And if he be pressed too hard he can always escape behind the shield of the romancer.

The same spirit of earnest fiction shows itself in the *Republic*. That Plato there thoroughly means what he says there can be no doubt, yet he gives so ideal an air to it all as to remove it out of the domain of criticism. We cannot judge Utopia by the prosaic limitations of the real world. Thus his ripest thoughts are still like his earliest essays, indeterminate and uncertain, poetical shadows hard to grasp. The *Republic* is the great constructive work of Plato, and therefore it is the culmination of his philosophy. It is not his latest work, and, very probably, not the final form in which his distinctive views embodied themselves. It is his masterpiece. In the later writings, full as they are of acute and suggestive thoughts, there is yet to be traced the weakness of age. Plato is great to the last. But the dry metaphysics and dogmatic disquisition of the less artistic works show decline of power. The *Republic* is the product of his maturity. Beside the falling off of literary skill in such Dialogues as the *Timæus* and *Laws*, together with the psychological group in which the ideal theory is abandoned, there is another feature which marks them as later,—in them Plato is no longer the complement of Socrates. The one philo-

sophic spirit that lived through two generations has passed away. When Socrates begins to fall into the background; when he is out-argued by Parmenides, reduced to the position of a mere listener before Timæus or some nameless stranger; when his son is brought in; and finally when he disappears altogether as in the *Laws*, then Plato is deserting his self-chosen part. The purpose of his life has been accomplished. In Socrates the moral predominated over the logical and metaphysical philosopher. His work is to clear the ground for the setting up of the true morality instead of the fancied virtues of the commonplace and sophistical world. The time of preparation has been long; the destructive work has been carefully done. The scaffolding of the coming building has been fitly set up in the exposition of dialectic and of the enthusiasm of philosophy; and in the *Republic* we have the end. There the highest conception of the just is unfolded. The perfect state is contrasted with the states of the world. The right training is set forth, and finally the ideal character is set before us.

The *Republic* is ten times as long as any of the earlier Dialogues. Its ostensible subject is the determination of the nature of justice; but it incidentally includes an elaborate treatise on education, and is really a work of political philosophy, and on the varieties of individual character. And all this it accomplished without violent transitions. For the conception of "justice" is an extremely wide one. Socrates exposes the inadequacy of the definition first given of it, quoted from Simonides, viz., that it consists in giving every man his due. He then overthrows by an exercise of dialectical ingenuity the "sophistical" paradox of the rhetor Thrasymachus, that justice is "the interest of the stronger,"—that is, is a matter of convention. This occupies the first book, which, like an early Dialogue, comes to a merely negative conclusion. Socrates is then challenged by Glaucon and Adeimantus to prove that it is better for a man to be just, even though he possessed the ring of Gyges, and was quite secure from the hatred of men for injustice, and even that the just man would be happy in his justice, though all men thought him unjust and treated him accordingly. They ask, in short, for a theory of justice which shall prove it identical with happiness, altogether apart from circumstances. Socrates admits that the search would be no easy one, and says that in order to see what they seek, they must look for it when it is written in larger letters than in the individual, namely, in the State. And because no Greek state could be trusted to



show them justice rightly written in it, Socrates constructs an ideally perfect State. In doing this, it was only an extension of the common Greek notions of state control over the citizen to enunciate a scheme of education for the members of the community. When the Utopian Society has been described, justice is found to be not a single virtue, co-ordinate with others, but the principle which enables the whole "Leviathan" to work as harmoniously as though it were literally a single organism. Justice in the state is the doing one's own work, not interfering with others, but remembering that each is a part of a vast whole. Neatly expressed in modern phraseology, justice is "perfect organic life." Plato applies this to the individual, and finds that "justice" subjectively considered is the orderly working of the threefold nature of man.

Such a perfect health of character must be happiness unaffected by outer circumstances. In the perfect society only does the perfect man live in suitable surroundings. This consideration introduces the discussion of the various stages of declension in states and in men from perfection. A sort of epilogue completes the work by showing that, though for argument's sake justice has been considered solely in relation to the just man himself, yet in truth he will, far more than the unjust, meet with external good fortune and good will. The top-stone of the edifice is brought on in the revelation of a future life.

The three chief subjects, then, which, in reading the *Republic*, demand attention, are Plato's conception of the ideal characters—"the just man," in his extended sense of the term; the scheme of education for the training of such a man; and the ideally perfect state with its relations to the actual political communities of Plato's own day.

The main feature of the perfect man\* is the truly Greek excellence of harmony. He must be at peace within himself. The various parts of his nature must have learnt their proper place and be willing to keep it. The reason must rule, the energy (*θυμος*) must act, the coarse strength of the desires must obey. No faculty must be disproportionately strong. Beauty of character, like beauty of art, is of the severest type. No riot of the imagination is admissible in the one; no licence of the emotions in the other. Each part of the nature will not be cultivated to the highest pitch of which it is capable. The whole inner man will be trained to perfec-

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\* Plato uses the word "just" as it is used in Scripture, as the most comprehensive term for moral excellence.

tion as a whole, and the parts only so far as may be without interfering with the general effect. This is the mature state. But it is only to be attained by long and arduous training. The life of the seeker after perfection is one of severe self-restraint until "pure law commensure perfect freedom." The eye must be kept ever upon the ideal. The copy must be constantly compared with the model. The strictest care must be taken lest he let his lower nature gain strength. He must mortify the longing for gain, for pleasure, for ease. The insatiable covetousness of the desires must be starved out. At the same time every possible means of strengthening the ruling reason must be scrupulously observed. A nicely graduated scale of exercises must be followed; a long and trying course of study must be gone through. And if at any point he cannot stand the test, he must be content to remain inferior. It is not in his power to go higher. For a rare conjunction of natural gifts is required to give a man a chance of profiting by the course prescribed. There must be an eager desire for the knowledge of real existence, or he will never be a true philosopher. He must be possessed of a hatred of falsehood and an earnest love of truth. He must despise the pleasures of the body, be indifferent to money, gentle and fair in his dealings with others. He must have before all a quick apprehension and a good memory, with a disposition naturally susceptible to influences of order, harmony, and rhythm. Such an one, says Plato, will be quite free from what the world call vices, and will not neglect his duties towards the gods. And, as a final touch, it is added that his duty to the perfect society will make him ready to work cheerfully and self-sacrificingly for the exaltation of those who are yet insensible to the true knowledge and goodness he has attained. Plato, like Aristotle, regards the highest form of human life as self-conscious. He does not agree with those who hold up the spontaneous naturalness of the child or the animal as the noblest type. Man does not attain to it by a growth but by a training. Asceticism, puritanism, mortification, in the true sense of those much abused words, are necessary to the philosophic life. Like Aristotle, too, Plato knows nothing of sudden reformation. Goodness is attainable only as the result of a long education. Virtue is not teachable absolutely. It can be learnt by those who have the gift, but it cannot be taught to every one. The highest excellence is for the few; and that, not because perfection is of course rare, but for the few in the aristocratic sense. Favourable conditions of nature and of circumstance cannot be dispensed with. The many

must be content with a lower state. Their virtue is to know themselves low, and their place is to help the few to that greatness they cannot hope for unless they have more leisure than their fellows. Lastly, Plato does not construct his highest character on the basis of external morality. We must be wise and good, not for reward or penalty, not even for the sake of our fellows, but for the pure love of knowledge and goodness, and the morality will follow of itself.

The training prescribed for such a character occupies a large portion of the Dialogue. It forms an integral part of the constitution, anticipating the latest discovery of modern politics that education is the business of the State, and more important than the machinery of justice and legislation.

"Plato's views of education are in several respects remarkable; like the rest of the *Republic*, they are partly Greek and partly ideal, beginning with the ordinary curriculum of the Greek youth and extending to after life. Plato is the first writer who distinctly expresses the thought that education is to comprehend the whole of life, and to be a preparation for another, in which education is to begin again. This is the continuous thread which runs through the whole of the *Republic*, and which more than any other of his ideas admits of an application to modern life. He has long given up the notion that virtue cannot be taught; and he is disposed to modify the thesis of the *Protagoras*, that the virtues are one and not many. Neither is he unwilling to admit the sensible world into his scheme of truth. Nor does he positively assert in the *Republic* the involuntariness of vice, which reappears, however, in the *Timæus*, *Sophist*, and *Laws*. Nor do the so-called Platonic ideas recovered from a former state affect his theory of mental improvement. Still we trace in him the remains of the old Socratic doctrine, that true knowledge must be elicited from within, and is to be sought for in ideas, not in particulars of sense. Education will implant a principle of intelligence which is better than ten thousand eyes. There is also a trace of his old doctrine that the virtues are one, and of the Socratic notion that all virtue is knowledge. This is seen in the supremacy given to justice over the rest, and in the tendency to absorb the moral virtues in the intellectual, and to centre all goodness in the contemplation of the idea of good. . . . His conception of education is represented, not like many modern views, under the image of filling a vessel, but of turning the eye of the soul towards the light.

"He begins with music (*μουσική*) or literature, which he divides into true and false, and then goes on to gymnastics. He takes no notice of infancy in the *Republic*, though in the *Laws* he gives sage counsels about the nursing of children and the management of the mothers; and would have an education which is even prior to birth. But in the *Republic* he begins with the age at which the child is capable of

receiving ideas, and boldly asserts, in language which sounds paradoxical to modern ears, that he must be taught the false before he can learn the true. The modern and ancient philosophical world are not agreed in their conceptions of truth and falsehood; the one identifies truth almost exclusively with fact, the other with ideas. There is a little difference between ourselves and Plato, which is, however, partly a difference of words. For we, too, should admit that a child must learn many things which he cannot understand; he must be taught some things in a figure only, and some perhaps which he can hardly be expected to believe when he grows older; but we should limit the use of fiction by the necessity of the case. Plato would draw the line somewhat differently; according to him the aim of early education is not truth as a matter of fact, but truth as a matter of principle; the child is to be taught first simple religious truths, and then simple moral truths, and insensibly to learn the lesson of good manners and good taste. He proposes an entire reformation of the old mythology; like Xenophanes and Heraclitus he is sensible of the deep chasm which separates his own age from Homer and Hesiod. . . . The principles on which religion is to be based are two only: first that God is true; secondly, that He is good. . . . Education, according to Plato, is to place youth in happy circumstances, in which no sights or sounds of evils or allurements of passion can hurt the character or vitiate the taste. They are to live in an atmosphere of health; the breeze is always to be wafting to them the impressions of truth and goodness. . . . There is to be an absence of excitement in the Platonic *Republic*, and for this reason dramatic representations are excluded. Plato does not wish to have his children taken to the theatre; he thinks that the effect on the spectators is bad, and on the actors still worse.

"The next stage of education is gymnastic, which answers to the period of muscular growth and development. The simplicity which is enforced in music is extended to gymnastics; Plato is aware that the training of the body may be inconsistent with the training of the mind, and that bodily exercise may be easily overdone. Men are apt to have a headache or go to sleep at a lecture on philosophy, and this they attribute not to the true cause, as is the excess of bodily training, but to the nature of the subject. Two points are noticeable in Plato's theory of gymnastics:—First, that the time of learning them is entirely separated from the time of literary education. He seems to have thought that two things of an opposite and different nature could not be learnt at the same time. We can hardly agree with him in this, judging by experience of the effect on the mind of spending three years between the ages of fourteen and seventeen in mere bodily exercise. Secondly, he regards gymnastic not primarily as a training of the body, but of the mind, which is to discipline the passionate element, as music restrains the appetitive and calls forth the rational. Other writers had seen the errors of Spartan discipline. Plato was the first who asserted that music and gymnastics are not, as common opinion affirms, the one intended for the cultivation of the mind, the

other of the body, but that they were both equally designed for the improvement of the mind."—*Jowett*, II. p. 152, &c.

When this general training is complete, the pupil is then to go out to war and mix in active life, and it is not till the results of this education of character have been proved that the higher education of the intellect is to be entered upon, and then only by the most promising men and women—for the whole of this course is common to boys and girls, Plato maintaining with great earnestness that the supposed inequality of the sexes is immensely exaggerated, if not altogether created by conventional prejudice). The *élite* of the youth after trial are admitted to what may be called a university education, the design of which is to produce competent members of the guardian or statesman class. Those who have not profited sufficiently in early years must be content to remain in the lower orders. Plato entertains the hope that now and then in the course of many generations some one man or woman may be found of such surpassing ability as to be fit for the irresponsible post of philosopher king. If such a sovereign be not forthcoming, government is put into commission, which is the ordinary state of things. The one object of the higher education is to cultivate the power of abstraction. A graduated series of studies, through the sciences classified according to the degree of abstractness, leads the learner from mathematics, through geometry, solid geometry (an original conception of Plato's), astronomy, or rather kinetics, to the crowning science of Dialectic, the pinnacle of which is the contemplation of the idea of good. This science includes, in a yet inchoate and undistinguished form, both logic and metaphysics, and is something higher than either.

"The education of Plato is really the ideal life of the philosopher or man of genius, interrupted for a time by the application to practical duties—a life not for the many but for the few. And he has already told us that the world could not be a philosopher, and that a very few such natures at all existed. Whether the combination of politics and philosophy is possible is a question which has been much debated, and may possibly be resolved by saying that the great practical leaders of mankind must have some element of philosophy. But we do Plato injustice when we apply to his theories the test of practicability, for in his conception of education he is really describing his ideal of a philosopher, and in his ideal of a philosopher he is embodying his principles of knowledge. We may read the *Republic* as a work of art and measure it by the test of dramatic or poetical consistency, but when regarded as a treatise on philosophy, we must endeavour to separate the substance from the form, and sometimes ask ourselves

what Plato really meant by all this, and how far we are to regard him as speaking seriously or only dramatising his own theories."—*Jowett*, II. 159.

Such is the ideal man and the ideal education. Both are supposed to exist only in the ideal state. This imaginary community is the most prominent object in the work, and rightly gives its name to the whole book. It is not, of course, intended as a collection of practical suggestions. That purpose is followed in the *Laws*. The use of political ideals is, in Mr. Jowett's phrase, like that of biographies of great men. They cannot be exactly copied, but they can inspire a nobler spirit, and set up a higher standard, which, though it be never attained, it is a good thing to follow after. The Platonic Utopia, though startling and in some respects repulsive in its originality, is yet far more closely bound up with existing Greek notions than at first sight appears. Whether it were that Plato knowingly accepted many of the principles of Greek politics, or that for want of experience he could not vary them, it is certain that his theoretical improvements are built upon the basis of actual Hellenic society. The Republic is a Greek city-state, a commune of the Parisian type, with a faint dream of Pan-Hellenicism in place of federation. The city must not be allowed to grow too large. Population must be kept down, or colonies sent forth. The state must not enlarge its borders. The form to which of all Greek constitutions Plato most assimilates his society, is that of Sparta. The Dorian manners had a strange fascination for the political philosopher of Greece. Plato, Xenophon, and Aristotle, all borrow largely from Sparta in their ideal communities. Both Plato and Xenophon were at open variance with the political system around them. It was natural that they should turn to the great rival system. Their partisan leanings were towards the aristocratic party, which in Athens, as elsewhere, rested on the support of Sparta. The peculiar circumstances of the time were such as to bring Sparta into most favourable contrast with Athens. The long war had ended in the total prostration of the Ionian city. The Lacedæmonian headship in Greece had been marked by the appearance of greater men than had been seen at Athens since the death of Pericles. Lysander and Agesilaus may not have been of the highest type of Greek statesmen, but Athens could only oppose to them the mediocrity of Nicias and Demosthenes or the harmful genius of Alcibiades. Above all Athens stood irrevocably condemned for the murder of



Socrates. But apart from the brilliancy of Sparta's position there was much in the institutions of the Dorian states to attract a mind disgusted with the licence of Athenian liberty and inclined to favour a stricter state control. In the *Republic*, however, the imitation is not so close as in the *Laws*, or in the works of Xenophon or Aristotle. Plato's admiration is not for the soldierly efficiency of the Spartan citizens, but for the more recondite elements of their superiority. The elaborate, severely simple training of the individual; the confinement of the government to the trained; the orderly arrangement of classes — rulers, warriors, producers, and labourers; the greater equality of the sexes; the sacrifice of family, home, and personal liberty, to the supremacy of the state: these are the Dorian elements in the *Republic*. The philosophical element is absent from the historic Sparta. It is the moving spirit of the Platonic state. Those only can govern who have knowledge, and none have knowledge but the philosopher. The "three waves of paradox," in which Socrates confesses himself to be shocking the proprieties of Greek life, are the perfect communism existing among the ruling class, the perfect equality of rights on the parts of men and women, and the rule of the philosopher. "The world cannot be well governed until either philosophers are kings or kings philosophers." These may be as repugnant to prevailing opinion now as then; they are not so unfamiliar. The two first have numerous and powerful advocates, the last is no longer a paradox, though the opposition of "theorists" and "practical men" still prevails. Plato's communism rests on no class animosities, for he approves of classes. It is, like the theories of the calmer French philosophers, an attempt to strike at the root of the avarice and selfishness which more than bad laws cause the miseries of the world. However firmly we believe in the futility of such a remedy, however clearly we see that the love of wife, children, or property, is too strong to be annihilated, and too valuable a motive for good to be destroyed, we cannot but feel a sympathy for even Quixotic crusaders against so great an evil. And for Plato there is the excuse scarcely applicable to the modern theorists, that he had no experience of the power of religion to moderate and regulate the passions of mankind.

Nothing gives us so high a notion of the surpassing genius of Plato as to read the *Republic*, and some other writings, chiefly the political ones, in the light of subsequent history, and to see how he has caught glimpses of truths unknown in his own day, and only partially realised in our own. The

moral and political philosophy of Plato are inseparably connected. Aristotle divided the two fields, giving the advantage of division of labour, but perhaps doing harm by obscuring the fact that the principles of individual conduct are fundamentally the same as those of social and national morality. Plato clearly saw that the evils of his time, alike in the domain of politics and of personal behaviour, sprung from one source—the want of fixed principles and of steady adherence to them on the part of each man. In the *Republic* he makes his most successful attempt to supply guidance and motive. If he has failed, he has at least done his best, and his failure is that of philosophy itself. Yet can he be said to have failed? He has not put an end to controversy. His opinions are not accepted without question or reserve. But did any book ever accomplish this? He has produced a masterpiece, and planted in the minds of men thoughts which two thousand years have not antiquated. The character of the *Republic* is well summed up by Mr. Jowett :—

“The *Republic* of Plato is the longest of his works with the exception of the *Laws*, and is certainly the greatest of them. There are nearer approaches to modern metaphysics in the *Philebus* and in the *Sophist*. The *Politicus* or *Statesman* is more ideal; the form and institutions of the state are more clearly drawn out in the *Laws*; as works of art the *Symposium* and the *Protagoras* are of higher excellence. But no other Dialogue of Plato has the same largeness of view and the same profusion of style; no other contains more graphic description of character, or is richer in humour and imagery. Nor in any other Dialogue is the attempt made to unite the speculative and practical, or to interweave the state with philosophy. Neither must we forget that the *Republic* is but the third part of a still larger work which was to have included an ideal history of Athens, as well as a political and physical philosophy. Lastly, Plato may be regarded as the captain or leader of a goodly band of followers; in him is to be found the original of Cicero's *De Republica*, of St. Augustin's *City of God*, of the *Utopia* of Sir Thomas More, and of the numerous modern writings which are framed upon the same model. The *Republic* of Plato is also the first treatise upon education, of which Milton and Locke, Rousseau, Jean Paul, and Goethe, are the legitimate descendants. Like Dante or Bunyan, he has a revelation of another world; in the early Church he exercised a real influence on theology, and at the revival of literature on politics. And many of the latest thoughts of modern philosophers and statesmen, such as the unity of knowledge, the reign of law, and the equality of the sexes, have been anticipated in a dream by Plato.”—Jowett, II. 1.

Having dwelt upon the *Republic*, and seen Plato at his best, it is not necessary to spend time upon the later and

inferior works. Of the Dialogues which Mr. Jowett places in his last two volumes, the *Gorgias* is the greatest. Together with some parts of the *Statesman*, it serves admirably to illustrate the political ideas of Plato; and in literary beauty and vivacity it belongs rather to the early than the declining period of his powers. The *Laws*, the latest and longest of his works, is an attempt to accommodate the *Republic* to practical life. Though, by the verdict of most critics, among the weakest of Plato's writings, and by some deemed unworthy of him at all, it is yet full of broad views and acute suggestions, and weak only in comparison with the greater products of Plato's genius. The more psychological and less Socratic Dialogues, referred by Professor Jowett to the time subsequent to the *Republic*, seem to indicate Plato's own dissatisfaction with the conclusion to which he had brought the criticism of Socrates. Great power is still shown in the subtle discussion of the insoluble problems of Greek metaphysics, and modern theories are at times startlingly anticipated. The influence of the Eleatic and Megarian schools is easily apparent, and this of itself confirms the opinion of the Master of Balliol. For we know that in his later years Plato abandoned to a considerable extent the positions of Socrates, and his own earlier days, for the misty doctrines of the former philosophy. Beside those already named, Pythagoras is said to have dominated the lectures of Plato's old age. Of these we have no remains, only the account of Aristotle enables us to judge of them. He was more than eighty years old when he died in 347 B.C., leaving his nephew Speusippus to continue the Academy, and his greater pupil, Aristotle, to lead the thought of Greece.

We cannot close this brief and very imperfect attempt to perform a task to which no ability is adequate, without reminding the reader that Plato, an essayist pre-eminently, and not a writer of treatises, cannot but suffer from the necessity to compress, combine, and systematise, what he intentionally gave to the world in fragments. No true conception of Plato can be formed except from a complete study of his own writings. Mr. Jowett and Mr. Grote have given us admirable assistance, but one who knows Plato only through their means cannot possibly realise to the full the strength and the beauty of the great Master.

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- ART. IV.—1. *Twenty-second Annual Report of the Poor Law Board.* London: Eyre and Spottiswoode. 1870.
2. *Report of J. J. Henley, Esq.,* Poor Law Inspector to the Poor Law Board on the Boarding Out of Pauper Children in Scotland, &c. 1870.
3. *Morning Papers of May 6, 1871.* Report of Debate in the House of Commons on Motion, by Mr. W. H. SMITH, M.P., for the Appointment of a Royal Commission of Inquiry into the Subject of Pauperism.
4. *Pauperism: its Causes and Remedies.* By HENRY FAWCETT, M.A., M.P., Professor of Political Economy in the University of Cambridge. London: Macmillan.
5. *Seven Sermons on Pauperism.* Preached at St. Mark's, Whitechapel, by the Rev. BROOKE LAMBERT, M.A., B.C.L., and late Vicar. London: Sotheran. 1870.
6. *Second Annual Report of the Council of the Society for Organising Charitable Relief and Repressing Mendicity.* 1871.
7. *Employment or Almsgiving:* being an Account of the Plan of Relief now Adopted in a District of Marylebone. By OCTAVIA HILL.
8. *Tinsley's Magazine,* Jan. 1871. Article: "Pity the Poor Ratepayer."

To those persons who believe that legislation is of more importance and of greater urgency than perpetually recurring alterations in the construction of the Legislature, the year now drawing to a close will be full of disappointment. The Session began with more than usually fair promise; it ended with more than usually signal failure. We do not forget that one or two measures of magnitude were enacted, but we complain that the most pressing measures, those affecting most deeply the condition of the people were abandoned, and that he would be a very bold man who ventures to say when they will become law. The chief Parliamentary achievement of 1871 is the Army Regulation Act. This Act was the result of one of those numerous panics in which the country loves to indulge at intervals. None of the "three panics" described

by Mr. Cobden was so unreasonable as the one of this year. Former alarms had arisen through our jealousy of the French and their persevering efforts to obtain a fleet. When the British Parliament assembled last February, France was hopelessly overthrown—her armies were in captivity and her navy, which had caused us so many years of inquietude and jealousy, had been compelled to return to the ports from which its vessels had sailed, not only without winning a victory, but also without having had an opportunity of fighting a battle. Because the French military power was thus destroyed, we, who had affected to be terrified by it only a few years ago, became terrified again. On the former occasion we had strengthened our naval defences, on the present occasion we thought it necessary to strengthen our land forces. It was nothing to the purpose that the new hypothetical enemy had no fleet, and that between our shores and his victorious legions lay the sea. The question of the day was declared to be the reorganisation of the army, and all other questions were postponed to that. We were never so little likely to be threatened with an invasion, but we were still persuaded that to guard against it was our first duty. We were never since the establishment of the Poor-law in such danger of becoming a prey to the fearfully increasing pauperism of the poor, but yet we considered that this was a matter requiring no immediate attention. Ministers abandoned their two great measures which would have more or less directly dealt with this matter,—the Local Taxation and the Licensing Bills,—and they made their Army Bill the *pièce de résistance*. Every year sixty thousand persons perish as victims of the drink traffic, and hundreds of thousands are made paupers by the same cause. Nevertheless, Mr. Bruce had to give way to Mr. Cardwell, and Mr. Goschen was transferred from the Poor Law Board, just as he had mastered the duties of that office, to the Admiralty. That portion of the Session which was not spent in a wrangle between the Government and the colonels (for eventually even the pressing work of reorganising the army degenerated into a dispute about the sum to be paid to officers as compensation to them for being no longer admitted to violate the law) was devoted to the Ballot. We are now promised that the deferred social legislation of the Session shall be taken in hand next year. But “hope deferred maketh the heartsick,” and social reformers, who have had repeated experience of the effect of party exigencies and popular panics, will accept all such promises with sorrowful incredulity. The First Minister of the Crown,

at an unguarded moment, hinted at numerous measures of Parliamentary Reform, and there is no telling that he will not refer to them again with intention, should his relations to his followers or the relations of his party with the country seem to demand a new political agitation. It is so much more easy for a Liberal Minister to doctor the franchise than to deal with the publicans, that it is much more likely the close of next year's Session will witness a new agitation about the suffrage than the enactment of large and comprehensive measures, dealing with pauperism or its originating curse, the liquor traffic.

It has been stated that one person out of every seven in London is in receipt of alms or parochial relief. The statement is astonishing, but the fact has long ceased to astound. We have become accustomed to that state of society under which the wife of Dives spends a hundred guineas on the lace which trims one of her dresses, and the children of Lazarus sleep in the porch of a theatre. Dives sends his guinea or two to East End relief funds, and considers that he has done his duty and something more. He does not see the terrible *danger* that there is in allowing these startling contrasts to exist. The doings of the Paris Communists may have aroused him for a time, but he has now once more become callous to the fact that there are in this country more than a million of paupers, besides that numerous class which is living on doles and charities. Yet, supposing that this huge army were to organise, what would be the value of Dives's securities, or indeed of the Three per Cents.? Want brought about the first French Revolution, want may yet bring about an English revolution. If no less selfish consideration will avail, the serious peril that there is in the existence of this numerous class, who have no interest in the stability of our institutions or the maintenance of order, should induce us to consider if we cannot diminish its strength and numbers.

The task is sorely disheartening. Thirty years ago it seemed to be within the compass of our powers. There was a royal, or at least a Parliamentary road to national prosperity. "Repeal the Corn Laws, and you will abolish pauperism," was the promised pledge by the Free Trader. Abolish the duty on wheat, and your workhouses will be anachronisms, merely objects of antiquarian interest, like the ruined castles built in feudal times. It is exactly a quarter of a century since free trade was won for the nation, and now we find ourselves compelled to enlarge and increase our workhouses and asylums. The rich have become richer, the poor have be-



come poorer. It is a common thing to read of the death of a millionaire; it is a common thing to read of the starvation of a pauper. The distance between the two extremes in the social scale is greater than before, the social gulf which was to be bridged is wider and deeper than ever. As yet it is only a politician here and there who has duly appreciated the danger which this state of things involves. Even these are not to be found on the front Parliamentary benches. Yet our statesmen cannot be ignorant of the facts. There is printed evidence to show that they are not. There is, for instance, the Annual Report of the Poor Law Board for 1869-1870. This document possesses a special interest, inasmuch as it was written by one of the ablest of our young statesmen, the very one who only a little while before had attempted in a clever speech, much applauded at the time by manufacturing M.P.'s, to show that there was really no cause for alarm, inasmuch as the consumption of taxable commodities was steadily increasing. Yet, though Mr. Goschen rejoiced over the larger imports of sugar and tea, and the larger revenue derived from spirits and tobacco, he was a few months later compelled to admit that the cost of pauperism had attained a higher figure than in any year since the passing of the present Poor Law, and a greater rate per head of the estimated population than in any year since the Irish famine. This increase has arisen in two ways: through the greater number of paupers relieved, and through the greater cost of relieving the individual pauper. The average number of paupers during the decade 1860-9, was  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. more than during the previous decade. The increase of expenditure was 12 per cent. more than this increase of paupers, although the average price of wheat fell from 53s. 3d. in the first decade to 51s. 6d. in the second. Mr. Goschen mentions four causes besides the increase of paupers which tend to augment the cost of pauperism. First, a more liberal scale of relief in money or food; second, improved accommodation in workhouses, schools, infirmaries, and asylums; third, a rise in the prices paid for provisions, clothing, and buildings; fourth, increased salaries to workhouse officials, medical officers, and the general staff employed in the administration of the law. It should be added that the first two causes tend to increase the number of paupers, by making the pauper's life more attractive. Therefore, it is possible and probable that the increase in the number of paupers is due not only to aggravated poverty, but also to greater willingness on the part of the poor to become paupers. However that may be,

we have this broad fact staring us in the face: the ratepayers have to pay 40 per cent. more for the maintenance of paupers than they had to pay twenty years ago. This is a very serious and alarming circumstance. It has, moreover, a constant tendency to become more serious and alarming. In proportion as rates increase, that class which is ever hovering on the borders of pauperism becomes less able to contribute to the support of those who have crossed the line, and more likely itself to cross it. There are thus two forces at work in the same direction. There is the improved condition of the pauper which attracts, and the increased burden of the poor-rate which drives the poor man into pauperism. Therefore, it must be clearly understood that every amelioration in the pauper's condition may, and, unless closely watched, will stimulate and develop pauperism.

It is fairly open to question if we have not of late years made pauperism attractive by rendering paupers unduly comfortable. The old proverb that extremes beget extremes seems to have been realised in the present instance. The disclosures respecting the state of our casual wards by the amateur casual of the *Pall Mall Gazette* five years ago, and respecting the state of our workhouse infirmaries by the *Lancet* commissioner somewhat later, filled us with shame and indignation. Yet, Mr. Hardy found it a very difficult task to carry out any reform. He was met with opposition so obstinate that the name of a Metropolitan Poor Law Guardian became synonymous with all that was mean, sordid, and inhuman. The order to erect proper asylums for sick paupers gave rise to the most violent abuse. Mr. Hardy and his successors, the Earl of Devon and Mr. Goschen, persevered, and the last of these had, at length, to tell quite a different story. In his report, referred to above, he says:—

“The extreme parsimony displayed by boards of guardians of the older school has in some of the larger unions given way to a desire to conduct all the duties devolving upon the guardians upon a somewhat grand and liberal scale. The guardians of a Lancashire union, for instance, who have built one of the best infirmaries in the kingdom, and conduct it with a numerous staff of trained sisters, a few years ago connected the workhouse with the main offices, distant about three miles, by a telegraph line, and lately they were found to be erecting a greenhouse to supply the infirmary with flowers. In many cases the Poor Law Board are now compelled to check the outlay which the guardians would be willing to incur in the more ornamental part of the various structures which they propose to erect. . . . In another union we had to object to the elevation (of new buildings) as being of a more

ornamental and costly character than was necessary, particularly to the addition of a tower; and granite columns and terra-cotta enrichments to the front elevation had to be struck out. In another instance, we refused to sanction proposals to introduce encaustic tile paving in the entrance-hall, moulded Portland stone stairs to the chapel, an elaborate coffered ceiling to the board-room, decorated ceilings to the committee-rooms, Parian cement pilasters and other decorations in the covered way to the chapel, and Portland stone decorations to the front of the building."

In these instances the guardians of the poor forgot that they were also the guardians of the public purse, and would have gratified their architectural tastes at the sacrifice of the main principle which ought to have guided them—the principle that the poor ratepayer ought not to be taxed to provide paupers with a better home than his own. Nor are these the only instances of official prodigality. There are others which the Poor Law Board has sanctioned. It has been decided, and no doubt properly decided, that it is not wise to bring up children in workhouses. Children so brought up are nearly sure to continue paupers throughout their lives. Recently asylum schools have been established at which these children are nurtured and educated. In 1866 the average cost of each child at these asylums was £29 18s. 5d., but the outcry at this extravagance brought about a reduction to £24 10s. 1d. The cost of a pauper at the Kensington Workhouse is, according to a Parliamentary Return, 12s. 2½d. a week. At this rate a family of paupers, consisting of only two adults and two children, would cost £112 10s. per annum. In this amount nothing is allowed for rent, which would cost a similar family not living at the expense of the parish about £20 to £25 a year. Add to this that the pauper has to pay no poor-rates, nothing for education, and nothing for medical attendance, and we see how infinitely better off he is than the working man. There are not many working men at the East End of London who are earning £130 a year. The few who are cannot secure the advantages which the pauper enjoys at their expense. Mr. William Gilbert, the novelist, has pointed out this inequality, in a very forcible manner. In a magazine article, entitled, "Pity the Poor Ratepayer,"\* he has quoted the remarks of a ratepayer who visited the Hanwell Asylum School. He said:—

"You asked me if I was pleased with the schools. Not only was I much pleased with them, but I envied for my own children the com-

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\* *Tinsley's Magazine*, January, 1871.

forts I saw in them. I am, however, only a small shopkeeper. I should like to have cold baths prepared for my children every morning, but I can't afford it. I should like them to live in a house surrounded by park-like fields, with dry playgrounds in wet weather; but I can't afford it. I should like my children to be taught music; but I can't afford it. I should consider it as a blessing were I able to obtain for my four children put together half the amount (540 cubic feet) allotted for one child in the pauper asylum at Hanwell; but I can't afford it. . . . If a child is attacked with illness, he is immediately removed to a separate building, in which the space allotted to him is nearly double the amount for those in health, while, should the disease be of a contagious or epidemic character, the healthy children need dread no contagion from their sick school-fellow. In my own house, if one of my four children is ill, he is obliged to remain in the same room with the three others, and the space I can afford to the four is less than that allotted to one sick child in the pauper infirmary. And yet I am obliged to pay for rates and parochial taxes no less than £20 a year, a considerable proportion of which goes to the maintenance of those pauper children, who are so far better provided with every comfort and convenience than my own."

At the same school an attack of ophthalmia occurred. An oculist was sent from London and received a fee of £50. To carry out his instructions, three assistants at three guineas a week each were engaged. After laying their heads together they ascribed the disease to the dust in the playground. Thereupon the playground was paved with Yorkshire stone, at a cost of over £3,000. Would the masters of Eton or Harrow have incurred such an expense? No wonder that Mr. Tufnell, the School Inspector, who examines these district schools, dwells upon the excellence of their arrangements, and the almost unprecedented degree of vitality which prevails among the children. If they are not healthy, as well as happy and wise, it is certainly not the fault of the ratepayer. He cannot be accused of neglecting his duty to "the children of the State."

Closely connected with this subject is the "Boarding-out" system. This system has prevailed in Scotland for many years. Quite recently it has been introduced into England. This extension of the system has brought it prominently before the public notice, and the Poor Law Board instructed one of its inspectors, Mr. Henley, to visit Scotland, and make a special report on the system. His account may be summarised in a few words. Certain pauper children are, under the direction of the guardians of the union to which they belong, lodged in the houses of agricultural labourers, who receive a weekly payment of usually about 2s. 6d., in

order to defray the cost of bed and board. The guardians generally pay the school pence in addition, and supply the children with clothing and medical assistance. They are inspected more or less frequently by the relieving officer, who sees that they are treated well, are in good health, and are being properly educated. The opinion in Scotland is that children are likely to thrive much better in a home, however humble, than in the workhouse, where it is always found that the system of restraint inseparable from a public institution depresses the development of the young. This opinion is sustained by facts. The evidence is all but universal to the effect that in Scotland the children are well treated, become warmly attached to their foster parents, and enjoy a happier and healthier life than they would enjoy if confined to the workhouse. This system differs essentially from that adopted in certain parts of Switzerland, and described by Mr. De Liefde, in his interesting work on *The Charities of Europe*. There pauper children are taken in hand by persons of wealth and education, and either brought up on terms of equality with their own children, or trained to service. In Scotland the children are brought up among the class to which they belong. The success of the Scotch system is so great and unquestionable as regards the children themselves, that its introduction into England has received official sanction, and is likely to become general. Unfortunately, the arrangement is accompanied by serious drawbacks and disadvantages. As generally happens when we attempt to correct a wrong which has been done, we do another wrong, and the question arises if the remedy be not worse than the disease. If it can be shown that the boarding-out system tends to foster pauperism, and to increase the number of pauper children, then, however much the individual child may benefit by the system, he does so at the expense of those others who would not have fallen into his condition but for the encouragement which he has indirectly given parents to neglect their offspring. Nor is this all. There is a moral side to the question. The children boarded out belong to three classes, "orphans," "deserted," and "separated." The third class consists of children who have been separated by the guardians from profligate parents, in order to remove them from evil influences. Mr. Henley says of these children:—

"The parents may be inmates of the poor-house or maintaining themselves. In either case the children are removed (with their con-

sent), and boarded out far away from evil influences, so as to have an opportunity of starting a new life. Illegitimate children who come into the poor-house with the mother are sometimes, when there is more than one child, separated from her by her own consent, and boarded out. An able-bodied woman is supposed to maintain herself and one child, but when there are more than one the parish perhaps retains the burden of the children, should the mother subsequently discharge herself. It is open to argument whether it is politic to separate children from parents, and enable profligate persons to pursue a career of vice unburdened with their offspring, which are maintained by the harder-working portion of the community. Of the advantage to the children there can be no question."

*Rem acu tetigit.* The matter becomes a question of comparison and calculation. The children unquestionably profit, but does not the community suffer? It must be remembered that the object of the Poor Law is not to make paupers comfortable, but simply to save them from starvation. We have so far modified the Apostolic precept, "He that will not work neither shall he eat," as to give the able-bodied pauper enough to keep body and soul together; but if we do more than this, if we do anything to make his condition tolerable, either by making him comfortable or by placing his family in a position equal or superior to that which they would enjoy if they were dependent entirely upon his exertions, we encourage idleness and make pauperism no longer a stigma of reproach. On this point, Professor Fawcett speaks very plainly. In his recently published lectures on pauperism, he declares that the boarding-out system, which has just been adopted in England, amid such general acclamation, is a long step towards a return to the worst evils of the old Poor Law. Mr. Fawcett assumes that the amount granted to the foster parents of each boarded-out pauper child is 4s. a week, besides school pence and medical attendance, and he asks what labourer is there who could afford to spend so large an amount upon one of his own children?

"Five shillings represents half the weekly earnings of many an agricultural labourer, and out of these earnings he has very probably to maintain himself, his wife, and three or four children. The boarding-out system would therefore bring home this extraordinary result to a considerable portion of our labouring population, that a man would receive quite as much for the support of two pauper children as he is able to earn by hard toil. Could anything more tend to spread far and wide the feeling that pauperism is such a desirable profession that the children of the pauper are far better off, and have a far greater chance of doing well in life than the children of the man who tries to do all that can be done by hard work for his family?"



Mr. Fawcett goes on to mention a case illustrating his remarks, and which has come under his own knowledge. A man who has been earning 12s. a week, and has for many years supported his wife and four children on that amount, finds his children old enough to earn their own livelihood, and is asked to receive three pauper children. For these children he receives money, or the equivalent of money, to the amount of 15s. per week. That is to say, not only are these three pauper children much better off than his own were, but he receives for them 33 per cent. more than he earned when he had to support himself and his wife, as well as four children. More than that, he might now do nothing and yet be 33 per cent. better off than when he was working hard. Finally, the money which he now receives comes to him certainly and independently of the "rainy days," when he is incapacitated for work by illness. Thus, to quote Mr. Fawcett again, "the whole country will be told that parents, by deserting their children, will secure for them an amount of physical comfort and advantages which probably could in no other way be procured." That this is no imaginary evil may be inferred from the statement made by Mr. Goschen in his report already cited. He says :—

"We consider ourselves bound to point out to the guardians that a high pecuniary inducement offered to cottagers to take in pauper children may tend to dangerous contrasts being made between pauper children and the children of the independent poor, the maintenance of the latter being felt as a heavy charge, whilst the maintenance of the former, if too liberally paid for, would confer an actual pecuniary benefit. Instances have come to our knowledge of widows sending their own boys into the world at a very tender age, in order to make room for the reception of pauper children, whose maintenance would be paid for."

The mischief by no means ends there. The boarding-out system extends to illegitimate children. Consequently any hard-working married couple will know that it is impossible for them to provide for their children as good food and clothes, and as much general comfort, as are secured at the expense of society to the children begotten in vice and prostitution. Mr. Fawcett adds :—

"A man, as the result of an immoral connection, becomes the father of three children; he then only has to persuade the mother to desert these children, and an income is immediately guaranteed for their maintenance, considerably exceeding the amount which labourers are often able to earn for the support of themselves and their families.

Such an arrangement, in the encouragement it will give to illegitimacy, is far worse than anything contained in the old Poor Law. It should be remembered that this boarding-out system is an importation from Scotland,—there it has been in operation for many years, and it is notorious that, in spite of the religious zeal of the Scotch, there is far more illegitimacy in that country than in any other part of the kingdom. In Scotland 10 per cent. of all the births are illegitimate; in England the proportion is only 6 per cent., and in Ireland only 3 per cent.”

The system applies also to deserted children; and here again it becomes plain that the boarding-out will have a tendency to constantly increase the evil it is intended to mitigate. The parents, especially if there be only one, and that one a widow, will feel it to be almost a duty to desert their children when they know that they will then be so much better brought up than they could ever rear them. By this system maternal affection is actually enlisted in favour of maternal desertion. The mother feels that not only will she be relieved from the sore and heavy burden of supporting her child, but also that the child will be much better cared for by others than by herself. The answer given to all these objections is that boarded-out children, by being isolated from the contamination of adult paupers, will be much less likely to sink into pauperism in afterlife. This is true, but the isolation can be secured in other ways, especially by the pauper schools already mentioned. Even these, as we have seen, have become too attractive. Even there the principle that the pauper's child has no right to look for comforts not enjoyed by the labourer's child has been violated. In truth, nothing is harder than to strike the just balance. It is most difficult for society to do its duty to the pauper without doing injustice to itself.

This same difficulty meets us in another branch of the subject, that of out-door relief. The amount charged as out-door relief for the year 1862 was £3,155,820, and the mean number of paupers in receipt of such relief was 784,906. In 1869 the figures were £3,677,379 and 860,400. The cost per pauper increased during that time from £4 to £4 5s., or about 6½ per cent. This result is due chiefly to the higher price of corn, and is not in itself a very serious matter. There is, however, much cause for grave anxiety in the fact that so large a proportion of the population should be receiving parochial relief at all. When we come to examine into the matter we find some rather astonishing figures. The income-tax returns tell us that £18, £13 and £5, repre-

sent the average income of each inhabitant of England, Scotland, and Ireland respectively. Nevertheless, in England one out of every twenty of the population is a pauper, in Scotland one out of twenty-three, and in Ireland one out of seventy-four. England, which has more than three and a half times the wealth, has more than three and a half times the pauperism of Ireland. It is a rule of three direct sum, instead of being, as it ought to be, a rule of three inverse. What is the cause? Can any reasonable man doubt that it is to be found in the fact that, when, as in England, the out-door paupers exceed the in-door by eight to one, in Ireland the in-door exceed the out-door by five to one? The whole number of paupers in Ireland is only one-half of the paupers in London. It may be said that a large number of the paupers in England are really Irish, who have emigrated from the one island to the other. This may be true, but, if so, it is an additional proof of the pauperising effect of excessive out-door relief. Irish labourers come to England because they know that if they are at any time unable or unwilling to work, they can get relief without going into the workhouse, whereas, in their own country, the test of "the house" is almost always enforced. The former system seems the humaner and the cheaper of the two. It often appears a harsh thing to break up a man's home, and to compel him to enter the "union," where he, his wife, and children are separated from him and from each other. It is also undeniably more costly to support a family of paupers entirely, than to assist them to support themselves. But this way of stating the matter implies a contracted view. It shows that we are looking only at the case immediately present, instead of at the relation which it bears to the whole question of pauperism. It must be remembered that the chief object of the new Poor Law was to make pauperism disliked. The immediate object, no doubt, was to save England from the most fearful peril which ever beset it,—a peril far greater than the threatened invasion of the First Napoleon,—the peril that England would soon see its entire working class converted into a pauperised class, the burden of whose maintenance would be thrown upon and ultimately weigh down and destroy the wage-giving class. The remedy was the workhouse test. Spurious philanthropists protested against the cruelty of the politicians who destroyed the poor man's home and consigned him to a place little better than a gaol. They choose not to see that this cruelty was real kindness to the so-called victims, and that, whether kind or cruel, the remedy was

absolutely necessary, if the industrious middle class was not to be dragged down into the same abyss of pauperism. Common sense prevailed, then. Men saw clearly that to give paupers a larger sum in parish relief than they could earn by honest toil, was to convert the whole of the labouring class into a race of profligate idlers. Men saw that to give additional relief for every child that was born, was a direct encouragement to the labourer to neglect all those considerations which make a man of a higher class refrain from incurring the responsibility of paternity until he can provide for his offspring. Women saw that to grant a larger sum for illegitimate than for legitimate children was a premium upon scandalous vice. The new Poor Law corrected much of this, but we are fast forgetting all that we learnt forty years ago, and unless we recall the lesson, we shall soon return to the same plight as we were in when the first Reformed Parliament came to the rescue.

The danger arises from two sources—the granting of out-door parochial relief to such an extent that the relief is looked upon as a supplement to wages, and the indiscriminate bestowal of charity. Under the old Poor Law the farmer used to pay his labourers wages so low that it was impossible for them to support themselves thereon, for he knew that the parish would make up the rest. In this way he made his neighbours bear a considerable portion of the expenses which should properly have fallen upon him. The only remedy for this wrong was to forbid out-door relief to able-bodied labourers, and for a time that system prevailed. But of late the old vicious practice has revived, and in rural parishes, notably in Devonshire, wages are supplemented out of the rates. This system is not only grossly unfair to the ratepayers who are not employers of labour, but it is also exceedingly injurious to the labourer. The honest, hard-working man it defrauds, by giving him less than his proper wages; the dishonest, indolent man, it demoralises, by making him prefer idleness to work. These two points have been enforced with great vigour by the Rev. Brooke Lambert, in his most admirable *Seven Sermons on Pauperism*. Addressing his congregation at Whitechapel, he says :—

“ It may be hard to make you see that relief given to supplement wages, the very thing all poor people would like to have, is the very worst thing for them. The reason is that, if men are receiving anything besides their wages, they can afford to work for less wages, and by degrees the rate of wages falls. . . . It is an indisputable fact that money given in aid of wages relieves the employer, and not the em-

ployed, reduces wages and not misery. The necessities of the workmen are the gauge of earnings; and if a man cannot afford to pay his workmen enough for them to live on, it is best that the trade should be stopped, and not that it should be bolstered up by public charity. The object, then, of the Poor Law is to relieve only those who are in absolute destitution, and to effect this it is necessary to use harshness."

So, too, as to the other evil wrought by supplementing wages out of the rates, the demoralisation of the labourer, Mr. Lambert says:—

"I know, as a fact, from many employers, that there are men who will refuse a hard day's work, to take the chance of a short day's work at the dock, knowing that they can fall back on the workhouse. I know, as a fact, that many prefer the 2s. 6d. of the docks, because it is paid daily, to the larger wage which is received at the end of the week. I know, as a fact, that the vagrant ward and the 'house' are the hotel of many people who spend their pence at the theatre, and come in at eleven or twelve for a bed."

Professor Fawcett also shows how wide-spreading is the mischief wrought by laxity in granting out-door relief. He supposes the case of two labourers, one of them, Robinson, industrious and frugal, who, by dint of constant thrift, is able, when he is too old for work, to secure an annuity of 5s. a week; the other, Smith, who never makes the slightest effort to save, spends at the public-house every shilling he can spare, and, when he is too old for work, finds himself penniless, and applies to the parish for maintenance. The parochial authorities, actuated by considerations of economy, or by mistaken kindness, do not require Smith to enter the house, but make him an allowance in money and bread, amounting to 5s. a week. Robinson hearing of this, naturally thinks it extremely hard that he should not obtain some assistance from the rates. He points out that his fellow workman and he have had the same chances through life, and all that he asks is 2s. a week to make him comfortable, instead of the 5s. which his spendthrift fellow-labourer gets. When the authorities reply that they cannot give money to Robinson because he is in receipt of an annuity of 5s. a week, he answers, "You give me nothing because I have made an effort to do something for myself; you give my fellow-workman an amount equal to that which I have been able to save, because he has spent every spare shilling at the public-house. Why should I have gone on depriving and stinting myself all through life only to find that I am no better off than I should

have been if I had never put by a farthing?" It is impossible to give a satisfactory reply to this question so long as the present system prevails of giving permanent out-door relief. Nor does the mischief end here. The working man comes to look upon parochial relief as a fund to which he has a legal and honourable claim. This sentiment is common enough to induce disastrous results. Mr. Fawcett mentions one instance which is no doubt typical. A number of Somersetshire colliers held a meeting, in order to start a Friendly Society. There was at first a unanimous feeling in favour of the proposal; but presently it was mentioned by one of the speakers that those who became members of the society would lose all chance of obtaining parochial relief. The whole tone of the meeting changed. It was quickly seen that the amount which they might subscribe to the Friendly Society would simply reduce the rates, and ultimately the scheme dropped. The colliers had learnt to look upon the rates as their proper inheritance, and instead of being animated by the praiseworthy desire to "keep off the parish," they abandoned a commendable design, because if carried out it would deprive them of the right to "come on the parish."

The objection to out-door relief for able-bodied paupers applies with even greater force in large towns than in rural parishes. It is impossible for the relieving officer to make himself acquainted with the exact condition of the applicants for relief in such a district as the East End of London. The pauper is not usually distinguished for truthfulness, and the metropolitan pauper especially will not scruple to impose upon parochial officials. The resort to the workhouse test would speedily sift the story so glibly told, and probably dispose of the story-teller. It may be urged that this would be a very costly test, since if the workhouse were to be accepted by any large proportion of the present out-door paupers, it would be necessary to pull down our workhouses and build greater. Even if this were the result, it would be economical in the end. Probably, however, no such result would follow. Our present workhouses are far from being full; Mr. Fawcett states, for instance, that in the Plomesgate Union, Suffolk, the workhouse, which has accommodation for 442 paupers, had at the time he wrote only 92 inmates, and yet there were in the union no fewer than 1,100 persons receiving out-door relief. It is probable that if all the able-bodied paupers had been told that they must go into the house, it would have been amply large enough to receive them, and yet the residue of paupers would have been very small.



This question has received the attention of the Poor Law Board. On November 20, 1869, the Board issued a Minute on "Relief to the Poor in the Metropolis," in which they expressly directed that "relief should be given only to the actually destitute, and not in aid of wages." They added:—

"In innumerable cases, the application of this rule appears to be harsh for the moment, and it might also be held to be an aggravation of an existing difficulty to insist that, so long as a person is in employment and wages are earned, though such wages may be insufficient, the Poor Law authorities ought to hold aloof and refuse to supplement the receipts of the family, actually offering in preference to take upon themselves the entire cost of their maintenance. Still it is certain that no system could be more dangerous, both to the working classes and to the ratepayers, than to supplement insufficiency of wages by the expenditure of public money. The fundamental doctrine of the English Poor Laws, in which they differ from those of most other countries, is that relief is given, not as a matter of charity, but of legal obligation, and to extend this legal obligation beyond the class to which it now applies, namely, to those in receipt of insufficient wages, would be not only to increase to an unlimited extent the present enormous expenditure, but to allow the belief in a legal claim to public money in every emergency to supplant in a future portion of the population the full recognition of the necessity for self-reliance and thrift."

There is, however, an extensive field which private charity may cover, though public relief may not. Nor is there any reason why the two should not co-operate. Hitherto, no little harm has been done because they have not co-operated. They have overlapped each other, and the least deserving poor have often received parochial relief and large alms. There can be no doubt that, hitherto, charity has done at least as much harm as good. The East End Relief Fund, which was subscribed during several winters in succession, attracted such an enormous number of vagabonds and worthless poor to the East of London, that even the clergy of the district, though they had sorely needed aid in administering to the wants of their parishioners, were compelled to advise that no more money should be sent. Very powerfully has Mr. Brooke Lambert, the late vicar of St. Mark's, Whitechapel, spoken on the subject. In one of the sermons already referred to, he says:—

"To go about with both hands in your pockets relieving distress right and left is to shut men out from the possibility of learning the lesson of providence which God meant to teach them, is to prepare men for such a visitation as Ireland experienced when, demoralised by

leaning on a staff of life which they procured without exertion, the staff broke under them, and they had to learn in expatriation the secret of success. You who know what a wicked thing it is to spoil a child who is the subject of your foolish kindness, you who know what evil you are preparing for the world in letting such a one go forth with his unbridled impulses, remember it is worse to spoil a man than to spoil a child; it is a greater crime to ruin a nation than to ruin an individual. I speak these things to you from my very heart. I have seen the poor demoralised by charity. I have seen those who were made for better things sink by degrees, through unwise charity, into the pauper class. I have known the devilish temptation of help too freely proffered. I have known the evils of too free a use of opiates and anodynes and stimulants, and I beseech you to beware how you perpetuate the condition of pauperism in the mass by your over-zeal in ministering to the wants of individuals."

It may be taken as proved, that charity *en masse* is more hurtful than helpful. Ten thousand pounds subscribed by the public, without any oversight with regard to the expenditure, will be of far less service than a thousand pounds distributed by a hundred careful almoners. For it is not those who ask alms who most need them. The Poor Law Board, in the above quoted Minute, pointed out what it is charity should do. It should abstain from giving food or money, for where these are needed the parish gives them. The parish cannot legally give relief: First, in redeeming clothes or tools from pawn; second, in purchasing tools; third, in purchasing clothes (except in cases of urgent necessity; fourth, in paying the cost of conveyance to any part of the United Kingdom; fifth, in paying rent or lodging. Assistance rendered for any of these purposes will, therefore, not interfere with the action of the guardians. In so far as the giving of alms is desirable at all, it is advisable that it should be carried on with the cognisance of the Board of Guardians. This could be effected only by the publication of lists of all persons receiving parochial relief, and all receiving charitable relief. The guardians would supply the information in the one case, the ministers of religion mainly in the other. It might then be agreed that the administrators of charity should abstain from giving money or food to those persons in receipt of parish relief; should inform relieving officers of any gifts of blankets or clothing, on the condition that such gifts should not be taken into account for the purpose of curtailing the ordinary relief; and should inform the relieving officer of all persons whom they found unrelieved, and fit persons for relief; the officer also informing them of all persons in need of charitable assistance, but not fit subjects for parochial

relief. Mr. Goschen's Minute has, on the whole, been well received, and though it has been found impossible to keep a complete register of all the alms given in money, the amounts being often too small and the number of them being too great, there is now throughout the metropolis a much better acquaintance with each other's operations on the part of Poor Law officials and almoners than there was, and much more co-operation. The improvement is likely to continue under the direction of the Society for Organising Charitable Relief and Repressing Mendicity, which is now in the third year of its existence, and has among its promoters some of the most eminent men of the day.

This Society deserves more than a passing reference. Its objects and mode of working were forcibly described by Lord Derby, who presided at the second Annual Meeting, held in Willis's Rooms on March 22 of the present year. He said there were in London charities enough, and wealthy enough, to put an end to all the undeserving distress, if it could only be applied in the right direction. But charity was apt to fall in London after the fashion of rain in a tropical climate—at one time a deluge, at another a drought, the excess being as bad as the dearth. It was to regulate and economise this supply that the Society was formed. This end is effected in the three ways mentioned by Mr. Eastwick, M.P. at the same meeting: by furnishing information to the charitable with regard to anyone in want of relief, by preventing persons requiring charity from coming upon the rates for relief, and by preventing the public from resorting to indiscriminate charity. It would be difficult to say if the Society has done more good negatively or positively; by exposing impostures, and especially the tribe of begging-letter writers, or by bringing the charitable acquainted with the really deserving poor. The essential principle of the Society is personal effort. It desires to reduce to a minimum paid and official work. It desires to obtain a maximum of men and women who, prompted by real benevolence which manifests itself in giving up time and strength, instead of merely in putting the hand into the pocket, will endeavour to raise the poor out of their condition, instead of tempting them to continue in it. The Jews have in this way almost extirpated pauperism. So, too, have the Parsees. In each case the seeming miracle has been wrought by the operation of personal sympathy and effort, instead of by the vicarious interposition of a society. The most remarkable instance of the good effected by this kind of effort is furnished by Miss Octavia Hill. This lady,

acting in co-operation with the Rev. W. H. Fremantle, of Marylebone, determined to try the experiment of helping the poor without giving them alms. She was assisted by Mr. Ruskin, who bought a court in Marylebone parish, entrusted the houses to Miss Hill's superintendence, with the understanding that he was to receive five per cent. interest on his outlay, and that the tenants were not to be disturbed so long as they paid their rent and complied with certain regulations made to prevent over-crowding and unhealthiness. The essential feature of the programme was that there were to be no gifts of money, but that, instead, work was to be given. The experiment required something more than a kind heart; it needed a clear head and a firm hand. It exposed those who made it to great obloquy. The poor resented the stopping of Church alms on the part of Mr. Fremantle, and then resented the stringency with which Miss Hill enforced the punctual payment of rent. During the first six months that the scheme was in operation, 101 families applied for assistance. Of these, only thirty-seven accepted work. "This fact," says Miss Hill, "shows how far more subtle and sure a test of need is the offer of work than any inquiry. It would have been impossible in many cases to prove that the applicant was not in need; yet it is proved by the neglect of the opportunity of earning." A second report gives a more favourable account. Fifty-one persons out of ninety to whom work was offered accepted it. In many cases loans were made, in order to assist the borrower to buy tools or clothes, with the view of getting work. But the principle of never giving money where the applicant was able to earn his own livelihood was strictly maintained. This would not have been possible if the clergy had not adopted the same principle. That it was thus in a manner successful, is satisfactory; but Miss Hill has to lament that it has not succeeded according to her anticipations. She writes:—

"I am confident we are on the right tack; but I cannot honestly write at this time of the work without confessing that it has wholly failed hitherto to do what I had cared most that it should do. It has not appeared to the people merciful, helpful, or loving. Their feeling against it is bitter in the extreme. They have never seen that the thing which is stern may be the fullest of deep real love. They have never imagined what measure of love it needs to do what will hereafter help them most, instead of what would call down their blessings at the moment, and brighten their faces with delight, but would leave them, later on, weaker, meaner, more helpless, and poorer men and women. All this is hidden from them, and God knows I do not blame

them, or much wonder. Charity has shown herself to them hitherto, in more gracious, if in less wise and farsighted forms; they do not recognise her when she comes so strangely."

One of the forms of pauperism most difficult to deal with is vagrancy. The vagrant defies that personal investigation of which we have spoken. Neither the Society for the Organisation of Charitable Relief nor private individuals can deal with the man who is here to-day and gone to-morrow. Still something may be done. Formerly that something was very short and sharp indeed. Whipping, and even death, were ordered in the reign of Henry VIII. The more merciful spirit of our own age has allowed vagrants to become a numerous and parasitical class, preying upon the credulity and the benevolence of the inexperienced and tender-hearted. It was stated at the Conference of the above-mentioned Society, that a vagrant at Newcastle confessed to having a map, in which the districts where Mendicity Societies existed were marked as districts to be avoided, and a cash-book which showed that in one year he had received £115 by begging. Who can be surprised that men having no self-respect should prefer the free and adventurous life of the tramp, when it brings in three times the income that would be earned by hard work? To get rid of this class it is essential that all relief in money should be discontinued, and that relief in food should be given only sparingly. Captain Amyatt Brown, chief constable of Dorset, said at the Conference, that, in consequence of the great increase of vagrancy in that county, a Mendicity Society was established. Bread only was given to applicants, and the public were asked to give bread tickets instead of money. It being found that vagrants would sell their bread tickets, it was ordered that no baker should give more than one loaf to one man, however many tickets he presented. The results were very remarkable. More than 4,400 tickets were distributed, but less than one quarter were presented; the decrease of vagrants in the first year was thirty per cent., and in the second year sixty per cent. True, Dorset became free at the expense of the adjacent counties, but it was competent for them to adopt the same course. Another experiment was related at the Conference by Barwick Baker, of Hardwicke-court, Gloucestershire. Recognising the fact that vagrants are sometimes honest men travelling in search of work, it was arranged that every vagrant should be supplied with a ticket certifying that he had slept during the previous night at such a workhouse. On presenting the ticket the following night, it would be seen if the man had walked a good day's

journey, or had merely been "loafing." Supposing he had walked only to the next workhouse, say eight miles distant, he would be admitted, but would be compelled to do four hours' work on the following morning. If he refused to do it, he would be brought before a magistrate and sent to prison. But if he had done a fair day's journey, from fifteen to twenty miles, it would be assumed that he was hastening on to a place where he would get employment, and he would be allowed to have a bed and food, and to start on the next day without doing any work. Theoretically, the system is admirable. Practically, it failed through a want of uniformity in the treatment of vagrants at different workhouses.

Statistics published by Mr. Goschen, in his report, show that of the out-door paupers in the metropolis during the year 1869—70, 31·0 per cent. laboured under old age or permanent disability; 34·2 per cent. were women and children, destitute in consequence of the death, absence, or desertion of husband or father; 34·0 per cent. were families or single men destitute in consequence of temporary sickness or want of work, and 0·8 per cent. were single women. It is worthy of note that the number of adult male paupers who were destitute through want of work was comparatively small, namely, under 4 per cent., or a fraction less than the total number of pauper lunatics. Assuming that these figures fairly represent the whole kingdom, we are brought face to face with the fact that less than 4 per cent. of our million and odd paupers, or only about 40,000 of our paupers, have become so through inability to procure work. This fact is at once startling and discouraging. It seems to show that if we were able to find work for all the paupers willing to work but unable to get employment, we should only in a very slight degree reduce that terrible sum-total, which, for the year 1869—70, was 1,085,000. Further inquiry renders the case less hopeless. Of this large total, more than one-third, 36 per cent., or about 391,000, were children. A large number of these (how large there are no figures to show) must have been paupers through the inability of these 40,000 men to find anyone to hire them. Therefore there is still reason to hope that if these 40,000 were put to work, the army of paupers would be greatly reduced. Two modes of obtaining this result suggest themselves—public works and emigration. The first implies an increase of employment at home; the other implies the transportation of unemployed labourers to countries where there is no lack of work. With regard to both of these modes there is much difference of opinion among political economists.



The objections to Government works are, that they are always more costly than private works, because there is not the same incentive to prevent extravagance, and that they check private enterprise and destroy independence. In a measure both objections are well founded. The history of such works as Alderney and Dover harbours warns us of the danger of allowing the Government to undertake enterprises of the kind. At the same time, it would not be difficult to find corresponding instances of extravagance on the part of private projectors. There can be no doubt, for instance, that if Government had, thirty-five years ago, laid down and carried out a scheme of railways for the kingdom, the railway system of this country would be vastly better than it is, and the cost of constructing the railways would have been immensely less. On this point we have the experience of other countries to guide us. It is because the Continental governments interposed, and more or less directed the Continental railway system, that travelling in Europe is so much less expensive than it is in England, though the proportion of travellers to population is so much larger with us. There are other works about which there can be less question. There are some which, if they are undertaken at all, must be undertaken by Government, because no private person would enter upon them. Such are the reclaiming of waste lands belonging to the Government, the improvement of the navigation of some of our rivers, and the embanking and cultivation of lands now covered by the sea or rivers at high tide. The Crown, it must be remembered, claims nearly all the fore-shores of the kingdom; but as yet has turned them to small account. The Duchy of Cornwall, which stands in much the same position as the Crown, owns that "great common of Devon," better known as Dartmoor, and of which a large portion is cultivable. Hitherto, the Government has done nothing to turn these barren wildernesses to account. On the other hand, it has allowed accessible lands, lands which formed the pleasure-grounds of the people, to be encroached upon by covetous landowners. There is a wide distinction between such wilds as Dartmoor and the commons which are used either for recreation or for the pasturing of cattle. In this matter, Government has done what it ought not to have done, and left undone that which it ought to have done.

The question of State emigration is by no means easy to decide. In the House of Commons, it has been strongly advocated by Mr. McCullagh Torrens, and as strongly condemned by Mr. Goschen. Professor Fawcett condemns it

no less decisively in his lectures on Pauperism. It may be granted at once that such emigration could be carried on only with the consent of the Governments to whose domains the emigrants resort. It would be manifestly unfair to our colonies if we shipped off to them the most useless portion of our population. In fact, the colonies which refused to receive our convicts, would also refuse to receive our paupers. But if we send out those of our working classes who are willing and able to work, we should, it is objected, be sending away the bone and sinew of the country. This objection overlooks the fact that we are, *ex hypothesi*, sending away only those for whom no work can be found at home, and who, therefore, so far from adding to, impair the strength of the country. Another objection is, that, in order to pay the expenses of this emigration, the country would be burdened by a constantly increasing load of taxation, and that the hard-working labourer at home would be taxed in order to send his probably less deserving brother to a land of high wages and plenty. But this objection takes no note of the fact that the industrious working man already has to pay for his less deserving brother, that he is taxed either to supply him with a portion of his food at his own home, or with the entire cost of his maintenance in the workhouse. All parochial relief is open to the objection raised against State emigration. Logically, it can be shown that it is unjust that the industrious should have to support the indolent. But as this has to be done, it is fairly open to question if the burden should be permanent or only temporary. If the pauper remains in England, the chances are that he will have to be supported through the greater part of his life. If he is sent abroad, his neighbours are at once and for ever relieved of all responsibility respecting him. Besides, it should be remembered that emigration is not intended for the indolent, but for the industrious who find a difficulty in obtaining work. By transferring them to a country where it is the labourers that are scarce instead of the labour, a double, nay, a treble blessing is bestowed. The emigrant is blessed. So is the country which receives him, and will benefit by his labour. So are his fellow-labourers who remain behind, and who will, with diminished competition for work, be able to secure higher wages. There is one special form of emigration which the most rigid political economist can hardly condemn. It is when a labourer, having emigrated in the hope of bettering himself, and having so far improved his condition as to be able to support his family, if they were sent out to him,

begs the guardians of the parish which has to keep them at the workhouse to pay their passage. This request was gladly and wisely granted by the guardians of some Cornish unions, who found themselves burdened with the maintenance of the wives and the families of miners who had emigrated during the recent severe depression of mining industry.

The equalisation of the poor-rates is a subject that has been often discussed. The result of that discussion is that the change may be effected within certain limits, but that constant and vigilant care will have to be taken to prevent extravagance in administration. The very essence of the parochial system is, that the parochial fund shall be administered by local men. If the unit of taxation be no longer the parish but the union, still more if it be the county, local supervision becomes almost impossible. But the inequalities of the rates in the metropolis were so great, they let the rich off so lightly, and burdened the poor so heavily,\* that last year an effort was made to remedy the injustice. The problem to be solved was to secure as much equalisation as possible, with the smallest amount of relaxation of the checks upon careless and extravagant administration. Mr. Goschen did something to solve it by an Act, which provided that the cost of in-door relief in each metropolitan union should be borne by a common metropolitan rate; whereas the cost of out-door relief should continue to be a charge upon each parish or union. The result is, that each parish has a desire to substitute as far as possible in-door for out-door relief, and thereby a vigorous and satisfactory check has been imposed upon the wretched system of giving relief as a supplement to wages.

Thus far we have spoken of pauperism as an existing evil which has to be met in the best way, as a disease which has to be treated by remedies that do not aggravate while professing to cure. But is it inevitable that the disease should exist at all? The poor we must expect to have always with us, but why should pauperism be perpetual? The changes and chances of life, the loss of health, the death of the bread-winner of the family, sudden reverses of fortune, will always create sufficient objects for our sympathy and help. But while we cannot conceive of a condition of society in which its members will not be called upon to aid each other, we can conceive of a state of society in which no

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\* In the year 1868—9, the rates in the metropolitan parishes varied from 8½d. in wealthy Paddington, to 3s. 7½d. in poverty-stricken Bethnal Green.

member will evade the duty of helping himself. When that condition is attained, pauperism will become almost, if not altogether, unknown. Our object should be to accelerate the arrival of that epoch. This is to be done by discovering and applying prophylactics against pauperism, which are far better than any remedies for pauperism.

Education is undoubtedly one of the best of these prophylactics. And by education we mean not so much mere school teaching, though that is indispensable, as instruction in the elementary rules and principles of political economy. Strikes are often the result of ignorance of these principles. The laws of trades' unions are often made in direct defiance of them. The regulation which prevents a bricklayer from using both his hands in performing certain portions of his work is a flagrant outrage upon the most elementary philosophy of labour. The antagonism to mechanical inventions, which has often led labourers to destroy new machinery because they believe that it will drive them out of work, is also the outcome of ignorance. The men do not see that anything which tends to make labour dearer diminishes the profits of the employer, and renders him less able to employ labourers. There is, of course, a limit beyond which wages cannot be reduced, but it is absurd to restrict the supply of labour by impeding the operations of the labourer. He is entitled to a fair day's wages for a fair day's work, but no one profits,—on the contrary, every one loses,—if he is restrained from doing that fair day's work. And so with regard to the use of machinery, it is clear that those men who resist its introduction must drive away the work to another neighbourhood, or, it may be, to another country. When Mr. Walter, of the *Times*, erected the first steam printing-press, he was obliged to take special precautions to prevent an outbreak on the part of the men who had previously printed the paper by hand. If they had not been thus checked, and if they had succeeded in preventing the application of steam to printing, they would simply have rendered impossible the enormous development of journalism, and therefore the enormous increase of work for men of this class which has since taken place. It would have fared badly with English trade, and therefore with the English workman, if the Luddites had accomplished their object, the suppression of cotton machinery, which they so resolutely and fanatically sought to effect sixty years ago. The direct advantages of education are manifest in the working men of Germany. They have received a training expressly designed to help them in their

daily work; they have had the advantages of technical education; and the consequence is, that in many respects German workmen far exceed English, and England is rapidly losing her old commercial superiority. It will be regained only when English workmen have submitted to be taught their business. There is an indirect benefit attending the education of the industrious classes which must not be overlooked. It involves the attendance at school of most of those children who are now at work. This diminishes the number of labourers, and consequently raises the rate of wages. The father may miss the pence which his son has earned during the week, but he does not see that his son was really competing against him in the labour market and lowering the standard of wages. Education should also have the effect of checking over-population. The youth should be taught that he commits a serious offence if he begets offspring whom he has no means of supporting. Mr. Fawcett goes so far as to say that no sensible reduction of pauperism will ever take place so long as the working classes marry in their present reckless manner. He makes an elaborate defence of Malthus, which is scarcely needed now, for no one will now contend, as was contended by the opponents of Malthus at the time he wrote, that the injunction, "be fruitful and multiply," is one of universal application, or that the principle which held good in an age when the world was sparsely populated will apply at a time and in countries where there is an excess of population. As well might it be said that patriarchal polygamy, which was a wise institution when the earth needed hands to till it, ought to be continued now in England, where there is not nearly land enough for the present inhabitants. There is no more mischievous perversion of Scripture than that of converting into a general rule, irrespective of time and place, a precept intended only for a special period and a special locality. This is the error of those who have most vehemently denounced Malthus, and who have given encouragement to, and are in no light degree responsible for, improvident marriages, by their often-announced and untruthful aphorism that "God never sends mouths without food to fill them." It must be remembered, that in a densely populated country like ours, an increase of the working-class population means an increased consumption of food and an increased competition for labour, in other words a lower rate of wages. There is less food, and less money wherewith to buy it. But it may be said, that the difficulty can be met either by the

cultivation of our waste lands or by emigration. Yet even these are only temporary expedients.

"Suppose, for example (says Professor Fawcett), that every available acre of land was cultivated, that not a single rood where an ear of wheat could be grown, was reserved either for pleasure or ornament, that every tree was cut down, every hedgerow rooted up, and the country transformed into one enormous farm. Such a destruction of natural beauty, such a sacrifice of that which gives life one of its highest enjoyments, would, of course, provide maintenance for an additional number of people. Let it be assumed that this extra number would be a million. In about five years the million will be provided entirely by the increment at present added annually to our population. If, therefore, every available acre were cultivated, the pressure of population would, in five years, become as it is now."

This is doubtless an under-estimate of the produce derivable from the cultivable waste lands. But the principle is sound. In course of time, it matters little whether that time be five years or fifty, the reserve productive power of the country would be exhausted by the increased population. The same principle would apply universally. Free trade gives us command of the markets of the world, and emigration provides a means for sending out the surplus labour of this country to cultivate the waste lands of other countries. But even America and Australia are not inexhaustible, and there must come a time when a check will have to be imposed upon their population. It may fairly be asked if that time has not arrived already. We have differed from Professor Fawcett in holding, as we do, that State emigration is a legitimate remedy for pauperism, but we do not intend to imply that the pauper ought to be free to beget paupers, because the State, finding no other better way of dealing with them, sends them to the ends of the earth. It is one thing to approve of a remedy for an evil; it is another thing to approve of the evil itself. It would be just as logical to argue that a pauper is entitled to marry because he can call upon the parish to support his children in the workhouse, as to contend that a pauper is entitled to marry because he may call upon the State to transport him and his family to another land. As a matter of fact, "Malthusianism" is officially recognised and adopted. We separate married couples when they go into the workhouse; we say that if they cannot support themselves, they have no right to bring other beings into existence. Political economists are, therefore, perfectly logical when they denounce improvident marriages. In truth we almost feel bound to apologise for enlarging on this point. Every one knows that



in every class except the lowest, prudential considerations do very materially influence marriages. It is notorious that in the shopkeeping, manufacturing, and professional classes, marriages are prohibited by the general feeling of society, until it can be shown that those who wish to marry are able to sustain their offspring in comfort. It is not so well known as it should be, that even among the labouring classes the same considerations are found to prevail when we go to the Continent. It is only among the labouring classes of England, the poorest and the most degraded in Europe, that self-restraint is absent.

One cause of this lamentable fact is not far to seek. It is to be found in the circumstances of the English agricultural labouring class. The hedger knows that he cannot improve his condition; he knows that, born to labour, he must remain a labourer through life, and having therefore no prospect of "bettering" himself, he has no incentive to self-denial. It is otherwise with the farm labourer of Switzerland and Germany. He may become a landed proprietor, if he will only work hard enough and save close enough. This brings us to another of the hypothetical prophylactics against pauperism, an improvement in our land system, a repeal of all those laws which hinder the cheap and expeditious sale of land, and a limitation of the powers of the owners of land, so that they may not be exercising those powers half a century after they are dead. It is out of the question to look for any material change in this respect. Even granting that the laws of primogeniture and entail were repealed to-morrow, and that the transfer of an estate of 100,000 acres were rendered as simple as the transfer of £100,000 in the funds, it is not likely that much more land would be in the market than there is now, and it is certain that the competition for it would be always so keen as to raise the price far above the resources of the labourer. The millionaire is content to get but 2½ per cent. interest on his capital when he buys an estate, for he gets in addition social position. That would count for nothing even with the farmer, much more with the labourer, and they would therefore want a larger money return, and would therefore find themselves outbid. There is no prospect of the land in this country being divided into small properties, unless a law should be enacted restricting the power to acquire land. On all these accounts we can find no relief in the prospect of any imaginary reform in the land system.

Failing that there seems no alternative but co-operation or

co-partnership. There can be no doubt that this principle has been applied very successfully in many cases. Professor Fawcett devotes one-sixth of his volume to describing what great things co-operation has done. Yet it would be easy to show that the most recent form of co-operation, the partnership of industry, is attended by a very serious practical difficulty. The arrangement whereby labour and capital share the profits equally after capital has received 10 per cent. is excellent, so long as there is 10 per cent. for capital to receive, but it breaks down when there is not only nothing for capital to receive, but a loss. It is almost impossible to impose a fair share of the loss upon labour. If it were arranged that a certain portion of wages should be retained to serve as a fund out of which labour might contribute its proper proportion to the burden of loss, the scheme would collapse, for no labourer would consent to receive less than the current rate of wages. Yet clearly, this is what ought to be done. There can be no real partnership when the profits are divided between the two partners, and the losses borne by only one. So long as co-operation is restricted to distribution, there is no difficulty, for only through very bad management or fraud could any loss be incurred in the management of a store,—where the only business is to buy wholesale and to sell retail, at such a price as will leave a margin of profit. But, when we apply co-operation to production and manufacture, the case is different, for the conditions are not the same. The selling price of the produce varies, and is not entirely under the control of the producer, while the cost of production remains nearly the same, whether the selling price be high or low. When the price of wheat goes up, the store can raise its price of flour, and, as bread is an indispensable article of consumption, there is no fear of loss in the transaction. But, when the price of raw cotton goes up, the manufacturer cannot always charge the increase. Men cannot do without bread, and must pay the price charged for it, whether high or low. They can do for a time without new shirts, and the consumption of cotton goods is therefore checked all the time that the millowner's fixed expenses, — rent, rates, depreciation of machinery, interest on capital, &c., remain stationary. Thus there is room for heavy loss on a co-operative cotton mill,—loss which has to be borne entirely by capital. When the time comes, as in the present year, for large profits to be made, capital has to share them with labour. If this uncertainty prevails with regard to a manufacture of this kind, where experience will do so much to rectify the fluctuations

of the market, much more does it prevail with regard to agriculture, where profit and loss depend on the wind and the clouds. Of course, if the promoters of partnerships of industry are willing to enter upon them on the conditions named—that the loss should fall on one partner, and the profit be divided between both partners—they may do so; but then the undertaking ceases to be an ordinary commercial undertaking, and becomes as much a charitable society as a women's working club, in which the members are allowed to buy materials at less than cost price. Far be it from us to condemn such benevolent schemes. We believe that they are often most praiseworthy. Some of them may even prove commercially successful. Such a case is mentioned by Mr. Fawcett, and is so interesting that it deserves to be quoted. He tells us that, about forty years ago, Mr. Gurdon, of Assington Hall, Suffolk, being much impressed with the miserable condition of the labourers on his estate, determined to apply the principle of co-operation to farming. He accordingly let about sixty acres of land of medium quality to the labourers who were employed upon it, charging the ordinary rent which would have been paid by a tenant farmer. *He advanced them sufficient capital to cultivate the land.* The society has so prospered that the number of shares has risen from fifteen to twenty-one, and the value of them from 30s. to £25, and the number of acres has increased from 60 to 130. "All years," says the present Bishop of Manchester, "have not been equally remunerative; but there has not been one since the concern started without some little matter to divide. The company have repaid the landlord all the capital borrowed, and all the stock and implements on the farm are now their own." Mr. Fawcett goes on to add, "The benefit to the labourers produced by these applications of co-operation can hardly be exaggerated. From educational, social, moral, and pecuniary points of view, the Assington experiments have indicated the possibility of a new era of industrial progress." And yet, nothing can be more certain than that this enterprise was at the outset eleemosynary. The words which we have italicised, and which are Mr. Fawcett's own, prove this. The man who lends money without security to working men is distinctly performing a charitable act, and one that removes the transaction dependent upon it out of the category of ordinary business transactions. In this case the result was most happy. A profit was made every year, and eventually Mr. Gurdon got back the whole of his loan. But how, if no profit had been made? or how, if Mr. Gurdon

had chosen to charge a higher rent in consideration of the risk he ran in lending money without security? It is impossible not to suppose that in some years of bad harvests the profit would have been turned into a loss. A somewhat similar experiment was made in Ireland. Mr. Vandeleur let a farm of 600 acres to a Communistic Society. The labourers lived in common, and worked for a common fund. The stock and the implements were supplied by Mr. Vandeleur, and were gradually to become the property of the society. For a time all went well, and there was a marked improvement in the character of the labourers. But the community was founded upon the sand of benevolence, instead of upon the rock of political economy. The winds and the floods, in the shape of pecuniary difficulties wherein Mr. Vandeleur was involved, beat against the community, and it fell. He was obliged to sell his estate, and the co-operative farm was taken possession of by his creditors, and the community was dispersed. There was only one way of avoiding the misfortune, that of purchasing the land. But that is just the one condition which the co-operators could not fulfil, and which brings us face to face with the old difficulty that partnerships of industry, otherwise charity in disguise, are powerless to overcome.

It would be a grave omission if we were to close this article without referring to the most fruitful of all the sources of pauperism. Mr. Fawcett, in his able chapter on "The Increase of Population," urges with much force that even if by some miraculous intervention all the resources of the country were doubled, the general condition of the community would be fifty years hence just what it is now, unless some change were effected in the social habits of the people, for at the end of that time the population would, at the present rate of increase, be doubled. Consequently, the pressure upon the resources of the country, and the struggle for existence, would be as severe as it is now, and the general condition of the people would not be in any way more satisfactory. It is to be regretted that the writer of these words did not go on to show the possibility and the desirability of "effecting a change in the social habits of the people." To check population is well, but to check waste is better. During the year 1870, the monstrous sum of £108,000,000 was spent in intoxicating drinks. That is to say, not far from £4 was spent on drink by every man, woman, and child in the kingdom. One need not be a teetotaler to admit that a very large proportion of this amount was worse than wasted. It

is not only that a large quantity of grain was used in the manufacture of these liquors, which, if it had been used in making bread, would have greatly reduced the cost of the first necessary of life, but that these liquors weakened and impoverished large numbers of those who drank them. The working man who now drinks to excess would, by restraint or abstinence, economise his income, and increase his bodily strength. He would be able to earn more wages, and to make every shilling go farther. It has been so repeatedly declared by the highest authorities in the land, that drunkenness is the most prolific source of pauperism and crime, that we shall not attempt to argue the matter. We will add only that great indeed is the responsibility of the statesmen who postpone legislation upon the matter, because they are too timid to face angry publicans, or because they prefer measures which will keep their party together.

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- ART. V.—1. *Antiquités Celtiques et Antédiluviennes. Mémoire sur l'Industrie et les Arts à leur Origine.* Par M. BOUCHER DE PERTHES. Tome Troisième. Paris. 1864.
2. *The Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man.* By Sir CHARLES LYELL, F.R.S. Third Edition. Revised. London: Murray. 1863.
3. *Pre-Historic Times, as Illustrated by Ancient Remains, and the Manners and Customs of Modern Savages.* By Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart., F.R.S. Second Edition. 1869. London: Williams and Norgate.
4. *Reliquiæ Aquitanicæ: being Contributions to the Archæology and Palæontology of Périgord and the Adjoining Provinces of Southern France.* By EDOUARD LARTET and HENRY CHRISTY. Parts I. to X. London: Baillière.

It is but justice to the authors, whose opinions it is the purpose of this article to controvert, that the truthful spirit in which they write should be acknowledged. Surprisingly strong as may be their prejudices, alien as are their principal conclusions from their premises, the dupes, as we conceive them to be, of one fondly cherished illusion, and the not blameless propagators of dangerous errors, it is due to them to say that their writings contain proofs of their readiness to confess mistakes into which they had previously fallen, and abound with proofs of their desire to describe with honest accuracy what they have seen. Nor must we fail to acknowledge our great obligations to them for the laborious researches they have made and recorded. So far as the foregoing remarks are depreciatory, they are not intended to apply to *Reliquiæ Aquitanicæ*, a yet unfinished work, which is chiefly descriptive, and illustrated by fine plates, and which is published—at, we presume, considerable pecuniary loss—in memory of Mr. Christy, by his surviving friends.

Since this article was prepared, intelligence has reached this country of the decease of M. Boucher de Perthes, a gentleman of Picardy, and author of more than forty volumes, who, rather than any other, may be styled the founder of that school which has for the prominent article of its creed,



belief in "the antiquity of man." We judge him to have been amiable and generous, and, as an antiquarian, a perfect enthusiast.

Sir Charles Lyell informs us that Danish and Swedish antiquaries and naturalists "have succeeded in establishing a succession of periods, which they have called the ages of stone, of bronze, and of iron." Sir John Lubbock divides the stone period into two eras: the first of rude, the second of better, stone implements; and he calls the former the palæolithic, the latter the neolithic age. This calendar of past duration has been used by archæologists so freely and boldly as to have become familiar to the ear of the public, and to have produced a widely spread opinion that it is scientific. Yet no antiquary can give us even the proximate date of the commencement of either of the four eras, or proof of their succession. The calendar, as applied to a particular district,—Denmark or *Tierra del Fuego*, for example,—may have its use, but as a general calendar it is preposterous, for it assumes that men have been in the same state at each era all over the world: an assumption about as far from reason and history as is possible. The iron age of Palestine in Solomon's day, was probably a stone age in Scandinavia; and the iron age of Britain was, till lately, a stone age in the Pacific, and in some islands is so still. Sir John Lubbock, indeed, applies the fourfold classification at present only to Europe, adding that "in all probability it might be extended also to the neighbouring regions of Asia and Africa." But such limitation helps him not, for Europe has been as much distinguished in past times by diversities of civilisation and barbarism as other parts of the earth. It will not, we presume, be doubted that there were savages making flint implements in some parts of Europe while, in Greece Phidias was working in marble and ivory. The succession of terms, palæolithic, neolithic, bronze, and iron, has a look of learning; but it represents a fiction. Neither the world, nor any one quarter of it, has ever been so divided.

"Pre-historic times!" What are they? Sir C. Lyell says: "The first Olympiad is generally regarded as the earliest date on which we can rely in the past annals of mankind, about 776 years before the Christian era;" an assertion which will surprise many of our readers, because, having seen various chronological schemes, they have never met with one which does not carry them back very much farther than the date specified above. Why the date of the Olympiad at which Coræbus obtained the prize is to be

accepted, and the date of Solomon's Temple or of the birth of Moses rejected, the author of the *Antiquity of Man* has not thought it incumbent upon him to explain. Sir John Lubbock, the title of whose works should have led him carefully to define the term pre-historic, does not adopt Sir Charles Lyell's limit of history, and seems to have no limit of his own. He appeals to Hesiod—about 900 B.C.—as giving some valuable historical information, and he refers to Usher's chronology, which runs back more than three thousand years beyond the Olympiad of Coræbus; but, for reasons best known to himself, gives no hint that by intelligent men Usher's system of dates has long been regarded as too short by about fourteen centuries. As very eminent authors have written largely on the dates of the human era, tracing it back six and seven thousand years, we deem it an impertinence in Sir Charles Lyell to assert that history begins 2650 years ago; and we complain that Sir John Lubbock, having chosen the term pre-historic for a title, has used it, not as a definite, but as a fluxional term. He professes to write about *pre-historic times*, and gives us elaborate dissertations about *un-historic things*. The title is a misnomer, and an index to the confusion of thought which, throughout the work, represents *objects* of the formation of which we have no record, as belonging to *times* of which we have no record. Thus we have discussions about Stonehenge, British pottery, Roman coins dated from A.D. 67 to the first half of the fifth century; about the prosperous times of Carthage, the founding of Marseilles, the "brass, i.e. the bronze," mentioned in the fourth chapter of Genesis, the date of the Roman wall in England, notices of the ibex down to A.D. 1550, and of the elk down to 1746, an ample account of a brass pin "probably not older than 800 or 900 A.D.," and lengthened notices of American relics none of which are more than three thousand years old. In this way we pass over eight chapters out of the sixteen which the volume comprises, three others being devoted to an account of modern savages and their habits. What has all this to do with *pre-historic times*? The book—costly, but not dear—is very interesting as an antiquarian repository, and very valuable; for every intelligent man will rejoice in every effort made to preserve some memorial of those fragments of the past, which, from various causes, are ever diminishing. But the title is unfair. It is applicable only to the smaller part of the volume, and it assumes the points to be proved,—namely, that man in his first estate was a savage, and of older date than history.

The course of the human race has not been that of a river, but that of the tides, advancing at one time and place, receding at another time and place. For example, the people on the west coast of Greenland attained to the use of metal. Intercourse with Europe ceased for about 300 years, and then—according to a statement in *Reliquiæ Aquitanicæ*—they had returned to the use of stone.

We have been accustomed to think that men and civilisation may be clearly traced back to their origin rather more than seven thousand years ago, and that there never has been an age when artificers in brass and iron did not exercise their craft; but the authors whose works are placed at the head of this article would have us believe that human beings dwelt on the earth myriads, if not millions, of years before Adam; that the earliest traces of them reveal the lowest state of barbarism, and the more recent traces a gradual and very slow ascent to the existing civilisation. This theory comes to us with its imposing nomenclature, the palæolithic, neolithic, bronze, and iron ages. We propose to scrutinise the evidence on the ground of which we are expected to adopt this novel chronology and anthropology. It consists, in great part, of flints, and comprises these three particulars:—the shape of the flints, the drift in which they are found, and the animal remains with which they are found. These things are so blended and intermixed with extraneous matter, that men of ordinary intelligence are bewildered by a multitude of arguments which they cannot reduce to an exact shape; but there is left on their minds a vague impression that the hypothesis, about which *les savants* write with great elaboration and confidence must have some claim to be regarded as scientific. We aim to disentangle the subject from some of its accidents; and to point out the means whereby they who have not much time to devote to geological pursuits may test those views of the antiquity of man of which M. Boucher de Perthes was the most influential, and Sir Charles Lyell is the most distinguished, advocate.

The argument in their favour rests on the principle defined by Paley:—"There cannot be design without a designer, contrivance without a contriver, arrangement without anything capable of arranging, subserviency in relation to a purpose without that which could intend a purpose." There are those who can find no satisfactory proof of design in a tree, or a horse, or the human hand, or the solar system. The authors we are commenting on are not thus unreasonable, but are thoroughly and rightly convinced by a carefully

chipped flint. Most heartily do we agree in their rule of judgment, namely, that design proves a designer; but their application of the rule is open to very grave suspicion. Their logic is good, but their premises are carious. They assume an origin for palæolithic objects, and an antiquity for drift and animal remains, which they do not establish by evidence. They assume that the rude flints they exhibit are works of art, that they belong to old gravel drift, that such drift is of remote antiquity, and that bones found with the flints belong to pre-historic times: all which positions are open to very serious doubt. If it can be shown that each of the bases on which the palæolithic hypothesis is built is sandy, that hypothesis may be an amusing speculation, a dream of fanaticism, but ought not to be obtruded within the sacred limits of science. But few are the demonstrable verities which man, in this imperfect state, can reach. He cannot afford to have them confounded with the ever-shifting day-dreams of imagination.

Flints! These, as we have seen, are distributed into two classes, the older and the newer; the former being rude in structure, the latter elaborately wrought; the rude having, it is supposed, gradually given place to better implements. We enter into no controversy about the origin of those rightly called neolithic, which are found in many parts of the world, and are, beyond all question, works of art. There is no large town in England in which some of these interesting relics may not be seen; relics, so obviously fashioned by design, that they carry their own indisputable evidence with them to every beholder: and pleasant it is to know that inquisitive men in all nations carefully preserve them. Our inquiry, which will embrace the *date* of the neolithic, relates first to the palæolithic flints; and of these, the valley of the Somme, in Picardy, is the museum to which geologists point with the greatest confidence.

M. Boucher de Perthes began, when a young man, to observe the gravel cuttings of his neighbourhood, and thought that some of the flints there disinterred showed signs of manufacture. He pursued his investigations for a long time, and in the year 1846, published a volume descriptive of his discoveries and opinions, which was followed, in 1857, by a second, and in 1864, by a third. For years after the publication of his first volume, his views found acceptance with very few, and by the many he "was looked upon as an enthusiast, almost as a madman." The flints engraved in the plates of his first volume, showed no signs of art, but

were such chips as may be picked up in abundance wherever flints are common. The same remark applies to the flints pictured in his second and third volumes; the three containing a hundred and eighteen plates, and two thousand two hundred and four figures, and affording a marvellous example of credulity. The general impression among English geologists we believe is, that M. Boucher de Perthes was, in his favourite pursuit, a visionary; for he believed, not only that the chips of flints he collected and exhibited showed traces of design, but that the *lusus naturæ* which he found—that is, rude resemblances of animals, or parts of animals—were the fruits of design also; and that from them, there might be obtained a very considerable augmentation of our knowledge of the natural history of bygone ages. Dr. Johnson is said to have had much respect for a good hater, and we confess to a like feeling toward a downright theorist. It is true that the theory in question will not harmonise with common sense, but, inasmuch as man must give an opiate to that faculty on entering the palæolithic region, why should he be required to wake it up again on reaching the richest treasures of that region? M. Boucher de Perthes acknowledged that he made but few converts to his finest speculations; but we commend to the attention of Sir Charles Lyell and his disciples the bright and confident hope the Frenchman entertained that their blindness was but temporary. We must have a little patience, he suggested, and everybody would see plainly that the stone figures represented the fauna of ancient times.\* Thus far this most zealous archæologist was right, that if the palæolithic *haches* are to be credited, much more are the palæolithic fauna: *quod absurdum est*. M. Boucher de Perthes, who certainly would be rejected with a smile of derision as an authority respecting the *lusus naturæ*, has, however, fully succeeded in inoculating many Englishmen with the palæolithic mania. We strongly advise the reader who may have caught the infection, to examine the three French volumes, or, at least, the last of them; and, unless we are greatly mistaken, he will in future talk about the palæolithic age with bated breath.

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\* "Je m'en suis peu préoccupé, ce n'était que chose remise: on finit toujours par croire à ce qui est vrai. Un peu de patience, et arrive le jour où l'on ouvre les yeux, et tout le monde y voit clair." . . . "Ce sont ces figures et ces signes qui furent la première langue écrite, langue encore vivante, langue la mère de toutes les autres, et aujourd'hui dédaignée de tous parcequ'elle est la plus simple, enfin la langue des *rébus*, principe des hiéroglyphes et tous les alphabets."—*Ant. Celt.*, Vol. III. p. 480.

Among the English names best known in connexion with stone implements is that of Mr. John Evans, whose opinions may be seen in the *Athenæum*, in *Archæologia*, and elsewhere, and whose forthcoming work—the expansion, we believe, of a lecture delivered lately before the Antiquarian Society in London—will be eagerly looked for by many.\* Not very long ago, he presented a collection of seventeen flints to the Antiquarian Society of Cambridge, and they are open to public inspection in the Sculpture Room of the Fitzwilliam Museum in that town. It is impossible, by verbal description, to give an adequate idea of the sort of evidence which M. Boucher de Perthes and his disciples admit, and we have, therefore, by the kind permission of the secretary, had photographed of the natural size, and afterwards lithographed at a reduction of about one-third, as many of these seventeen specimens as the page will hold. There is no more proof of art in any of the seventeen than in those given.

We point, then, to the three volumes of *Antiquités Celtiques et Antédiluviennes*—the exposition of the valley of the Somme to which all later writers refer—we point also to Mr. Evans's specimens, and assert unhesitatingly that pecks of such fragments, the result of natural fracture, may be gleaned in any flinty region; nor is it credible that savages, though in many respects very stolid, were so stupid as to spend labour in making stone chips, when they could pick up almost anywhere better implements ready made; and, finally, we infer that, if antiquaries find it necessary to ply us with such evidence as has been described, the palæolithic age of man is a fable not cunningly devised. Confidently and earnestly we ask our readers whether they are prepared to be disciples in a school which teaches them to discard history, and accept as one of the main foundations of their faith such pieces of flint as our plate exhibits.

In the *Popular Science Review* for April 1867 and January 1869, there are two excellent articles on flints, by Spencer Bate Esq., F.R.S., and N. Whitley, Esq., C.E., the first being "An Attempt to approximate the Date of the Flint Flakes of Devon and Cornwall," where such flakes are abundant. They are found with pottery, bones of sheep, &c. Mr. Bate's conclusion is this: "I contend there is no evidence to show that the flint flakes which we found scattered over the surface of

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\* "Mais ces sont les Géologues Anglais en tête desquels il faut placer d'abord MM. Prestwich et Evans . . . qui . . . ont fini par élever à la dignité de fait scientifique la découverte de M. Boucher de Perthes."



Devon and Cornwall may not have been coeval with the history of the period that immediately preceded the introduction of Roman civilisation into this country." Mr. Whitley's inquiry was much more extensive. He found flint flakes wherever the chalk is, and in other places to which they had been drifted, their abundance being so great that a man may soon find more than he can carry; so great, that about half a ton weight was collected in less than an hour. Indeed, he found whole strata of these "flint implements." His exposure of the "palæolithic" theory is crushing, and his facts more than justify his conclusion. "From an extensive examination of the flakes themselves, and of their geological position, from Cornwall to Norfolk, in Belgium, and in France, I have obtained sufficient evidence to compel me to adopt the contrary opinion" to that of Lyell, Evans, and Lubbock. "They"—the flints—"bear no indications of design, nor any evidence of use."

Mr. Whitley gives us a far better explanation of the valley of the Somme and its neighbourhood than is to be found in the works of the last named authors.

"In Northern France there is a large development of chalk, forming the geological rim of the Paris basin; I surveyed it from north to south during the past summer. From the watershed which passes from near Boulogne to St. Pol and Bapaume, and thence further eastward, I found that angular flint gravel had been washed down the slopes on the northward over Belgium, and through the valleys of the Somme and the Oise on the south. Much of the high land was coated with loess, but where the winter torrents have exposed a section, the shattered flints were abundantly disclosed. At Spiennes, three miles south-east from Mons, where 400 'flint implements' were discovered, I found the flakes large, thin, and broad, in a stratum six inches thick and two feet under the surface of the soil; I traced them for half a mile along a sloping cliff formed in a gorge of the river, and the soil around teemed with similar forms."

Believing, with Mr. Whitley, that the now famous palæoliths of Picardy are not implements, but merely pieces of flint which scientific fancy has falsely construed, we nevertheless find it requisite to direct further attention to that region, because of the appeals which are still continually and confidently made to it by geological antiquaries. It may be well to describe the processes of exploration, which have been very curious. M. Boucher de Perthes tells us, in his second volume, that he had often searched long and laboriously without finding a single specimen, where afterwards he obtained specimens by hundreds. With exquisite simplicity,

he goes on to say, that the works of art must have been seen by him before his eyes had been trained to discern them; and that afterwards, when his vision had been cultured, they fell at his feet as the workman wielded his pickaxe, to the great joy of both:—of the workman, *as he received the promised piece of silver*; and of himself, as he bore away his treasure.\* In the year 1853, Dr. Rigollot, who had been sceptical, examined the collection of M. Boucher de Perthes; and, on returning home, searched the valley near Amiens where he lived, and “immediately found abundance of similar flint implements, precisely the same in the rudeness of their make.” Six years afterwards two English geologists, Mr. Joseph Prestwich and Mr. John Evans, went to the valley of the Somme, and, in company with M. Boucher de Perthes, to whom they revealed their doubts about his discoveries, searched the gravel drift of Abbeville and Amiens, and obtained *from the workmen* many specimens, but were not fortunate enough to find one themselves. When they had left, and had gone a few miles, a message followed them to the effect that a *hache* had been discovered, and left undisturbed for their inspection. On retracing their steps, they had the great pleasure of seeing it *in situ* seventeen feet from the surface; and they photographed it as it lay thus embedded. This discovery marks the boundary line between scepticism and faith. Messrs. Prestwich and Evans saw, and believed; and a host of geologists, receiving their report, believed also.† During the same year, Sir Charles Lyell visited the spot, and obtained seventy flint tools, *one* of which was taken out while he was present. Since 1860, Sir J. Lubbock has been there several times, and examined all the principal pits, and never met with a perfect hatchet; but “found two implements which were quite unmistakable, though rude and fragmentary.”‡ To these zealous men it was matter of surprise, and of disappointment, that, though the gravel teemed with *haches*, and contained bones of various animals, no human bones were found; but, on the 28th of March, 1863, M. Boucher de Perthes, having been informed

\* *Ant. Cel. et Ant.*, Vol. II. p. 4.

† Mr. Prestwich had been urged thoroughly to explore the valley of the Somme. “This he accordingly accomplished, in company with Mr. Evans, of the Society of Antiquarians, and, before his return that same year, succeeded in dissipating all doubts from the minds of his geological friends by extracting with his own hands, from a bed of undisturbed gravel, at St. Acheul, a well-shaped flint hatchet.”—*Ant. of Man*, p. 102.

‡ Lubbock, p. 333.

by one of the workmen that a piece of bone was to be seen in the gravel at the depth of about fifteen feet, hastened to the spot, with great care disinterred it, and found it to be about half of a human jaw-bone. The discovery filled him with rapture; and the news flew through Europe. Addressing, in the following July, members of *La Société d'Emulation*, he said:—

“A series of circumstances combined to dispel all doubt. Everyone congratulated me; you, gentlemen, were not the last to do so; and these congratulations were sweet. Yes! my joy was great, and increased when many illustrious men of science, archæologists, geologists, anthropologists, whose practical acquaintance with these matters could not be disputed, came to Abbeville, and fully confirmed your opinion after prolonged examination.”—*Ant. Cel. et Ant.*, Vol. II. p. 128.

“Vanity of vanities, and vexation of spirit!” The triumphant joy of M. Boucher de Perthes was rudely disturbed by the reviving scepticism of Englishmen. The jaw-bone, which was to confound all gainsayers, became the signal of a new conflict.\* Rumours became very prevalent that the workmen of Picardy had manufactured *haches*, and placed both them and the jaw-bone in the gravel, that the sages might find them. This was perplexing, and annoying; for the trumpets announcing the discoveries of that district had been blown very loudly, and in many lands; as examples of which, it is sufficient to say that Sir C. Lyell, at a meeting of which Prince Albert was president, spoke confidently of the flints; and that, in the French translation of his *Antiquity of Man*, a note was inserted by the translator, describing the all-convincing evidence of the theory about the flints—*démonstration victorieuse*—supplied by the jaw-bone. To put an end to the doubts that had been raised, it was agreed, by palæologists of France and of this country, that some one not ignorant of practical geology should be sent from England to untie the gordian knot. A most suitable agent was found in Mr. Keeping, who is now curator of the Woodwardian Museum, Cambridge, and to whose thorough honesty M. Boucher de Perthes bears the most decided testimony. Two workmen were placed at his disposal; he remained on the spot eight days, and did not himself find a single implement; but seven were brought to his view by his two assistants, and so as to convince him that, in the same manner, any number might be procured; for though they came out of the gravel beds, he found on trial that the gravel where

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\* *Ibid*, p. 121.

they had been buried was loose, as compared with the compact masses around. In short, the experiment convinced him that the workmen were not unaccustomed to manufacture the implements, and hide them cleverly. It has also been ascertained, that the piece of the human jaw had probably been obtained from a place in the neighbourhood where two skeletons were found in 1862, and inserted in the gravel just before M. Boucher de Perthes was summoned to see it.\* From the whole, we infer that rude flints similar to those in our plate may be found in the valley of the Somme, or in any other mass of gravel, in great abundance; that it is doubtful whether a single unquestionable specimen of ancient human workmanship has been discovered in the gravel of that valley; and that the theories which Lyell and Lubbock have deduced from the flint phenomena of that valley rest mainly, if not solely, on the ingenious frauds of the workmen.

In a letter to Dr. Falconer, dated April 26, 1863, M. Boucher de Perthes contends stoutly against the supposition that the French workmen would try to deceive, and yet more stoutly against the absurd supposition of their being able to outwit illustrious and learned men, the *élites* of France and England; and, toward the end of his letter, he adduces evidence in support of his opinions of the most decisive kind. A number of *savants* assembled; the piece of the jaw was produced, and the spirit of the man to whom it had belonged was summoned. Though M. Boucher de Perthes, in one of his works, had ridiculed spiritualism, he was gratified by observing that the summoned spirit manifested no animosity against him. The geological investigation which followed is far too good to be omitted.

"M. de L.—asked if the spirit of the man to whom belonged, when living, the jaw-bone deposited in the museum and found at Abbeville, could come. *Answer*: I am he.—Will you tell your name? *Yoé*.—Were you the victim of the great cataclysm? Yes.—Was the inundation of salt water? Yes.—Did it come from the North? Yes.—Were

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\* The bone was found March 28th, 1863. In the following month, several eminent geologists repaired to the spot—Moulin Quignon—"and saw many flint hatchets dug out in their presence from the black seam by a body of sixteen workmen. . . . Subsequent observations by Mr. Evans, and others by Mr. Keeping establish beyond a doubt the important fact, that some of the workmen were in the habit of forging and burying flint tools. . . . I feel no confidence that I might not have been myself deceived, had I been present in April, when so many flint tools of 'the new type' were dug out. . . . I cannot feel satisfied as to the authenticity of the Moulin Quignon jaw."—*Antiquity of Man*. Appendix B, p. 515.

you the chief of the tribe? No.—A wise man? Yes.—Had you a language? Yes.—Was it by signs or words? By words.

"Has your race disappeared from the earth? Yes.—Who are they who resemble it most? Those of the North.—The Lapps? Yes.—Were they herbivorous? Herbivorous and carnivorous.—How long had your race inhabited the country at the time of the cataclysm? About two thousand years.—How long is it since that? Nearly twenty thousand years.

What have I in my hand? A fragment of an arm in stone or flint.—Were there many men engulfed with you? Yes.—Are there many human remains in the place where these flints were found? No, few.—Did the bit of jaw that was found belong to you? Yes.—Will the upper part of the jaw be found? Yes.—Adhering to the skull? No.—Can you tell us where it will be found? At the time of the inundation the waters of the sea carried away with them enormous stones, which broke everything; one of these crushed my head; the pieces were separated and carried away by the water; some will be found at a few mètres distant.—How many mètres? A hundred.—In what direction? The answer, very decided: *To the north-east*; and when he was made to repeat it, *I say it, for the last time.*

"Can you say where your skull or other skulls may be found? In searching the ground about the pits already opened.—At what distance? Almost thirty mètres from the spot where my lower jaw was found.—Are there any other fossil bones of men at Moulin Quignon? Yes.—And at Amiens? A few.—At how many mètres of depth? Eight to ten.—Are there any near Paris? Near Paris, fossil bones cannot be found, because at that epoch it was still under water. You must search a district older than Paris. You are in a good centre for your excavations.—Were you taller or shorter than we are? We were about 1 mètre 60.—Was the cerebral system more developed among you? No.—Were you more intelligent? No, less intelligent.—Were there many races of men? Yes.

"Were there lions? Neither tigers nor lions, but elephants.

"Second Séance.

"In what part of Paris can the bones of antediluvian animals be found? (*See the map at Montrouge. In drawing a pencil over the map, he stopped where two roads crossed, near Montrouge.*)

Did your race belong to the Etruscan or Indian races? No, to the American.—Had you any knowledge of metals? No; we only knew stone, rude, not polished.—Were you strong? No.—Cannibals? Yes; we ate animals also.—Why have so many hatchets been found at Saint Acheul? (The spirit of Yoé is gone without answering.)

"George Cuvier is then summoned.

"Questions put by Professor Z—.

"Were you mistaken in saying that man came only at a very recent period? Yes.—How is it possible to know the race of men buried at Amiens and Abbeville? You must be skilful and fortunate in your

researches, and when you have some materials which will put you in the right road, you will be no more able to doubt of that which has been regarded as an error of belief. The things found (*trouvailles*) will be the best information to aid you in these researches.—Can you, by the aid of *Yoé*, facilitate our researches? You know that we are not always permitted to guide man in what he does; we may sometimes inspire him, and then, with our counsels, which he follows, he succeeds. However, as that is not always possible, man must search. Often he finds, and then, at least, he has all the merit of his work.

"The clear and precise answers of *George Cuvier* astonished all the auditory of *savants*, who, in a body, voted him their thanks. To shorten the length of the replies by the letters of the alphabet, two mediums had used the pencil. Their absent manner, occupied with other things, while writing with the rapidity of stenography, did not permit a doubt that the spirit of the great naturalist guided their hands, and that they acted only mechanically. Many words recalled the writing of the illustrious *savant*."—*Ant. Cel. et Ant.*, Vol. III. p. 664, &c.

M. Boucher de Perthes does not fail to inform Dr. Falconer of the conclusive evidence of the truthfulness of *Yoé*.

"I assure you that the defunct fossil declared last Thursday that it had been ground between two stones, and on the very same day the workmen found in the chalk, and at least a *mètre* from the place where the jaw-bone was discovered, two large stones, under one of which were two *haches*, one of them broken, which had, perhaps, belonged to the poor dead man."—*Ant. Cel. et Ant.*, Vol. III. p. 664.

The flints of our plate, the jaw-bone, and *Yoé* will not, it is hoped, disincite our readers to pursue the inquiry about "pre-historic times," and "the antiquity of man."

The first question then, when flints are brought into court as evidence of "the antiquity of man," is, whether they were—not may have been, but certainly were—manufactured; the second, whether they are forgeries. If it be certain that they were manufactured, and are not forgeries, still there remains to be settled the question of their age, as determined by the position in which they were found, and by the animal remains embedded with them: to which question we now address ourselves.

Let it be supposed that some flints are produced which are certainly old, and wrought. Were they found in peat—we have to inquire whether the peat is older than history. Were they found with bones in caves—we have to inquire whether the bones belong to "pre-historic times;" and if they do, whether they were buried in "pre-historic times." Were the



flints found in beds of gravel—we have to inquire whether those deposits of gravel are older than history.

Referring to peat in Denmark, containing buried trees and human remains, Sir C. Lyell says:—"The minimum of time required for the formation of so much peat must, according to the estimate of Steenstrup and other good authorities, have amounted to at least 4,000 years; and there is nothing in the observed rate of the growth of peat opposed to the conclusion that the number of centuries may have been four times as great." To multiply the 4,000 by 4 seems rather bold. We commend this example to all who are in perplexity about dates. Multiply or divide by four, or some other number, and the work is done. In a later page, this antiquary of antiquaries gives us more definite calculations. "M. Boucher de Perthes observed several large flat dishes of Roman pottery lying in horizontal position in the peat, the shape of which must have prevented them from sinking or penetrating through the underlying peat. Allowing about fourteen centuries for the growth of the superincumbent vegetable matter, he calculated that the thickness gained in a hundred years would be no more than three French centimètres."\* This is equivalent to a growth of one foot of solid peat in a thousand years; so that if we were to reckon twenty thousand years for the thirty feet of peat now found in parts of the valley, we should be below the estimate. Sir C. Lyell is compelled to hesitate before adopting this calculation "as a chronometric scale;" but as he introduced it into the first edition of his *Antiquity of Man*, and has retained it in the third—all three were published in the same year—he is certainly answerable for laying it before the public as a measure of time worthy of notice. Unquestionably, if admissible, it affords conclusive evidence of the existence of man in "pre-historic times." Now peat is not very uncommon, and from hundreds of competent observers might there have been obtained knowledge, in substitution for the wildest guesses. Information about peat is far more accessible than about kitchen-middens or lake-dwellings. Of course the growth will vary according to the position in relation to the sun, according to the drainage, and various other circumstances; but, for our purpose, it will be quite sufficient to give an extract from the *Philosophical Transactions*, No. 330, the writer being George, Earl of Cromartie:—

"In the year 1651, I being then nineteen years old, and occasionally in the parish of Lochbrun, passing from a place called Achadis-

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\* *Ant. of Man*, pp. 16, 110.

cald to Gonnazd, I went by a very high hill, which rose in a constant acclivity from the sea; only in less than half a mile up from the sea, there is a plain about half a mile round, and from thence the hill rises in a constant steepness for more than a mile in ascent. This little plain was, at that time, all covered over with a firm standing wood; which was so very old, that not only the trees had no green leaves, but the bark was quite thrown off; which the old countrymen, who were with me, said was the universal manner in which fir woods terminated; and that, in twenty or thirty years after, the trees would commonly cast themselves up from the roots, and so lie in heaps, till the people would cut, and carry them away. They likewise showed me that the outside of these standing white trees, and for an inch deep, was dead white wood; but what was within that, was good solid timber even to the very pith, and as full of rosin as it could stand in the wood.

"About fifteen years after, I had occasion to come the same way, and calling to mind the old woods which I had seen, observed there was not so much as a tree, or appearance of the root of any; but instead of them, the whole bounds, where the wood had stood, was all over a flat green ground, covered with a plain green moss. I asked the people what became of the wood, and who had carried it away. They told me that nobody was at the pains to carry it away; but that it being all overturned from the roots by the winds, the trees lay so thick and swerving over one another, that the green moss, or bog, had overgrown the whole timber; which, they said, was occasioned by the moisture that came down from the high hill above it, and stagnated on that plain; and they said none could pass over it, because the scurf of the bog would not support them. I would needs try it, and accordingly I fell in to the arm-pits, but was immediately pulled up by them. Before the year 1699, that whole piece of ground was turned into a common moss, where the country people are digging turf and peats, and still continue to do so. The peats were not of the best, being soft and spongy, but become better and better; and I am informed it now affords good peats. This matter of fact shows both the generation of mosses, and whence it is that many of them are furnished with such timber."\*

It will scarcely be a digression, if we notice, in passing, another example of the great facility with which our authors construct very long measures of time. Sir Charles Lyell, and his copyist Sir John Lubbock, lay great stress on the supposed antiquity of certain deposits at the mouths of rivers. As a specimen of their conjectures, we may briefly examine their Nilometer.

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\* A very interesting paper might be produced, by collecting the curious evidence supplied by ancient historians, of the extent to which the Romans in England, Edward I. in Wales, and Henry II. in Ireland, cut down woods in order to dispossess the natives of their strongholds. Much of the bog timber that has puzzled antiquaries, would certainly be thus completely explained.

Nearly twenty years ago, at the suggestion of Leonard Horner, Esq., Vice-President of the Royal Society, and by the zealous and generous co-operation of the Pacha of Egypt, seventy-eight borings were made in the Nile valley, a short distance above the Delta. Accepting—inconsistently enough on the part of Sir C. Lyell—the chronology of Manetho, as interpreted by Lepsius, and assuming that the increment of the Nile mud has been at the rate of from  $\frac{1}{16}$  to  $\frac{1}{8}$  of an inch yearly, our calculators reach the conclusion that a brick met with at the depth of sixty feet may be 12,000 years old, and another work of art found at the depth of seventy-two feet may have “been buried more than 30,000 years ago.” The calculation, it will be perceived, assumes that the soil of the valley has been deposited by the river, that the supply of mud by the river has never been greater than now, and that its accretion has been slow and uniform; all which points, instead of being plain and certain as the date of Solomon’s Temple, are dubious as the dynasties of Manetho interpreted by Lepsius. Mr. Lyell would perhaps admit, that there was a time when the Nile first began to flow, that the mud then swept onward in its course may have been immensely greater in amount than at present; for now “the fertilising effect of the inundation is exhausted, or nearly so.”\* Curious evidence of the power of a new water-flow to create a deposit rapidly might be given from many a page of Sir C. Lyell’s works, but an example derived from another source may be preferable.

“A portion of the channel of the Ouse, containing 800 acres, which was deserted by the Eau Brink Cut, has been warped up by the course of nature alone, twenty-five feet in five or six years; and the whole 800 acres is now under cultivation, and worth from £30 to £70 an acre; 1,300 acres were embanked from the Nene Wash eight years since, and let for nearly £2 an acre. Since that period the warping of the remainder, containing between four and five thousand acres, has been very rapid; amounting to, in parts, fourteen feet perpendicular by the mere operations of nature alone.”†

If then, it were conceded, that the entire depth of the Nile valley is to be attributed to the river, we have really no measure of its increment; for it may have amounted to fifty feet in the first century: but, besides this element of uncertainty, the whole theory of the formation of the sediment

\* *Phil. Transactions*, vol. cxlv. p. 108.

† Admiralty Inquiry into the Norfolk Estuary Bill. First Report by Sir John Rennie. Date July 1, 1839.

is open to question. To the east and west of Egypt lie the greatest sandy regions of the world; admitted to be the remains of an ocean which, at a time geologically recent, rolled over them. It must have rolled over Egypt too; and its residuum, we submit, is the substance of the soil of Egypt, which is called loess of the Nile, it consists of the pre-existing sand, with subsequent accumulations by the wind, drenched century after century by the waters of the overflowing river; which, as they have trickled down into the sand, have borne down with them fine mud held in solution, and so have changed the sand into loess. If the river by its annual inundation had formed the valley, there would have been stratification, at least lamination; whereas, in none of the excavations were even laminæ met with, in a single case.\* The borings, which were generally stopped by water at the depth of from ten to nineteen feet, brought up not a single trace of an extinct organic body, and but few organic remains of any kind; those few consisting of recent land and river shells, and bones of domestic animals. The borings brought up also fragments of burnt brick, and of pottery both coarse and ornamented. Suppose seven thousand years to have elapsed since the sea rolled over Arabia, Egypt, and the Libyan desert, since, therefore, the Nile began to flow through Lower Egypt, and we believe that all its phenomena as at present known are accounted for.

The reader may remember Mr. Oldbuck, the Laird of Monkbarns, and his purchase at a very high price of a piece of ground, because he imagined it to be the scene of that final struggle between Agricola and the Britons which the eloquence of Tacitus has rendered for ever famous. The old Laird waxed warm, as he described his good fortune to his companion Lovel. "Yes, my good friend, I am indeed greatly deceived if this place does not correspond with all the marks of that celebrated place of action. It was near to the Grampian mountains,—lo! yonder they are, mixing and contending with the sky on the skirts of the horizon!—it was *in conspectu classis*, in sight of the Roman fleet; and would any admiral, Roman or British, wish a fairer bay to ride in than that on your right hand?" . . . "I even brought my mind to give acre for acre of my good corn-land for this barren spot. But then it was a national concern, and when the scene of so cele-

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\* "Instances of lamination, and alternations of clay and sand, such as those met with by Captain Newbold, are not unfrequently met with in the banks of the river, and at the entrance of canals; but they are local occurrences caused by the eddies and currents."—*Phil. Trans.* vol. cxlviii. p. 67.

brated an event became my own, I was overpaid. Whose patriotism would not grow warmer, as old Johnson says, on the plains of Marathon? I began to trench the ground, to see what might be discovered, and on the third day, sir, we found a stone, which I have transported to Monk-barns, in order to have the sculpture taken off with plaster of Paris; it bears a sacrificing vessel, and the letters A. D. L. L. which may stand, without much violence, for *Agricola Dicavit Libens Lubens*." Edie, the mendicant, joined the two friends, and rudely disturbed the palæologist. "If ye dig up the mound as ye seem to have begun, ye'll find it, if ye hae not fund it already, a stane that ane o' the mason-callants cut a ladle on to have a laugh at the bridegroom, and he put four letters on't, that's A. D. L. L.,—Aiken Drum's Lang Ladle—for Aiken was ane o' the broth-spooners o' Fife."\*

The peat calendar and Nilometer of the Perthes and Lyell school are fair specimens of the chronometric scale by which, in that school, all things are measured. Hence we are told of a glacial epoch 900,000 years ago; of the palæolithic period as being from 100,000 to 240,000 years remote—a conveniently wide margin—of the submergence and re-elevation of Wales in 224,000 years; of mammalia which may have co-existed, or been separated from each other by a thousand centuries; of human bones in a calcareous conglomerate 10,000 years old; of an American skeleton 50,000 years old; and the formation of the Wealden valley in four million years. These gentlemen construct for themselves spectacles which act as a very powerful telescope inverted, walk about the world with those spectacles always before their eyes, and flatter themselves that their vision is of rare excellence.†

We have next to refer to the animals of the palæolithic age. "Among the genera of extinct quadrupeds most frequently met with in England and other parts of Europe are *Elephas*, *Rhinoceros*, *Hippopotamus*, *Equus*, *Megaceros*, *Ursus*, *Felis*, and *Hyæna*."‡ As the sacrificing vessel of the first century shrunk into Aiken Drum's Lang Ladle, and Sir C. Lyell's twenty thousand years' growth of peat was probably the production of a few centuries, so, we suspect, the tale about extinct animals will, on nearer inspection, grow "fine by degrees, and beautifully less." All persons moderately conversant with the writings of geologists of the Monk-barns' type, know that this is one of their strongest points, especially

\* *Antiquary*, ch. iv.

† Lubbock, pp. 402, 4, 8, 9. Lyell, pp. 44, 366.

‡ *Lyell's Elements*, p. 105. Sixth Edition, 1855.

if made to bristle with Latin names. When told that traces of man have been discovered with the bones of *Rhinoceros leptorhinus* and *Gulo luscus*, and other mammals endowed with names equally formidable, we are ready to conclude that we are certainly amidst pre-Adamite monsters, and that the "pre-historic times" are revealed; times humiliating to human pride in their character, but sublime in their remoteness and duration. "A period of ten thousand years, long as it may appear to us, is very little from a geological point of view; and we can . . . understand how the remains of the hippopotamus and the musk-ox come to be found together in England and France. The very same conditions which fitted our valleys for the one, would at an interval of ten thousand years render them suitable for the other."\*

Sir John Lubbock gives us a list of seventeen "species of mammalia" included in the fauna of Northern Europe during the palæolithic period, "which have either become entirely extinct, or very much restricted in their geographical distribution since the appearance of man in Europe":—

"*Ursus spelæus* (the cave-bear); *U. priscus*; *Hyæna spelæa* (the cave-hyæna); *Felis spelæa* (the cave-lion); *Elephas primigenius* (the mammoth); *E. antiquus*; *Rhinoceros tichorhinus* (the hairy rhinoceros); *R. leptorhinus*, Cuv.; *R. hemitæchus*; *Hippopotamus major* (the hippopotamus); *Ovibos moschatus* (the musk-ox); *Megaceros Hibernicus* (the Irish elk); *E. fossilis* (the wild-horse); *Gulo luscus* (the glutton); *Cervus tarandus* (the reindeer); *Bison Europæus* (the aurochs); *Bos primigenius* (the urus)."

Anatomists have succeeded admirably in determining the class of animals to which bones found among the rocks belonged; but to distinguish species by fossil remains, and above all to establish the former existence of species now extinct by such remains, is a task very delicate, difficult, and dubious; witness the minute and elaborate description, extending to 120 pages, of *Felis spelæa*, by the Messrs. Filhol, in the last numbers (1870) of *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*.† For some time past the confidence of antiquarians about extinct animals has been loosening. By far the greater part of those in the above list are to be found alive now, and their

\* Lubbock, p. 406.

† The opinion has gained ground in England that the *Felis spelæa* differed from ordinary lions only as a man of six feet two differs from a man of five feet five. The Messrs. Filhol are at vast pains to combat this notion, and thus report their conclusion:—"Nous pensons, qu'il n'y a pas lieu de confondre le *Felis spelæa* avec le Lion actuel, et qu'il y a lieu de le considérer comme une espèce distincte, sous le nom de *Leo spelæus*."



bones have no more relation to "pre-historic times" than have human bones dug from a *tumulus* or a churchyard. Sir John Lubbock himself states that "the Irish elk, the elephants, and the three species of rhinoceros, are perhaps the only ones which are absolutely extinct;" so that on his own showing eleven out of the seventeen palæolithic fauna may be roaming on the earth at this day. When, therefore, the reader next meets with a description of a mysterious cave containing chipped flints with *Equus fossilis* and *Bos primigenius*, let him remember that the former is the wild horse and the latter the wild bull; let him remember also that A.D.L.L. does not necessarily mean *Agricola dicavit libens lubens*.

In the year 1852 a labourer, named Bonnemaïson, putting his arm down a rabbit-hole, discovered a cave at Aurignac (Haute Garonne). According to his own account there was a stone, on removing which he found an opening filled with human bones; among them two or three skulls, which latter, however, were not afterwards seen. The news spread. The people of the neighbourhood imagined the cave to be a hole in which some false coiners, who were there years before, had buried victims they had murdered. Eight years afterwards M. Lartet visited the spot, and carefully investigated the inside and outside of the cave. His exploration yielded bones of *Ursus spelæus*, *Elephas*, fox, wolf, hog, field-mouse, hare, &c.; and by the entrance to the cave there was a considerable space covered with ashes thought to be the remains of fires kindled by savages who met there to bury their dead and keep their funereal feasts. The supposed tomb was not large enough for corpses to be laid at length, and he judged therefore that they were buried in the posture which belongs to the foetal human being. A pictorial description of the cave is given, which has the appearance of a tomb, with a capital artificial stone concave roof, and skeletons in a sitting posture on the floor. Assuming the correctness of the report, it seems to be quite easy of explanation. The field-mouse and the fox—the bones of which were very numerous—bespeak a comparatively modern date. In a time of barbarism like that of England in the days of Julius Cæsar, hunters assembled there to eat, to make flint implements, and perhaps to bury their dead; but, under the magic touch of Sir Charles Lyell's genius, what wonders does not this cave disclose? He has devoted twelve pages to an exposition of the grotto as a proof of the antiquity of man. Nowhere in his voluminous writings do we remember such indications of the poetic gift as in these pages. He tells us of "the massive stone portal" of the

cave, and treats us to four verses of a hymn, expressing the belief which the savages may be supposed to have had in a future state of existence, these being the first two :—

“ Here bring the last gifts ; and with these  
The last lament be said ;  
Let all that pleased, and yet may please,  
Be buried with the dead.

“ Beneath his head the hatchet hide  
That he so stoutly swung ;  
And place the bear's fat haunch beside—  
The journey hence is long.”

And triumphantly he adds, “ We have at last succeeded in tracing back the sacred rites of burial ; and, more interesting still, a belief in a future state, to times long anterior to those of history and tradition.” Let no one say geologists have not faith. Now, what are the facts ? A great number of fragments of pottery have been found ; the pictured arch was imagination ; when asked for “ the massive stone portal,” Bonnemaison said he had broken it up to mend the roads, though, according to his account, it should have been at least nine feet long and seven feet high ; and when inquiry was made for the place in the burying-ground where the bones had been reburied, neither he nor the sexton could give any clue to the spot, “ so that this rich harvest of ethnological knowledge seems for ever lost to the antiquary and geologist.” What is the conclusion of the whole matter ? What would be the decision of a judge and jury ? Clearly, that some shrewd and wicked men have most successfully imposed on the credulous. The complete solution of the enigma is not yet known, perhaps never will be. The simplest explanation would be, collusion between Bonnemaison and the sexton, the latter furnishing the former with the bones ; and such probably is the apex on which Sir Charles Lyell's inverted pyramid rests. He has mistaken the hurdy-gurdy of Bonnemaison for spirit voices of the age of Yöé.\*

The more this question about extinct mammals is mooted, the sooner will the fictions concerning them be exploded. We have seen that Sir John Lubbock admits that eleven out of the seventeen comprised in his list are probably still in existence. Therefore, the finding of their bones in caves

\* *Ant. of Man*, p. 181. Letter of Mr. W. Boyd Dawkins, in *Nature*, July 13, 1871. *Natural History Review* for January 1862.

with traces of man, is in itself no proof whatever of man's antiquity. Whether some of the remaining six species are not living now, is very doubtful; much more is it doubtful whether they were not living fifteen hundred years ago. What geologists of the Monkbarns school have to show is, not that they are extinct now—that is nothing to the purpose—but that they have not lived within the last seven thousand years, of which we venture to think there is, in respect of the Irish elk, the *Elephas antiquus*, the *Rhinoceros leptorhinus* and *hemitechus*, no proof; and perhaps the *Rhinoceros tichorhinus* might be included; so that, of the seventeen selected examples, there are but at most two, which any man has the right to affirm belong to "pre-historic times;" for their remains are found with pottery under them, and mixed up with the remains of all the other living species, such as the red-deer, roe, wild-cat, wild-boar, wolf, fox, weasel, beaver, hare, rabbit, hedgehog, mole, and mouse. The contents of the caves, varying greatly, show indisputably the contemporaneousness of almost all the animals in Mr. Lubbock's list with the wolf, and the fox, and the mouse, and with the traces of partially civilised man. "The present evidence," as Professor Owen says, "does not necessitate the carrying back of the date of man in past time, so much as bringing the extinct postglacial animals towards our own time."\*

If there be any exceptions, they are found in the mammoth, and perhaps *Rhinoceros tichorhinus*; and as the former is the very strongest case in point, we limit our observations to it. That parts of this huge animal are found scattered over Europe, and that they have often been discovered in caves and elsewhere with unquestionable traces of man and his works, we admit most unreservedly. The mammoth had its home in the extreme north, where its remains are still found in indescribable abundance. By the cause—whatever it were—which carried the drift in great amount and variety from the arctic regions far southward, fragments of the mammoth were scattered over many regions. Sir Roderick Murchison ascribes its destruction to an inundation, or a sudden change of climate; for of those most recently destroyed, "the heads were, for the most part, turned towards the south;" and some carcasses were so speedily encased in ice, as to have been preserved entire. The two causes, inundation and the change of climate, probably operated at the same time, and before man dwelt on the earth, as we endeavoured to show in

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\* *Ant. of Man*, p. 68. Owen's *Palaontology*, Second Edition, p. 441.

our number for July 1869. Sir Charles Lyell, and the whole company of his followers, assume and assert, that man and the mammoth co-existed, the sole ground of the assertion being, that pieces of the mammoth are found in conjunction with traces of man. Test their logic by a single case. About twenty years ago, in a small millstream near Kettering, there was found lying on some gravel which the stream had washed down, a tooth of a mammoth, which weighed nearly fourteen pounds. It is now in the museum at Northampton. Anyone who will walk through that museum, and observe its shelves, cases, windows, &c., will be quite sure that they are of human workmanship: *ergo*, the people who arranged the museum, and the mammoth, lived at the same time. The fallacy of the conclusion is as real when the tooth is found in a cave, as when it is seen in a building at Northampton. If a savage, having no metals, found such a tooth as has been described, he would be likely to carry it to his cave, either as a curiosity or for use. Its presence is as readily accounted for in the grotto of the barbarian as in the collection of the geologist.

"The tooth of *Ursus spelæus* carved, and of the mammoth with the enamel removed, were found at Aurignac. 'There can be no doubt,' says M. Lartet, 'that the tooth had been thus disjointed purposely.' He speaks of another discovery. 'As the two molars of the elephant are the only relics of this species, their being brought by man to the place where they were found may also be referred to some customary purpose.'—*Natural History Review*, Jan. 1862. 'At all the five stations there have been found separate plates of the molar teeth of *Elephas primigenius*, the occurrence of which is evidently connected with intentional introduction.'

"Later researches have obliged us to recognise the intervention of man to a great extent, and in some cases exclusively, in the accumulation of the original *débris* in a large number of caverns."—*Reliquiæ Aquitanicæ*, pp. 5, 8.

There remains yet to be considered one strong point of the geologists, and that to which they probably attach greater weight than to all others. The part of the valley of the Somme we have described is a mile in average width, and bounded by chalk hills rising to the height of from two to three hundred feet above the plain. On the sides of the valley are patches of gravel of various altitudes up to eighty or a hundred feet, in which are found bones of animals, the mammoth included; and also the flints in which M. Boucher de Perthes rejoiced. These deposits of gravel are supposed to be of enormous antiquity, as compared with either history or tradition. If this conclusion be sound, the buried animals

and the flints must be of at least equal antiquity; and man also, if the flints be of human workmanship. It is this valley which is pointed to as the crowning demonstration of the antiquity of man. But surely there is a previous question. What reason is there for asserting that the drift is of such great age? None but the assumption that the river made the valley, a premise which itself needs to be proved. Sir Charles Lyell and Sir John Lubbock *assume* that the river was formerly much broader and stronger than now, and that it ran a hundred feet higher than now, and that in the course of untold ages, a hundred thousand years at least, it scooped out the broad valley along the bottom of which the present moderate stream finds its way to the sea. They *assume* that "the land subsided, and then there was an upheaval which raised the country to a greater height than that at which it now stands, after which there was a second sinking." Never had the *Deus ex machinâ* more fervent worshippers than they.

The normal condition of the crust of the earth as prepared for human residence is evidently that of hill and dale, a condition which prevails under the sea as truly as on the dry land. As a general rule the valleys were made for the rivers, and not by them: and though we are not bound to show how the present state of the valley in question was produced, we may suggest a very different theory from that of our authors, and one requiring far less credulity than theirs. It is admitted that the breadth of the English Channel has been materially increased, and that such change has occurred, as in many places, so in that part of the channel into which the river now empties itself. The valley, therefore, may have been formerly land-locked, and the bed of a large lake, which found its exit into the channel somewhat nearer to England than at present, it having since combined with the action of the sea to create the opening which now leads to Abbeville; and when the lake boundary was lowered, perhaps by several successive landslips, the people may have raised those lake-dwellings, the remains of which are said to be still apparent.

Did space permit, we would gladly sustain this view by reference to the great number of lakes which either all at once, or by successive changes, have sapped their boundaries and disappeared, leaving their traces in terraces such as appear in Glen Roy; such as in British Columbia swarm over an area of, at least, a hundred thousand square miles; \*

\* "From the similarity of soil, formation, &c., the theory might well be ventilated that all the country east of the Fraser, and a large tract on the

terraces which led Mr. Robert Chambers, after investigating those of Scotland, Ireland, England, France, Switzerland, Scandinavia, and North America, to write thus: "There is enough to justify a question regarding uniformity of level," that is, high water level, "not only throughout North America, but—bold as the idea may, in the present state of knowledge and of hypothesis, appear—between the old and new continents." When geologists shall cease from the notion of the solid crust of the earth moving about like dough in the process of kneading, they will be compelled to inquire about changes in the water level; and then will their science be emancipated, as was astronomy escaping from the *deferent* circle and the epicycles in which it long lay bound; and the *Antiquity of Man* will be consulted only at the dictate of curiosity, and with a smile or a sigh of wonder and pity.

The authors whose antiquarian opinions we have combated, delight in glacial theories. For example, a vast mass of ice is assumed to have passed down the Rhone valley, and, turning by the Lake of Geneva, to have spread itself over the broad valley beyond, and then to have climbed the Jura to the height of 3,450 feet. We are told of glaciers from fifty to a hundred and fifty miles long, and from one to three thousand feet deep, scooping out and removing the strata to the depth of two thousand feet. With gladness do we turn from these rampant fancies, to more sober utterances. "There was a time, how many centuries ago we know not, when every mountain chain of any importance in Central Europe was covered with perpetual snow, and the head of every valley was occupied with one of those masses of ice which are called glaciers."\* Many of the supposed proofs of glacial action are probably to be traced to quite different causes; but assuming that the glacial theory of geologists has a basis of truth, a glacier melting "at the end of fifty or a thousand centuries" is a freak of imagination which might find a fitting place in some work like the *Arabian Nights*, but ought not to have been introduced into a book pretending to be scientific.† Mr. Bonney, firmly holding the glacial theory with the caution of true science, limits the glaciers to the heads of valleys, dates them by unknown centuries, and assigns to them moderate power. "I think that, generally, the scooping power of the glacier is very slight. . . . I cannot

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west bank, has been at some distant geological period the bed of a vast lake or series of lakes, considerably larger than that existing from Lake Superior to Lake Ontario."—MS. Report by Mr. Chief Justice Begbie.

\* *Alpine Regions*, by T. G. Bonney, p. 55. † *Ant. of Man*, p. 318.



but believe that the lake valleys, whatever may have formed them, existed before the time when the glaciers passed along them, and that the glacier was much more a consequence of the valley, than the valley of the glacier." "There is also some reason to think that a few centuries ago the glaciers were considerably less extensive than they now are." M. Venetz "believes the period when this reflux of the glaciers began to have been early in the seventeenth century." Quite refreshing is the transition to such a work as Mr. Bonney's, from the prodigious assumptions of Boucher de Perthes, Lyell, and Lubbock, which latter are well described in the following words of Professor Huxley:—

"Men of science, like young colts in a fresh pasture, are apt to be exhilarated on being turned into a new field of inquiry, and to go off at a hand-gallop, in total disregard of hedges and ditches, losing sight of the real limitation of their inquiries, and to forget the extreme imperfection of what is really known. Geologists have imagined that they could tell us what was going on at all parts of the earth's surface during a given epoch; they have talked of this deposit being contemporaneous with that deposit, until, from our little local histories of the changes at limited spots of the earth's surface, they have constructed a universal history of the globe, as full of wonders and portents as any other story of antiquity."—*On our Knowledge of Causes of the Phenomena of Organic Nature*, p. 28

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ART. VII.—*The Political and Ecclesiastical Situation.*

AFTER a long and weary Session, full of perplexities and misadventures, which can have given satisfaction to no true patriot, and certainly to no political follower of Mr. Gladstone—to no one, in fact, except perhaps the mere political and partisan enemies of Mr. Gladstone—Parliament brought its labours for the year to an end on Monday, August 21st, a fortnight later than usual. In this Journal we are not party politicians, and therefore we shall attempt no political review of the Session in any party sense. On the vexed question of the abolition, by Royal Warrant, of purchase in the army, we may fairly hesitate to condemn in principle the course taken by the Ministry, when the leaders of opposition in the Commons have so conspicuously abstained from contesting this question, and when the final resort to prerogative is sustained by the sanction of Sir Roundell Palmer; whilst, at the same time, we may be excused from applauding the course taken by Mr. Gladstone when, apart from the Ministry, Mr. Vernon Harcourt almost alone has stood up in Parliament to defend the high-handed proceeding of the Government; and even Mr. Harcourt couples his defence with decisive censure of the policy, or deep regret at the oversight, which left the Royal Warrant to be used only as a last resort in order to coerce the House of Lords; when, moreover, the ground of defence for the Ministry taken up by the Solicitor-General, who pleaded the competency of the Queen's warrant and authority merely as royal, and on the ground of prerogative alone, differed materially from that chosen by the Attorney-General and Mr. Gladstone, who desired to rely on the argument of prerogative, mainly as such prerogative in the particular case might be regarded as a statutory exercise of authority entrusted, for high administrative reasons, to the sovereign of the country, or, in other words, to the Ministry for the time being. At the same time, we must confess that Mr. Gladstone might well not have anticipated the lengths to which the House of Lords would push their opposition to his Army Regulation Bill, especially against the persuasion of the Duke of Cambridge and the remonstrances of Lord Derby, who warned his compeers of the rebuff from the hand of authority to which they laid themselves open, and beforehand

not only suggested, but almost justified, the course which immediately afterwards the Ministry actually took. And we must further admit that if the Ministry had been compelled to submit to defeat from the Upper House on both their Army Bill and their Ballot Bill, while the time spent over these two measures had compelled the abandonment of almost every beneficent measure of social regulation and reform which they had promised the country, their position before the country would have been very pitiable.

"To be weak is to be miserable, doing or suffering," may be a fit sentiment in the mouth of Milton's Satan; but it is not the less a true maxim in regard to English Ministers. Weakness is a quality of political Ministries in England which the people never forgive; and a Ministry which, possessing an overpowering majority in the Lower House, is nevertheless baited and beaten by the antagonist majority in the Upper House, is much more likely to be despised by its crowd of supporters outside Parliament for not being able better to manage or control its opponents among the hereditary nobility, than to be censured by them for using to the uttermost whatever legal power it may have at its command for coercing and defeating its high-placed antagonists. Hence there can be no doubt, whatever may be the feeling inside the Houses of Parliament, that outside the sympathies of the classes on which, unfortunately perhaps, Mr. Gladstone has to rely mainly for his political strength and defence, have been strongly with the Minister in his passage of arms with the Upper House.

We are not of the number who think that if Mr. Gladstone had not buffeted the Peers in the matter of the Army Regulation Bill, the Peers might probably have accepted the Ballot Bill. To whomsoever the Ballot Bill might be acceptable, it could not but be odious to the Peers; and nothing but an amount of popular feeling in regard to it which has been unexpectedly wanting during the present session could ever induce them to pass it. The Ballot, there can be no doubt, would seriously weaken the hold which the hereditary landowners of this old country now have over the votes of their tenants. It would do more, in all likelihood. Just in proportion as it became effectual to protect voters from the consequences of giving votes adverse to their landlords, it would tend to do away with all the hereditary relations which have so long held—in many respects very pleasantly, and to the tenants very profitably held—between landlords and tenants. The relation between the two would become merely commer-

cial; all feudality, and much neighbourliness and good fellowship, would come to an end. This would vastly increase the rent-rolls of the landlords, but it would do away with much of their county greatness as social potentates, and would destroy their political importance. They would lose their position as magnates—magnates in a sense in which the mere millionaire, who has bought 20,000 acres, and has let it all out at high rents on long leases to wealthy and independent farmers, can never be a magnate;—and the loss of this position would be ill compensated for by any increase in the rent-roll of a landlord who already has an income larger than he knows how to manage intelligently or comfortably. Such being the case, the landlords of England, whether Tory or Radical in political profession, whether Whig or Conservative, are not likely to be prepossessed in favour of the Ballot. If any of them accept its principle as right and necessary, it must be in spite of a natural repugnance; and, moreover, it must be with at least a suspicion, if not with the conviction, that the Ballot cannot but be the forerunner of a complete revolution both in the political and in the economical and social relations to each other of the landlord and the tenant. As a matter of fact, few English peers are prepared to acknowledge either the necessity or the justice of such a revolution, and very few regard the Ballot with any feeling but dislike. Party necessities enabled the Government to command a certain number of votes; but the voters represented only a fraction of the landed aristocracy of England, and were not at all sorry to be defeated in the vote.

The antagonism of the Lords to the Ballot was accordingly a thing inevitable. What has surprised us has been the coldness of the support given to the subject in the Commons, and the absence of anything like enthusiasm in the support given out of doors. The reason may perhaps be, in part, that the extended franchise in the large towns has made the protection of the Ballot less valuable than formerly it might have been, whether against bribery or intimidation; while, in the agricultural districts, the under-rented retainers of the great landlords for whom they feel themselves bound to vote do not desire a change which might soon bring in, along with political independence and leases, a large addition to their rent. In Lancashire, indeed, the experience of the last election, especially in such towns as Blackburn, where both the employers of labour and the mobs exercised intimidation, has produced a strong and wide-spread feeling in favour of the Ballot; but such a feeling is not found to prevail very

generally. Indeed, there is reason to believe that the experience of the School-Board elections has shown how exceedingly inconvenient, both to the candidate and to all his party and its organisation, is likely to be the working of the Ballot, under which there will be no means of calculating party resources, or in any way of guiding and managing an election during its process. Indeed, it appears now to be generally conceded, that the Ballot must either destroy party organisation in connection with elections, or lead to all matters being beforehand arranged for each party by means of a caucus, as in America, and to the party being pledged and bound in the gross to vote for the party-ticket in the gross. To such a result there is as yet a great repugnance among all parties in this country; and it is probably owing to this cause that whereas, three years ago, it seemed as if the *Standard* itself, and a number of the more open-minded and courageous Tory politicians, especially in the towns, were preparing to accept the Ballot, while Liberal politicians, almost universally, declared themselves in its favour, now its supporters have become generally more or less lukewarm, and the Tories are strongly united in opposition to it. That there are evils of intimidation and profuse bribery both in agricultural and in manufacturing districts which the Ballot seems well-fitted to counteract, can hardly be denied by a man of any candour; the workman often needs protection against his employer, the tenant against his landlord. But how any such protection can be given without bringing upon us the American caucus system is a question which remains yet to be answered. Meantime the Lords have rejected the Ballot Bill with a fair excuse from the shortness of time left at their disposal to discuss it, and without adding materially to whatever feeling of exasperation against their House already prevailed in the country.

The "dead-lock" of business, nevertheless, resulting from the antagonism between the two Houses, is a very serious fact, and one which must either be liquidated, or the temper of the people might rise before very long beyond fever point to revolution height. A creation of peers is a clumsy expedient, and would not relieve the embarrassment for more than a limited period. The Conservative tendencies of the Hereditary House continually grow up, and would presently prevail over any temporary check which might be caused by such an expedient. The problem, accordingly, of providing for the adjustment, in Parliamentary working, of the two Houses is one which presses for solution and which must become increasingly grave.

Meantime, the politician, the social economist, the philanthropist, who regard the deepest needs of our population, and care little or nothing for mere party government, as such, cannot but lament over a barren and discreditable Session. Parliamentary government after the English model would seem now to be on its trial before the world, and not to be just now passing through the ordeal as well as could be desired. The opponents of representative institutions, as balanced by a permanent Upper Chamber, could scarcely desire a worse instance of break-down for such institutions than has this year been afforded in England. Never, perhaps, has a government brought forward a larger number of important measures, or measures, taken altogether, promising better for the real amelioration of the social evils which so grievously afflict this free country, than Mr. Gladstone's Government at the opening of the late Session. Never has the actual harvest of legislation been so large a crop of failures. The Army Regulation Bill, itself grievously mutilated, has passed; it is an important negative reform: the positive and constructive reforms which are to follow will have to be debated into shape and permanence next year. The Ballot Bill has passed the Lower House. These two measures have blocked out nearly everything besides. The University Tests Bill was in effect settled in 1870, and cannot be reckoned as a fruit of the last Session. The Alabama Settlement was in no sense a Parliamentary achievement. The amendment and extension of the Factories and Workshops Act, a minor but important measure, not of a party complexion, is almost the only valuable fruit in the way of social legislation which the Session has produced.

The fearful evils, educational and moral, attendant on the existing condition of our mines; the demoralising and iniquitous truck system; the necessities of sanitary reform and water-supply; the curse of our present licensing system; the whole system and method of our local taxation; judicial reforms of the highest importance; these matters, and many more of scarcely inferior importance, have been left untouched because a party war, *à outrance*, was to be waged in the Houses of Parliament. We can conceive of no more disastrous mis-carriages of legislation and government than these. They bring party tactics and organisation into disgrace.

If the one party have strained the forms of Parliamentary procedure and discussion in their opposition to the Government measures, it is certain that the other party have, by their mismanagement, given every advantage to their enemies.



The Parliamentary campaign was most unwisely planned; there was an almost reckless, a seeming ostentatious, disregard of the power and the prejudices of large classes and formidable interests, which were simultaneously provoked when it could hardly have been expected that all together could in one Session be mastered; then Mr. Lowe's Budget was supremely foolish, and the whole Budget business was irritating to all parties, but especially to the supporters of Government; Mr. Bruce has proved himself as helpless in conducting, and as haplessly ready in withdrawing, his measures, as he was daring in bringing them forward; Mr. Ayrton, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Lowe have courted unpopularity by their bearing and their speeches in regard to the Royal Forests and the Thames Embankment; Mr. Cardwell, beginning the Session fairly, has not maintained his reputation to the end; the Navy department has been signally unfortunate; while elaborate measures relating to the Poor Law administration have failed like all the other proposals of the Government. Mr. Forster is the only Minister who has increased his reputation, but, although he has successfully conducted through the House the Ballot Bill, which was not in his department, he has not attempted to carry the important Scotch Education Bill, now several years old, which was in his department.

The Government, which has thus failed to carry its best measures, including reforms such as must constitute the avenue towards national improvement in the true sense, and without which the multiplication of schools will do much less than is generally expected, has incensed many of the truest and most enlightened Liberals as well as of the most generous and high-principled Conservatives in the country by its maintenance of the infamous Contagious Diseases Acts, notwithstanding that these Acts have been virtually condemned both in their essential principle and their actual working by the Government's own carefully selected Commission. Mr. Gladstone is believed himself to be opposed to these Acts; but to be unable to overcome the views of a majority of his colleagues who, instructed and inspired chiefly by Sir H. Storks, are strongly in their favour. Sir H. Storks may prove to be a Jonah to the ministerial vessel. Any Government which is determined to maintain these Acts ought to be overthrown. Oppressive, iniquitous, demoralising, brutally outraging the personal rights and liberty of Englishwomen—rights and personal liberty infinitely more sacred than any guaranteed to Englishmen by *Habeas Corpus*—they are a disgrace to our

age and to the present generation of English statesmen. It is well that such Conservatives as Mr. Henley and Mr. Russell Gurney, such Whigs as Mr. Cowper Temple, and such Radicals as Mr. Mundella and Mr. Jacob Bright, are united in opposition to these horrible enactments. It seems unfortunate at this moment that John Bright is no longer a Cabinet Minister. Mr. Gladstone had better lose half his Ministry, better resign, than be a party to the maintenance of these Acts. Tried thus in the balances, he is found wanting.

The truth would seem to be, that advanced Liberalism is losing hold of high principles and of the strong support of broad and deep political thinkers, because of the narrowness of its aims and the mere destructiveness of its policy, while a panic desperateness of suspicion and dread is lending passionate immobility to the habitual Conservatism of the Upper House. Borough Radicalism is not a whit more enlightened, or disinterested, or elevated than borough Toryism. The manufacturers and the middle-class tradesmen of thirty years ago have many of them changed their political colour from "Liberalism" to Conservatism, because free trade has been completely carried out, because their special demands have all been conceded, because there is no personal claim or class privilege or right that they know of left to contend for. If they still call themselves Radicals, the chief reason too often is, that they are opposed to the Established Church. Their advanced Liberalism never did mean a noble and disinterested concern for the rights and welfare of all classes, but especially of those least able to think and care and contend for themselves. Borough Radicalism has no constructive ideas, no high policy. The national pauperism does not lie as a burden on its heart and mind. It is generally more opposed than friendly to the great philanthropic movement which is struggling towards the reform of our licensing system and the discouragement of all public and privileged incentives to the great national curse of intemperance. It has no comprehension of the national issues and the great economic principles involved in the questions of the sale and tenure of land. Its newly-born educational zeal is often little better than a special expression of its dislike of the Church of England, or at least its distrust of the conservative and ecclesiastical tendencies, which it suspects must impregnate an education given under the auspices of the Established clergy. Borough Radicalism has little or no conception of the great controversy which is being organised throughout Europe as to the principles of communism. So far as it has heard fo

communism, it has nothing better than prejudice with which to meet it. In respect to its claims and its incoming pressure, borough Radicalism is mere blind Conservatism, resting upon crude notions of individual right and personal property, which it knows not either how to define or to justify. Such Radicalism as this is helpless in argument against the rising force of communism, which will probably act as a wedge to divide Radicals into two parts, of which one, representing the holders and expectants of property, will fall back on old-fashioned notions and maxims in regard to all possessions and holdings, land included, which it is impossible to maintain, even in view of a Railway or Borough Act, whilst the rest will adopt the principles of communism as their form of Radicalism, as the Radicalism of the future. Meantime, enlightened measures of sanitary reform; the temperance question, wisely and practically, but not oppressively, regarded; the case of the agricultural peasant and his relation to cottage and land, and such-like questions—the very marrow of all that relates to enlightened administration and reform—constitute no part of the party and political Radicalism of the borough. Such men as Mr. Hibbert and Mr. Mundella may understand and care about these questions; but what do the bulk of their constituents understand or care?

That there has of late years been a "Conservative reaction," at least throughout Lancashire, which the recent vast extension of the suffrage has not availed to counteract, there can be no doubt. The very classes which constituted the strength of the Free Trade and Radical party thirty years ago, now include a large, perhaps a predominant, proportion of Conservatives. At a late election in a Lancashire town, a man was conspicuous for his zeal in canvassing for the Tory candidate who, in successive former elections, had been a most zealous Liberal. When challenged by an acquaintance in regard to his change from Radicalism to Toryism, he gave the *rationale* of his conversion in a strong vernacular sentence, "Well, mon," he said, "an' what's a Radical but a Tory 'baat brass?"—i. e., without money. Even so it has been and is—those who have the strongest interest, or suppose themselves to have the strongest interest, in keeping things as they are, are Conservative; those who conceive themselves to be injured, kept down, or in any way unfairly limited, by the existing condition of things, agitate for what they call reform. Few, indeed, are there who act on the maxim of St. Paul, "Let no man seek his own, but every man another's wealth"—i. e., well-being. A clear perception of this truth

does much to lessen one's interest in borough politics, and merely party struggles in the House of Commons.

The advanced Liberal party has almost accomplished its programme of twenty years ago. The Ballot remains, but this will be accomplished next year, and meantime cannot kindle much enthusiasm. Under such circumstances, "hard-up" for a party cry, and incapable of rising to the conception of a great policy of constructive reform, those who, for various reasons, agree in strongly disliking the Established Church, are ready to furnish their party with the convenience they require. The vacuum which political agitators cannot but abhor, they are forward to supply. Here is an election cry ready to hand—"Down with the Established Church." This will unite to any Government that adopts it the whole of the well-organised and powerful forces of the political Dissenters, who are never weary of reminding the House and Mr. Gladstone that they are the backbone of the Liberal party; it will also secure the support of many "philosophical" and anti-religious Radicals, such as are represented by some of the Members in the House who sit below the gangway. This, accordingly, is the party cry which the *Daily News*, now the most extreme organ of the daily radical press, and under the control, apparently, of directors who combine devotion to political dissent and to the interests of "sport" in about equal proportions; which the *Manchester Examiner and Times*, which able and justly influential paper, however, has always been consistently anti-State-Church; which the Birmingham Liberal press, and other organs of the same class, are now offering to the acceptance of the advanced Liberal party. We do not observe that the *Leeds Mercury*, congenitally Dissenting organ as it is, takes any lead in the same direction; many years of honest controversy and of varied experience have taught Mr. Baines, the chief proprietor of that paper, always a man of sincerely Christian principle and temper, to beware of the extremes to which his party is liable.

We are no blind partizans of the Church of England, and we are of opinion that, unless some important organic reforms are effected in the administration of that Church, she must, at whatever cost of disruption and confusion, be not only disestablished, but disendowed and dismantled. Still we cannot see our way to desire this consummation, much less to make the promotion of it to be our one leading object in political propagandism and progress. Nay, we deprecate and deplore the express movement for that end which is being pushed forward throughout the kingdom, and in support of which

orthodox Dissenters are leagued with revolutionary positivists, and with infidels of every colour and grade. The Church of England must be reformed in many things;—so much is certain. This is necessary altogether apart from the question of disestablishment. At present the Established Church contains within its formularies things which in some hands are germs not only of Ritualism but of Romanism. *Thus far* what ought to be a national Church is made sectarian in the highest degree—and sectarian in a sense incompatible with the evident principles of reason, with the true principles of national liberty and progress—is made at once sectarian, and superstitious, and anti-national. True it is that the doctrines of evangelical religion are taught in the Articles, and hence the evangelical teacher justifies his position in the Church of England. Many, also, of the collects and prayers used in the services day by day are evangelical. But the doctrines of a Church which uses liturgical forms in daily services, which has its offices for the sacraments, which has such an impressive and popular covenant service for the young Christian as the ordinance of confirmation, and which uses a solemn ritual in the ordination of its hierarchy, will be practically determined, not by the Articles to which the clergy have once for all subscribed, and which are out of sight of the congregation and of the clergy themselves in their continual ministrations, but by the general strain and the most impressive passages of such services, of continual recurrence and of popular character, as those to which we have referred. That the direct tendency of much in these services, especially as conducted of late years, and in particular of their most solemn and characteristic portions, is to imply and suggest the doctrines of sacramental efficacy, of priestly authority in absolution, and of the descent and communication to the clergy in and through the rite of ordination of Apostolic authority and powers, no one can fairly deny. To those who as yet have not fully considered this subject, we would seriously recommend a careful and candid study of the late Bishop of Salisbury's last Charge. There never sat a saintlier prelate than Dr. Hamilton on the episcopal bench; there can hardly have been a sincerer Christian; he began life as an earnest, if somewhat narrow, evangelical; the conscientious study of the formularies of his own Church, especially as illustrated by the rubrics, convinced him that the true doctrine of his Church was taught not by evangelical low Churchmen, but by the highest sacramentarian Churchman; and he became a High Churchman accordingly, of all bishops decidedly the highest. In the "Charge" to

which we have referred, the Bishop sets forth most unpretendingly, but most fully, in words of simple statement and profound conviction, the grounds, as derived from the Prayer-book, on which he based his own views. The Charge is, in this view, exceedingly instructive, and shows distinctly where the real sources of Anglican perversion are to be found.\* In fact the *germs* of Ritualism, in phrase and in gesture, or symbolic act, are so inlaid in the Church services, and so interlace all that is evangelical, that there has never yet been a Churchman pure and proper, since the year 1662, who sought simply, and first of all, by means of service and rubric, to act out the instructions, and fully express the spirit and purpose of his Church, who has not become a High Churchman. So long as Wesley was a mere Churchman he was a High Churchman; it was light from another source which broke up his Anglican illusions. Perhaps the position occupied by such men as Dean Hook, who combine with High Church doctrine much evangelical spirituality of mind and of experimental teaching, is, on the whole, the fairest for an Anglican Churchman to hold. But there are very few who can contrive, like the Dean, to hold contradictories together in solution. Most men who embrace sacramental superstition and the necessary Apostolical grace and authority of holy orders in their premises will, in their conclusion, go much farther towards the Church of Rome than Dean Hook. Canon Liddon, it is sad to know, the intimate friend, the chaplain, and the biographer of Bishop Hamilton, goes all the length of his revered superior, and is among the highest of High Churchmen. Since the settlement of 1662 at once stereotyped and made it binding on all clergymen strictly to follow, the existing formularies and rubrics of the Church of England, that Church has had its Protestantism largely neutralised by the influence and implications of its formularies and its solemnities. Now, if the Church of England is to retain its national character, this must be amended. To this unhappy condition of things it is owing that the visitation of new life and of penetrating earnestness which has

\* Of this Charge the present Bishop of Manchester declares—"That it will be an historical document in the annals of the Church of England, one of the landmarks in the documents of religious thought."—Canon Liddon's *Sketch of Bishop Hamilton*, p. 128. The Bishop of Manchester had been Bishop Hamilton's chaplain for many years, although he by no means agreed in his extreme views. Canon Liddon says that in this Charge:—"Bishop Hamilton asserts with fearless clearness the doctrines of the Real Presence in the Holy Communion, of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, and of Priestly Absolution. He maintains that these are doctrines of the English Prayer-book, &c."—*Ibid.* p. 115.



quickened all the energies of the Church of England, filling it with unprecedented zeal, devotion, and practical activity, has called forth into form and predominance a Romanising party, which now boldly defies all its adversaries; nay, that a number of most able clergymen and of distinguished laymen, including several great English potentates, have gone out from Anglicanism to the Church of Rome. To this it is owing that, while Romanism is declining in every other country of Europe, it is making great gains in England, and almost holding its own in Ireland. The Irish priest quells the incipient Protestantism of his humble penitent, by pointing to the conversion in England to his own Church of some of the ablest and highest of the land. Thus it comes about that a Church which is nominally a Protestant establishment, and which, in days of cold State-and-Church orthodoxy and somnolent ecclesiastical predominance, was vaunted as the bulwark of Protestantism, has become a covered way into Popery. The cloisters of Anglicanism have been extended into the precincts of Romanism; and the short step from neighbourly and lowly contemplation and admiration to transition and adhesion has easily been taken by very many. Thus the historic principles and the constitutional idea of the Church of the Tudor Reformation have been violated; the will and convictions of the nation have been outraged; and by the legal Church Establishment the highest interests of the nation, both religiously and civilly regarded, have in effect been legally betrayed. If the Church of England is to retain her national character, this, we repeat, will have to be altered. Some such modifications as those which have long been urged by Lord Ebury must be carried out. The formularies of the Church must be made throughout, at least negatively, Protestant; that is to say, nothing must be left standing which might be interpreted as a germ of Popery, which properly implies any principle of sacramental superstition, or which may be naturally understood as teaching that ministers are, by the hands of the ordaining prelate, invested with any priestly power of theurgy or thaumaturgy, or with any priestly authority to absolve a penitent from guilt.

Not only, however, must the formularies of the Church of England be purged from this kind of taint, but her government and discipline must be reformed and renovated. The services of the parish church must no longer be regulated by the mere will of the incumbent and the churchwardens together; there must be a parochial council, as Lord Sandon proposes

in his Bill, but that council must not be elected merely by the communicants;—whoever pays tithes or church-rates, besides the male communicants and also the members of the congregation as represented by the heads of families, must have a vote in the election of the parochial council, if the parish churches are to retain, what in fact they are fast losing in many cases, a really national character. To give all the right and control in relation to this matter to the communicants is to treat the parish church as if it were the property of a sect. The Church of England cannot be administered as a sect and yet retain a national character. As sectarian it loses all its national inheritance along with its national character. If it is not to be both disestablished and disendowed, its basis must be nationally broad and its portals must stand invitingly open to all who accept the general faith of a Catholic, but not a Roman Catholic, Christianity; for Romanism, as we have seen, is essentially anti-national and sectarian, as any and every church must be which makes truth and grace to be derived from sacerdotal power and authority, and not from the Divine Word and Spirit.

Nor can the rights of the people, of "the congregation," in regard to the appointment of ministers to the churches, be long ignored, if the Church of England is still to be maintained as the national Church of this kingdom. The movement which has taken form in connection with the Established Presbyterianism of Scotland will assert itself likewise in this country. Lay patronage, if it be not abolished, must be essentially modified, and the rights of the congregation in regard to the appointment of a minister—the functions at least of the parochial council representing the congregation, for a secondary mode of popular influence or election would undoubtedly work better than a primary and direct method—must unquestionably be recognised.

With such reforms as these must of course be connected a system of diocesan synods, representing the laity as well as the clergy, and a remodelled Convocation for the whole Church, possessing real meaning and a truly representative character. No doubt some dioceses ought to be divided, and the number of bishops to be materially increased. The power of discipline, also, will have to be provided for, in connection probably, at least in the first instance, with the synodical assemblies. In a word, what the Irish Episcopal Church is now working out strenuously for itself, will need, in good part, to be provided for the Church of England, with the necessary modifications, however, which the condition of being esta-

blished cannot but imply, in the case of the English as compared with the Irish Church. An established Church must always be more limited in the authority of its internal discipline, and more elastic in its arrangements, than a Church not established. Still, the instance of the Church of Scotland may serve to show that there is no need whatever for an established Church to be denuded of all legislative, and of all disciplinary power. At present the Church of England is destitute, as a collective Church, of all organic life, of all means of attaining to self-consciousness, of all power of adaptation, of all that appertains to mutual counsel and combined activity on the part of its constituents—in a word, is destitute of all legislative, disciplinary, and administrative power and functions, except only the parochial functions of the clergy and the episcopal authority over the clergy individually of the prelates in their dioceses.

It is further beyond doubt that, if the Church of England is to be maintained as the Established Church of the nation, it must no longer have its chief dignitaries and governors selected for it by the Prime Minister for the time being. Some council, duly constituted of representative functionaries, not without a proper proportion of ecclesiastical elements, may have the nomination of bishops in its own hands; the Prime Minister, as representing at once the sovereign and the people, having a veto or co-ordinate authority. But the direct appointment of the bishops by the Prime Minister, without any recognition of the mind of the Church, as such, the constitution of spiritual authority, and the appointment of clergymen to the highest spiritual functions, by the head of the political party which for the time being has the administration of the State in his hands, is an arrangement which, however inevitable in the past, as springing from the very principle of the English Reformation, viz. that the Sovereign, as representing the nation, must step into the place of the Pope in all matters of Church regulation, cannot in future be long maintained as a part of the constitution of the Church of England. The Church must not only be capable of self-development, but it must cease to be regarded as, through the appointment of bishops, largely under the influence, if not the control, of political considerations and motives.

In short, the Church which is to be recognised broadly and, in any true sense, national, cannot have its services moulded and determined by the mere option and predilection of the parish clergy, acting distributively and individually;

cannot have its clergy appointed to their incumbencies according to the mere choice and judgment of a lord of the manor, of an hereditary patron; cannot have its bishops nominated, for political reasons, by the Prime Minister for the time being; must have synods and ecclesiastical councils; must have Convocation and living organic unity; must have power of discipline, legislation, and self-development.

In saying this, we certainly do not mean to insist that lay judges should not sit in the courts of discipline of the Church as by law established; trained legal authorities must, we apprehend, continue to have a position in such courts. But yet they should, we venture to think, act at most as assessors, perhaps should act only as counsel, in cases of ecclesiastical discipline. At all events, we cannot but feel that there ought to be some ready and manageable way for the Church, as such, by its ordinary ecclesiastical courts, reconstituted and brought into organic connection with the Church as represented by a defined constituency, to deal with cases of Church discipline, whether affecting morals or doctrine. We have no sympathy with the extreme views of Canons Gregory and Liddon; but yet in this respect we have a certain sympathy with the High Church canons in their demands, and we cannot wonder that such cases as those of Voysey and Purchas, added to flagrant cases, year by year, of immorality either not dealt with at all or only dealt with at an exorbitant private cost to the bishop, and after long and injurious delays, should have excited a wide-spread desire on the part of different parties in the Church of England for some expeditious, compendious, and comparatively cheap means of dealing with disciplinary cases. It is idle to expect, in the case of an Established Church of so complex and comprehensive a character, that discipline should ever be made so cheap and easy and prompt as it is in the Wesleyan Connexion, but surely matters need not always remain as they now are.

A large party in the Church of England is longing for such reforms as we have now indicated, and it would appear as if many clergymen agreed with Anti-State-Church Dissenters in the opinion that the ready and much the most practical way to effect the needful reforms and reconstitution is by disestablishing the Church. There is, however, this difference between the two classes. Churchmen who are for disestablishment do not dream of disendowment. Their idea is, that the Anglican Church, retaining her tithes and all other endowments, and retaining possession of the parish and cathedral

churches, might simply be set free from political connection and Parliamentary control. Such an idea, however, is altogether utopian. It is absurd to imagine that when the Church of England has lost all its national character, it will retain its possessions and endowments. The Church of England, set loose from all Parliamentary control and political connection, would simply be a clerical corporation dominated by High Church ideas, utterly without any control or counterpoise of lay influence or secular authority, and possessed of the most ancient and venerable *prestige*, the most magnificent temples and foundations, and prodigious revenues—left free to wield its powers and use its property, without any check, for its own hierarchical purposes. It is impossible to imagine that the Church can ever be disestablished on such a basis as this; and the leaders of the Dissenting Anti-State-Church agitation know perfectly well that it is impossible, and that for them and the nation disestablishment must mean disendowment. It is true that they seldom, if ever, put this forward in their "liberation" meetings, or in the programme of their objects when explaining the purpose of their agitation. But their principles imply this; when cross-examined, their leaders admit that disendowment is what their scheme must come to. They are afraid of creating public alarm; the words *spoliation* and *sacrilege* would not be without power in an appeal to the English people, if their projects were allowed to stand forth in all their integrity. To absorb and secularise ancient revenues rightfully available for religious uses, is a proposal eminently calculated to shock public feeling, both in its aspect towards religion and towards the rights of property. It is therefore prudent of the Liberation Society to say as little as possible about disendowment, and to allow many persons—we mean many Dissenters—to profess themselves in favour of the liberation of religion from State control, in favour of disestablishment, who would shrink back in alarm from the idea of disendowment; but we are not sure that it is as fair as it is discreet. With most fair-spoken words do they assure the Church of England, its people and its clergy, that all they desire is for their good, to set them free from their chains, to allow full and unfettered development to the energy, the liberality, the intellect and organising power—in a word, to the life which is now struggling within them against trammels and rubrics, against forms and traditions. But the fact is, that they propose to accomplish this by stripping the Church of her property; and it is to this very disendowment that they look as the exigency

and the stimulant which must compel the clergy to seek the co-operation of the laity, and call forth the voluntary power and resources of the Church. We apprehend that the High Churchmen who are coquetting with the idea of disestablishment and playing into the hands of the Liberation Society, do not in the least share in these ideas.

We shall be told, no doubt, that our own ideas as to the progressive and Parliamentary reform and reconstitution of the Church of England are utopian; that such changes as we have sketched can never be brought about by means of Bills, which statesmen must draw, and which must pass through the two Houses of Parliament, that, in short, the only way to get them effected is by the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church. We can only say that we think, of the two, it would be easier to carry a series of such reforms than to bring the people of England to consent to the disendowment of the Church. So long as, on the whole, the nation believes that the Church of England is doing good on the national scale by its endowments, is doing far more good than harm, it is not likely to consent to the confiscation of the revenues of that Church. And it certainly would be difficult to persuade the people at large that the old Church of the land is undoubtedly doing more harm than good. When the Church of England is fairly assaulted, when the attacks of her foes begin to make a real impression on the sympathies and convictions of a large portion of the nation—which, after all they have not done yet—then, and not before, it will be discovered how enormous is the hold which the Church has upon the nation, not only the moiety which are professedly her adherents, but even many among the Dissenting communities themselves. Her ancient sanctuaries, her vast multitude of schools, her charities, the pastoral diligence of her clergy, the admirable organisation of her visitors and her benevolent agents: all these things bind and are likely to bind her more and more to the people generally. Then there can be no doubt that all the owners of property, Dissenting no less than Anglican, would, in the extreme controversy as to endowments, take part with the Church of England. We confess that we do not expect that either the present or the next generation will find a statesman bold and strong enough to undertake the disendowment of the Church of England.

We shall be reminded that the Church of Ireland has been disendowed. Disendowed? Yes, with such a disendowment as leaves it still largely endowed, having gained freedom at



the sacrifice of only a portion in reality of its revenues, whilst it retains all the churches and cathedrals! If the Church of Ireland has retained such treasures from her disendowment, how partial and deceptive a business, on the like principles, would the disendowment of the Church of England be—how much larger a proportion of her revenues would our Church be likely to retain! But, moreover, it must always be remembered that the Episcopal Church of Ireland affords no parallel, and therefore can furnish no real precedent, for the case of the English Church. The Irish Protestant Church never was the Church of Ireland, or of the Irish people. It was an alien Church imposed by foreign conquest. It was a superficial ecclesiastical deposit, having no roots in the ancient history or traditions, in the life or the love of the people. Whereas the English Church grew up for long centuries as the one Church of the whole nation, and was identified absolutely with its whole life and with all its functions and activities. The English Church strikes its roots far down into the primeval soil of English institutions, and of national rights and conventions. Its property rights, many of them, took their origin with the beginning of property rights in England. Its parish churches have been truly national property, the inheritance of the parish, in all its generations, and including every grade of inhabitants, for more than a thousand years. Its cathedrals have gathered around them the nation's traditions, and are the temples consecrated not only to the worship of the nation's God, but to the memory of the nation's glories through all its ages. To tear up the English Church out of the soil of the English nation would be an operation the parallel of which has as yet been nowhere seen.

The compensation to be given would have to be much larger than in Ireland; the operation could only, by any possibility, be effected at an enormous cost. At such a cost opposition might possibly be bought off, the money price paid and the liberty to be achieved being considered by Churchmen as constituting together a compensation for the proportion of revenue sacrificed. But this would not really be disendowment; it would be a compromise leaving the Church still very largely endowed, but at the same time free to develop into any extent and degree of superstitious High Churchmanship, of virtual Popery. The Church would unquestionably carry off, as a part of her spoils, the cathedrals and the parish churches. Thus, by the way of disestablishment and (so-called) disendowment, these grand national

temples, full of glory and renown, full of potent influence and sacred spells for those who have them in their hands, would become the property of a sect—in all likelihood of a peculiarly exclusive and intolerant sect.

Such considerations as these convince us that the problem of disestablishment is much more complex and vastly more difficult than loud agitators and glib theorists imagine. Disestablishment without disendowment, or with only a slight and partial disendowment, would, as we think, be folly and injustice; disestablishment with total disendowment would be a prodigious experiment, a very serious strain upon the powers of Government, if not upon the rights of property, and one which could not but fill men's minds with fear or with perilous speculation as to the abstract grounds on which property rests.

Meantime, the reform of the Church of England presses for accomplishment. It may be said that such reforms as we have indicated will be the beginning of disestablishment. We do not so regard it. We have referred already to the instance of the Scottish Established Church, which possesses now nearly all the liberties which we desire for the Church of England. The essence of being established is to be under Parliamentary control. Lay patronage and party political influence have nothing to do with it. But if we desired disestablishment, and thought that these steps of reform would be the initiation of the process of disestablishment, we should then say, "Begin disestablishment in this way." Whether the Church be established or disestablished, these reforms are right and necessary. So long as the Church is not altogether disestablished, and so beyond reform by Parliamentary action, these reforms may be effected by the power of Parliament. As English subjects, who have, as such, an interest in the national Church, as Christian patriots, we, although ourselves Nonconformists, are bound to insist on these reforms. To wait for disestablishment and disendowment and do nothing, is, we think, evidently wrong. To insist on disestablishment and disendowment now, is, we cannot but think, an entire miscalculation and a mistake of evil effect. What steps are clearly right and beneficial we would have taken without delay. These will lead us forward into plain paths. The solution for the future—the solution even of the vast and intricate problem of disestablishment, if, indeed, that must come—will be found in following step by step the guidance of reason, of equity, of Providence, in regard to present and proximate duties.

We seem to discern, moreover, that several problems which afford considerable difficulty in the United States, and would give still more trouble here, would be most easily solved by retaining a national Church Establishment under such reformed conditions as we have indicated. Questions of army and navy chaplaincy, and of chaplaincies in gaols, workhouses, &c., where it is not possible to have as many chaplains as there are different denominations, and questions of college worship in national universities, would in general be settled most conveniently through the service of a national Church. Moreover, provision would be made for those persons who neither have, nor are likely to attain, any definite convictions in regard to the specific points of doctrine, or theory, which are represented by the various sects respectively, but who yet desire to attend Church and to take the Lord's Supper. We do not know that we have any right to force all men to choose whether they will be Calvinists or Arminians, or whether they will be Presbyterians or not. Many men have no disposition to decide as to these points, or to adopt any one conclusion in particular among them all, and yet they desire to attend Divine worship and be recognised as Christians. For these men to have the alternative of either deciding between a number of sharply defined sects, or of finding themselves disowned by all Christian communities, is not, in our judgment, a desirable thing. Nor do we think it desirable that, by an influx of such men—gentlemen of position as many of them would be—into the Churches of the different denominations, the denominations should become diluted and relaxed in doctrine and discipline. The process of nationalising the sects has been going on in the United States with, as we think, very undesirable results, so far as respects the simplicity of character, the strictness of discipline, the true spirituality of the respective denominations. We have no desire to see all the primitive strictness of Methodist discipline, the position and relations of the class-meeting and much more, broken down by the broad nationalising of the denomination. Nor do we think that the Baptist or Congregational Churches will gain by the same process, of which the beginning may already be traced.

An establishment, surrounded by sects, and which, whilst its own formularies are most broadly Catholic in character, admits freely within itself the formation of voluntary societies, whether called orders or communities, or what not, would, we venture to think, offer many advantages. Such a national residuary Church might be in not unfriendly relations with

the denominations around it; and its average tone of Christian fervour would probably not be lower, to say the least, than that of the different denominations generally would be if all were in precisely the same circumstances, and there were no Established Church. Only, we repeat, we would insist on all implications of exclusive and exalted ecclesiasticism being obliterated from the formularies of such a Church; the Popish nest-egg of necessary and external sacerdotal succession, of priestly authority, and power to transubstantiate the elements, must find no place in the formularies of such a Church.

It may be that the Church of England may hold blindly on to the past, without any attempt at reform; or that, in attempting to reform, Churchmen may proceed upon the principle that the Church of England, with all its property and its functions and faculties, belongs to the clergy for the time being, or to the clergy and the communicants together. In such a case, the days of the Church, as a National Church, are numbered, and its disestablishment is drawing near. The question now is whether that Church knows the day of visitation, and can read the signs of the times or not.

Besides the demand for disestablishing the Church of England, the extreme, or, as we may say, the Birmingham school of Radicals, would fain have made universal and gratuitous secular education one of their party principles. On this point, however, the tide has receded far out of sight, and before it turns again may have found for itself, amid the shifting quicksands of party controversy, another passage up which to rush. Meantime, it appears now to be certain that the supply of the public elementary schools of England with teachers must come from the Training Colleges which have already been organised upon a voluntary and religious basis. No National and Governmental Normal Institution is to be set up; no merely secular Training College can be established on a voluntary basis; no single School-Board, not even that of London, can undertake, or has a right to attempt, to train, provide, keep under its own employment, and finally pension off—as it would seem a few did dream for a short while of doing—its own separate supply of teachers. It appears, moreover, that although for two or three years there will be considerable difficulty in meeting the demand for trained teachers, the various Training Colleges, to the total force of which considerable additions are being made, will be well able to provide all the teachers that will be wanted, after three or four years, to meet the ordinary demands of the

schools, even after the nation shall have been fully supplied. So the present arrangement may be left for a good while to work on. This relates to England. As to Scotland, although the Government have contrived to get passed through Parliament, in great and obscure hurry, and in the small hours, the Act which will enable dying donations to be made for religious objects (*ex capite lecti*, "from the bedhead"), a boon seemingly to Roman Catholics, they have not, as we have already noted, passed the twice-deferred Scotch Education Bill.

We do not wonder that the Tories are panic-struck when they find that their opponents are adrift for a policy, and are tempted by merely destructive cries. This is the less to be wondered at, because Mr. Gladstone would seem to have taken his final stand—for this, one would think, must be final—on the theory of universal and individual suffrage rights. Nearly fifteen months ago Mr. Gladstone based his conversion to the Ballot on this theory. On the basis of this same theory he justified—though Lord Sandon and Mr. D'Israeli sought no such far-fetched ground to justify their votes—his vote in relation to female suffrage. Now Household Suffrage is an old principle; that the head of a family who is liable to be rated and taxed should have a voice and vote in the government of the country. But Universal Suffrage, which declines to regard the family as the unit in the national economy, but looks to the individual, as such, and whether man or woman, whether parent or child (if beyond a certain age), whether master or servant—for so the theory requires—is a very different theory, and suspiciously akin to that communistic principle of individual rights and of collective union of separate individuals into a mere numerical republic, without family rights or rootings, and apart from any sense or love of country, as such, which is incorporated in the modern Continental theories of social reconstruction. Hence it is no wonder if terrified Tories scent Communism in the Universal Suffrage of Mr. Gladstone, and in the outcries against the Church, and in favour of secular education which find favour with our Birmingham and *Daily News* Radicals.\* It is no wonder if a reaction of the most intense and obstinate character

\* Since the text above was written, another destructive cry has been added to the Radical material of war. The House of Lords must be abolished or revolutionised. That some reform is needed in the Upper House is by no means a violent opinion. We doubt, however, whether a workable agitation could be got up for its revolution in any destructive sense. Meantime the addition of this cry will add intensity to the animosity between the Conservatives and the "party of progress," as they make bold to style themselves.



is asserting itself in Parliament. Never was the Tory party so pertinacious, so resolved as now, for many years past. French Communism has now produced in some degree similar effects on sober and well-to-do Englishmen to those which the revolutionary excesses of France did on our grandfathers eighty years ago. Then Toryism grew and intrenched itself and became ascendant, whilst Whiggery was often almost French in its extreme and revolutionary temper, but fell into popular discredit. We trust the parallel will not go very far. It is not by blind Conservatism that the tide of Communism can be put back. On the contrary, the one only counterpoise to the rising strength of Communism—and Communism will certainly grow in organisation and in numerical and political power in this country, as it has done on the Continent—is a measure which we fear many Conservatives would look upon as almost revolutionary. The natural foes of the organised communistic operations of the towns, who represent labour as against property and capital, are the landowners and tenants, and the co-operative partners of the country. Let the number of owners be multiplied as far as possible; let graduated tenancies also be provided as far as possible; let facilities for the sale and transfer of land be such as to induce the town operative himself to become possessed of land; let co-operative proprietors in every kind be facilitated and encouraged; then an estate of working men, as well as of middle-class men, will be created in this country, adequate by their sobriety, stability, and moral and economical weight, to counterpoise the active, theoretic, excitable communistic classes who represent organised labour in an aggressive sense. Throughout Europe at this moment the small proprietors and the secure tenants afford the one sure and sufficient anchorage for the States which otherwise would be broken up by the communistic flood. They form the basis of society in Germany, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, and North Italy. They are the Conservative masses and loyal multitudes of France—sober, home-loving, saving, increasing steadily in capital, while all around are in ferment.

We advocate no violent measures, no breaking up of estates, no compulsory division of property, but only seminal and equitable reforms, such as the ablest statesmen, on both sides of the House, and all political economists in almost every country recommend. We advocate the removal of obstacles and incumbrances, and gentle but pregnant reforms of principle. We desire to give landlords powers which would



be beneficial to their own estates as well as to lowly-placed labourers, and to secure for labourers cottages and gardens in which decency, chastity, and thrift, may have leave to make a home and to unfold their qualities and blessings. In adopting such a policy as we are now intimating, a wise, thoughtful, Liberalism—advanced in the best sense—would be found to harmonise with a true and enlightened Conservatism.\*

By such a programme of constructive reforms; by sustaining statesmen in a wise and firm policy of repression directed against intemperance; by carrying out thoroughly national education in all its branches, and in the most elevated as well as the most practical sense; by searching and complete sanitary reforms; and especially by remembering that no legislative reforms can save or elevate a nation unless, at the same time, moral and spiritual truth, practical Christianity, is worked out in the daily life of the people; any party, whether it call itself Conservative or Liberal, will establish itself in the country and secure its real progress, both material and moral. *Mere* party politics will only spread selfishness and demoralisation.

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\* Lord Derby, in his recent speech on the Land Question, seems to imagine that the question to be discussed is between a universal system of large farms and a universal system of small farms! and again, that the whole question is one as to the system which yields the largest crops. The last point reminds one of what used to be urged in favour of negro slavery. Let us quote a passage, first, from the *Pall Mall Gazette* for September 9th:—"Those who know that the English law of real property has grown up under any influences except those of forethought and common sense; that it is full of idle subtleties, useless fictions, and sophistical reasoning; that the utmost labour of those employed on it has infused into it at best a very moderate amount of reasonableness; that in England, alone among European countries, the purchaser of land has to pick his way among the multitudinous snares and traps thus created, unassisted by an official system of registration and transfer; that no English landowner is quite sure of his own title or has any idea of his neighbour's—those who have this knowledge, and yet can shake themselves free from the prejudices which the mere labour of acquiring it is accustomed to produce, will be apt to regard all broad and general assertions respecting the necessary distribution of landed property in our country as very nearly useless until the effects of our land law have been allowed for. The simple truth is that no human being can say how the land of England would exchange against other forms of wealth under natural conditions of transfer and title." We add, from the *Spectator*, that the object of States should be to "breed men," and not merely "to create wealth."

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## LITERARY NOTICES.

### I. THEOLOGICAL.

#### *Examination of Canon Liddon.*

An Examination of Canon Liddon's Bampton Lectures.  
By a Clergyman of the Church of England. Trübner & Co.

THE author of this Examination is a very bold man, whoever he may be. Not, indeed, because he encounters Canon Liddon, for he has evidently all the critical ability and scholarship which might warrant such a challenge of the Bampton Lecturer; but, first, because he is a clergyman of the Church of England, who as such is obliged to declare on every page his own uttermost inconsistency; and, secondly, because he has literally no theory of his own on the great subject he discusses, and therefore exposes throughout his book the hopeless confusion which necessarily results from a lack of definite faith. A clergyman, finding himself in the miserable position of one who is obliged to reject the doctrine of Our Lord's Divinity, and the Christian system of truth as resting upon that foundation, seems to us to lie under the weight of a twofold preliminary obligation—he is bound at once, after "repeated examinations" have convinced him that he must be an unbeliever, to leave the ministry of a Church whose creed he disavows; and, clearing his conscience thus, he is bound to construct something like a theory which may be substituted for the doctrine that he so laboriously assails.

With regard to the former of these obligations, he himself speaks very frankly, and it will serve a good purpose to hear what he says: "The practical effect of the position our Church occupies is the enfeeblement among her clergy of the sense of moral obligation to believe her dogmas. By her unguarded appeal to the Bible she has granted so much freedom, and by her multitudinous propositions inflicted so much constraint, that her hold upon the conscience is loosened, and her moral rights abridged." This is very plain speaking, but it is only the sequel of something still plainer. "But it may be said, Members of the Established Church, and more especially the clergy, are, in all honesty, debarred from Theism, being bound by solemn promises to continuance in the orthodox faith. The authoritative documents and formularies of the Church affirm the doctrine of Christ's Deity with such explicitness as to leave no room

for doubt, no license for discussion. The case may perhaps be so, and would without doubt be so, if the Church had not, in her Sixth Article, pronounced Holy Scripture to be the sufficient rule and repertory of the Christian faith; in her Twentieth Article, declared the sense of God's Word written to be superior to, and irrespective of, the Church's decrees and expositions; and in her services for the Ordination of Priests and Consecration of Bishops, exacted an engagement that the Sacred Scriptures shall be the fountain of doctrine, and the diligently-consulted standard and guide. . . . The Church rears no article of faith upon her own illumination and authority, but refers all to Scripture, and prescribes that all shall harmonise with, and bear to be tried by, Scripture. Between Holy Scripture and private judgment, no dominant mediator, no divinely-delegated instructor, is made to intervene. . . . In particular, she has distinctly affirmed the doctrine of the Trinity, and unreservedly endorsed the Three Creeds. Her appeal to Holy Writ is, therefore, merely a notification that therein she has found and directs her clergy to find such and such tenets. The conclusions to be arrived at are in reality dictated, but, in exuberant confidence of their truth, investigation is solicited and even enjoined. The one foundation on which the whole superstructure reposes is the authority of the Church; but the authority is shown in expounding an original and a wealthy deposit, not in imparting a continuous revelation."

Then, so far, it comes to this, that the appointed teacher of the congregations in the English Church may renounce any and every doctrine which he does not find in the infallible standard of Scripture. He feels himself justified in so doing, by the fact that he is bidden to test all things by that standard; and that, if he should unhappily differ from his Church's exposition of the Bible, he is not the less on that account sanctioned by her permission. But what if he renounces the Scripture itself? Surely then he must in all honesty retire; for he has renounced the last refuge that might shelter his consistency. Our Examiner, a clergyman of the Church of England, who is only one of a class, has renounced that refuge. "Mr. Liddon assumes the Bible to be, in a peculiar sense, a consistent organic whole, and that, in relation to moral and spiritual truths, and more especially in relation to the central truth which he seeks to enforce, the writers were guarded from error by the superintendence of a practically effective inspiration. He uses the Gospels as perfectly trustworthy and minutely accurate records of Christ's sayings; and, in commenting on the Acts of the Apostles, takes for granted he may ascribe, in language which will bear more than one meaning, the precise significance, the extreme pregnancy, and the dogmatic definiteness which the creeds of later times demand. This method is, no doubt, very convenient, perhaps indispensable, in orthodox Protestant exegesis; but, after all, no adjustment of theory respecting the unity, continuity, and infallibility of the revealed written deposit, can establish the right to interpret that deposit unreasonably. The

difficulties of the Nicene and Athanasian theologies can never be materially lessened so long as the sense of Scripture is supposed to lie open to the intellect and conscience of individuals. And, measured by rational criticism, the assumptions to which Mr. Liddon resorts are made in the face of facts too palpable to be ignored. The origin of all the Gospels is wrapt in obscurity. The New Testament Epistles, though they may betray reminiscences of sayings which the Evangelists have preserved, contain no quotation from the Gospels, and do not in any way assert or recognise their existence. While oral testimony was a fresh and living voice, they were not called for, and we have no pretence for fancying they appeared until the Apostolic generation had nearly died out, and they were not at once exalted to the rank accorded to the earlier Scriptures. Though honourably distinguished from inferior and less truthful records, they did not reach otherwise than by a gradual progress, extending over at least a hundred years, the high place and authority which we find conceded to them in the third and following centuries. If we had unimpeachable evidence of their genuineness, and could be sure they were originally written by the men whose names they bear, we should still have to consider the phenomena they present:—the patches of verbal identity in the first three; their want of connected and orderly arrangement; their superficial differences, resulting from omissions and slight variations, which are not incompatible with historical fidelity, and their marked discrepancies, which cannot be reconciled. We are not, moreover, able to deny the possibility and probability of changes, interpolations, and additions in the course of transcription and transmission; and we cannot be justified in assuming we have correct accounts of all events and correct reports of all discourses." Then follows a summary of the arguments sometimes adduced against the fourth Gospel—the hard obstruction to all enemies of Christ's Divinity—which ends significantly enough with the following desperate words:—"After a recognition of the peculiarities in form and substance which put the fourth Gospel so widely out of agreement with its predecessors, suspicion becomes almost inevitable that the promise ascribed to Christ (John xiv. 26) is an anticipatory explanation and apology for the production of matter so distinct from what the common oral tradition, and the existing written memoirs, embraced." What can be meant here by "anticipations"—considering when it is supposed the fourth Gospel was written—it is hard to determine. But, passing that by, the writer of this last sentence has evidently renounced the Scriptures as the standard of appeal placed in his hands by his own Church. He does not give us his views of the Epistles—which obviously could not "quote" Gospels which they preceded, though they quote the facts which those Gospels afterwards contained—but there can be no question that when Our Saviour's promise of the Spirit is thus trifled away, the Apostolical Epistles will go with it. Then surely there is no place in the Established Church for such a writer, and for such

argumentation as he adopts. He is very bold indeed, anonymous though he is, in proclaiming his treachery thus. Yet treachery he does not call it, as we see in what follows. The writer speaks generally, and as if referring to others; but he has himself and his own position in view.

"Earnestness and conscientiousness, when joined to intelligence, afford no guarantee that a Protestant who has been caught in the meshes of clerical subscription will either rescind his vows, and cease from the exercise of his ministry, or try to frame his faith and teaching according to the notions and aims of the divines who compiled the Articles and Book of Common Prayer. In many, perhaps the majority of instances, devoted and upright men who are able to see, will disregard the pretensions of a system whose rudimentary principles nullify each other, and will shape their conduct simply by their perceptions of duty to God, and what they believe to be His truth. Ministrations within the Established Church occupy the most advantageous position for the dissemination of precious spiritual truths, and for the promotion of moral improvement and practical piety. The duty of continuing to act from this advantageous position is, to many morally keen and sensitive minds, the motive which determines their course, and emancipates them from all sense of bondage and uneasiness on account of past pledges to believe and inculcate a mass of propositions which would still be wantonly burdensome, even if they did not jostle. They adhere to one fundamental base of the Church's teaching; and the quantity of inconsistent formally enjoined material their adhesion causes them to cast away, does not, after the first pain of awaking to the perception of a difficult situation, disturb the serenity of conscience. This I take to be a true account of prevalent feeling among the consistently Protestant, or Broad Church, Anglican clergy."

All this is, to our minds, inexpressibly sad. There is nothing in it which we have not been made familiar with in recent ecclesiastical proceedings; but nowhere has it been so calmly and unblushingly avowed. It may be true, and we fear is true, that numbers of the clergy have undergone "the first pain of awaking to the perception of a difficult situation;" but we can hardly believe that "the serenity of their conscience is not disturbed." What comfort or peace can men of such "high and sensitive morality" have in occupying their "advantageous position" as ministers, when they read before the people every Sunday writings as the Word of God which they believe to be falsely so called? And what propriety, or reverence, or high-minded conscientiousness can there be in pouring out long litanies, and prayers, and doxologies which are literally filled with the doctrines which those who utter them disbelieve? And how can they move about among their humbler people with the consciousness that they must needs, as honest men, unsettle their dearest and most cherished convictions? It is hard to understand how such covenant-breakers can expect the blessing of God on their ministrations; it is

not hard to believe that the Divine displeasure must rest upon the whole class of such ministers, and, for their sake, more or less upon the whole Church that holds them within her pale.

With the examination of the Bampton Lectures we have nothing now to do, having already paid our tribute to that noble testimony to truth, with such abatements as our point of view required us to make. But we must say a word or two on the second obligation, which we assume to have rested upon the adventurer who would uproot the ancient belief of Christendom. He ought to have something like a consistent notion, or theory, or doctrine of that great Person whom he confesses to be the centre of Christendom and of the Christian faith. Surely that ancient faith demands so much respect from its assailants—he being a professed interpreter and steward of Christian mysteries—as that he shall bring something to substitute for the faith that he would undermine. It cannot be well that an expositor of Christianity should be only a destructionist. The enemies without uproot all, so far as in them lies, and we understand their enmity and its issues. The communities of Christians, who bear that name while they deny the Godhead of Christ, give us, for the most part, their creed and their arguments in support of it. But ministers among ourselves, as we may say, who must of necessity preach Christ, but have no consistent Christ to preach, are a sore anomaly. The first duty they owe to Christ and to themselves is to give up the commission which they supposed themselves to have received, and to study and pray until their trumpet has something more than an uncertain sound to give, until they begin to know what they have to affirm.

The only passage that gives any hint that the writer contemplates the possibility of a definite place for the Being so strangely deputed in the New Testament is the following, which occurs in a stricture on Mr. Liddon's strong argument from St. Jude's words, "Our only Sovereign and Lord, Jesus Christ:"—"The excessive strain here put upon words is too palpable to need remark, and the question at issue is not whether the writer of the Epistle believed in a merely human Christ. Mere humanity and absolute Godhead are not a pair of alternatives, one of which must be chosen. There is between humanity and God an unknown range of superhuman existence; and all the peculiar endowments of office, power, and majesty with which the Almighty has invested Christ are, for genuine Protestants, to be measured neither by our guesses, nor by the necessities of traditional dogmatics, but by the statements of Scripture, so far as those statements are sufficiently plain and concordant to justify definite conclusions."

Sure as we are that at the root of the matter lies a conviction that the testimonies of Scripture are only the various phases of early speculation, and that the opponent in this case could never really lose a battle, or confess honourable defeat, we have no disposition to contest any point with him. If this sentence were the frank



admission that St. Jude, and a portion of St. Paul, exhibit a Christ intermediate between man and God, and, therefore, that the writer believes the Scriptures to reveal more than a humanitarian Christ, there would be some satisfaction in discussing those passages, at least, which bear upon the Arian question. But, turning to the chapter which deals with the Philippian and Colossian Christology, we are repelled by something in the tone that is insufferable; insufferable, not through irreverence, but through a hopeless inaccessibility to the first elements of Christological interpretation. "*Son of God* is, manifestly, an analogical and figurative expression; and the adjective, *only-begotten*, which the latest of the canonical writers joins with it, enlarges the figurativeness, even while giving a degree of uniqueness and intensity to the relation indicated. What is *begetting* on the part of God, or being *alone begotten*, is the specific difference which sunders the beloved Son from the many sons who, in the realm of created life, are *begotten* and *born* of God. It is not from Scripture, rationally interpreted, men have inferred the proposition that the *only-begotten* Son is, in virtue of His Sonship, a Person within the incommunicable and imperishable essence. They have brought elaborated conceptions to Scripture, and have grafted them on to a few mystic and metaphorical words. The very phrases by which the sacred writers seem to shun explicitness and precision, become, beneath the hands of interpreters, most explicit and precise. For converting *image* into a synonym for exact and adequate likeness, there is really no reasonable pretext. . . . Since the essence of God is invisible, the visible image of God cannot be identical with His essence. I cannot even imagine what sort of distinct, objective personality is to be understood by 'God's unbegun, unending reflections of Himself in Himself; His self-reflection in His own thoughts, eternally present with Himself.'" These last words are Mr. Liddon's, and we agree with our Examiner in disliking them equally with the figurative terms which so often speak of the manhood as "folded round" the Divinity. But we cannot enter into the state of mind of one who admits our Lord's pre-existence, and does not see in the combination of all those wonderful words, figures, if it must be so, to define off this Person from every creature begotten and born of God. *Alone begotten* is not the Apostle's meaning; it is the *only-begotten*, in the Word, "who is good." After long fencing with this profound word, the writer seems to us to refute his own objections when he says: "Our Lord is announced to have been originated or produced before all creation. But this is all that is announced respecting His origin. The text does not say, the birth of the Son, who is the *image of the invisible God*, was not some creative process, though that process preceded, and may, in unexplained ways, have differed from what is commonly called creation: it does not say the Son was an inherent form or person in the Divine substance, eternally present with the Father. Rather, it implies by the words *son*, *firstborn*, *image*, the prior and distinct existence of an

originating God or antitype, who, by an act of His own will and power, became, in some way, a Father, and produced a representative of Himself. Expositors who can discern in the words *son, firstborn, only-begotten*, a disclosure of identity of nature between God and Christ, are curiously unable to discern the vastly more obvious disclosure that God is in some very real sense the originator of Christ, the cause of Christ's existence."

The inability to discern that God is the originator of Christ is falsely charged upon us. This we steadfastly maintain: God raised up, sent, and gave Being, by the Holy Ghost, to the incarnate Person whom we call the Christ. That subordination of the Son in the flesh must be avowed. But our author means that the Father originated the Son, and the Son Himself does not deny that. But there can be no such filiation in God—by which His Son is *only-begotten*, and His *own* Son—which is not eternal. The thousand times repeated charges against Canon Liddon of vagueness, and trifling with words, and making epithets take the place of argument, might here be retorted on one crucial instance. There is admitted to be an "origination before all creation:" we ask no more. If now the disputant would remember that Scripture must be compared with Scripture,—that St. John's and St. Paul's profound expressions are not alone, but must be collated with others that explain their meaning—if, above all, he once admits the conception into his mind that there is such a thing as cumulative argument, and that the multitude of passages, each of which he barely obviates, narrowly escaping being vanquished, mutually give and receive demonstrative light and force, he will be obliged to come to something like the conviction that the Church attained.

A point that was just now indicated, and no more, may here be fastened upon for a moment. There never seems to be the slightest conception in this book that Christ is a Person who, as such, is not God nor man, but the God-man; and that the entire phraseology of Scripture is more or less based upon that assumption. From beginning to end there is the influence of that self-exinication which St. Paul refers to in his Philippian Epistle, and the mystery of which gives rise to so much in the New Testament that encourages the Unitarian. There the question of the *Bampton Lectures*—whether the Divinity of Christ be a truth or not—is not constantly uppermost: only occasionally is the Godhead of Christ referred to as such. His manhood is much more abundantly demonstrated, in its verity and identity with ours. But much more than either is His person, Divine-human, exhibited. The sacred writers do not profess to prove the Divinity of Christ; rather they declare that He was the Divine Son of God who came, being sent also, in the flesh. The full strength of New Testament demonstration is poured upon this, the establishment of an incarnation of a Son of God, who is His Word, His image, His Only-begotten. We, of course, do not deny that He is called God sometimes; the few passages which are

to be adduced are overwhelmingly convincing; and, indeed, the opponent has nothing more to say against them than that they may bear a contrary interpretation. What we deny is, that more of such passages might be expected. The incessant iteration of the remark that such and such words might have been expected here and there on the hypothesis of Christ's Divinity, are literally worth nothing. Nearly always, when that Divinity is referred to, it is referred to in such a manner as to show that it is the Divinity of the Incarnation that is meant, and that the One Person of the incarnate and veiled Redeemer is uppermost in the writer's mind. This is a topic of great importance in the controversy, and it has always seemed to us that the Bampton Lecturer himself was too little aware of its importance to his argument. We had marked some passages which illustrate this, but find that our space is filled.

One final reflection remains. Almost every page of this elaborate book shows the author to be a clever man, who is in a "painful position," and is sparing no pains to justify that position to himself,—a thing impossible. As to others, the book will be nil; negative criticism never hurts.

**A Harmony of the Four Gospels in Greek, according to the Text of Tischendorf: with a Collection of the Textus Receptus, and of the Texts of Griesbach, Lachmann, and Tregelles. By Frederic Gardiner, D.D., Professor in the Berkeley Divinity School. Author of "A Commentary on the Epistle of St. Jude," &c. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1871.**

**A Harmony of the Four Gospels in English, according to the Authorised Version. Corrected by the best Critical Editions of the Original. By Frederic Gardiner, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1871.**

In these two volumes we have, substantially, the same work in two different forms, one designed for students of the Greek Testament, the other for English readers. The work is the result of much careful and conscientious labour, and by both classes of students it will be found of great value. Our remarks have reference mainly to the Greek Harmony, but in many respects are equally applicable to its English companion.

Perhaps the most important feature of Professor Gardiner's Greek Harmony is its critical text. As he truly says, "The importance of textual criticism in bringing out the exact relations of the language of the several Evangelists cannot be overlooked." A Harmony of the Gospels constructed on the basis of the received text misleads at every step. No fact in textual criticism is more patent than the gradual conformation of one Gospel to another, and the obliteration by transcribers of the distinctive peculiarities of the several writers, —peculiarities which, it is true, are often minute, but which, in

countless instances, are of the highest interest. In the common Greek text, the Harmonist too often finds his work already accomplished to his hand, by a process truly Procrustean: essential unity has, through the well-intentioned but mischievous alterations of scribes, been sacrificed to a bare uniformity. Dr. Gardiner has not ventured on the construction of a new text: he has, perhaps wisely, adopted that of Tischendorf's so-called "eighth" edition. If any text is to be taken as a whole, the choice can hardly fall on any other than this. Tregelles is clearly superior to Tischendorf in the art of handling and applying critical materials; but the early parts of his Greek Testament were issued before the discovery of the Codex Sinaiticus, and at a time when many of the readings of the Vatican MS. were but imperfectly known. We cannot wonder then at Dr. Gardiner's selection, but we certainly could have wished that he had pointed out to his readers some of the weak places in Tischendorf's text. Mr. Scrivener has ascertained that the variations between Tischendorf's seventh and eighth editions amount to between 800 and 900 in the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark alone. In many of these changes, Tischendorf is influenced by an overweening preference for the Sinaitic MS.; and though this excessive affection for his youngest child may be natural and very pardonable in the editor, the results are unfortunate for his readers. We do not complain that in Dr. Gardiner's work John ii. 3 runs thus: *Καὶ οἶνον οὐκ εἶχον, ὅτι συνετέλεισθη ὁ οἶνος τοῦ γάμου. εἶτα λέγει ἡ μήτηρ τοῦ Ἰησοῦ πρὸς αὐτόν Οἶνος οὐκ ἔστιν;* but we should wish to be reminded of the fact that, of all existing Greek MSS., one only has this reading. If in John vii. 22 the reader misses *διὰ τοῦτο*, he should be informed that the same MS. stands alone, not only amongst Greek MSS., but amongst critical authorities of all kinds, in omitting these difficult words. Dr. Gardiner places at the foot of the page those readings of the *Textus Receptus* which Tischendorf has set aside, and appends in each case the initials of the editors (Griesbach, Lachmann, Tregelles) who stand by the common reading. We would venture to recommend the readers of this work (and we trust they will be many) to pause before accepting words which are vouched for by Tischendorf in the text, but against which are arrayed the letters "G. L. T." in the margin. It will be seen that Dr. Gardiner furnishes us with a full collation of two texts only, the readings of the three editors named above being (for the most part) neglected, when Tischendorf adheres to the ordinary text. This arrangement not unfrequently leads to the suppression of a valuable reading. In Matt. viii. 10, xx. 26, Luke vi. 1, John i. 4, 42, v. 47, viii. 39, xv. 8, for example, readings which have a strong claim on our acceptance are not mentioned at all, because in these passages Tischendorf does not depart from the *Textus Receptus*. In a large majority of cases, however, Professor Gardiner's procedure is free from all objection; and, on the whole, this Harmony is decidedly superior to any of its rivals in the character of its Greek text.

Another characteristic, the value of which cannot easily be over-estimated, is the exact and full information respecting other harmonistic systems which is afforded us in this work. Sixteen pages of the Introduction are occupied by a tabular view of the arrangements of the Four Gospels adopted by Greswell, Stroud, Robinson, Archbishop Thomson (in Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*, Art. *Gospels*), Tischendorf, and the author, respectively. This Table needs a little revision. John v., for example, would seem to be introduced by Greswell in two places, between the 13th and 14th verses of Luke iv., and between Luke v. and vi.; the latter being the position to which Greswell really assigns the chapter. In Stroud's arrangement, as given here, three chapters of St. Luke (Luke xiii. 22 to xvi. 31) are omitted altogether. Considerable injustice is unintentionally done to Tischendorf, by the frequent omission of the brackets by which he indicates that "*commodæ comparationis causæ repetuntur quorum locus ex ordine rerum alibi est.*" The Table would often seem to imply that a section is placed by him, most arbitrarily, far from the context to which it naturally belongs; the truth being, that Tischendorf (to the reader's great advantage) frequently illustrates a passage by placing side by side with it, but within brackets, verses of similar character, belonging to a different period of Our Lord's ministry.

But it is time to come to the main subject of the work. The Harmony seems to have been constructed with great care, and, in the main, on very sound principles. The results are, for the most part, accordant with those arrived at by Tischendorf (*Synopsis Evangelica*, ed. 2). Maintaining that in Luke i. 3 καθέξῃς has no express reference to chronological order, Dr. Gardiner departs from St. Luke's arrangement more freely than Tischendorf or Bishop Ellicott. In the first verse of John v. he adopts the (less probable) reading ἡ ἑορτή, and understands the Passover to be spoken of; this chapter he brings in between the fifth and sixth chapters of St. Luke. The mission of the Seventy is placed before John vii. 11, not after John x. 21. Matt. xix. 1, 2, Mark x. 1, are held to correspond with Luke xiii. 22, not with Luke xvii. 11, which here finds a place after Luke x. 16. The parallelism of John vi. 66—71 with Matt. xvi. 18—28, is rightly denied; on the other hand, Matt. xxv. 14—30 is placed by the side of Luke xix. 2—28, and Matt. xxiv. 26—28, 37—41, by the side of Luke xvii. 20—37. Indeed, the special weakness of this Harmony is a tendency towards the dismemberment of chapters which are most naturally regarded as forming a connected whole, the source of this tendency being an unwillingness to consider words as having been uttered by Our Lord more than once. Here and there Dr. Gardiner uses language of a different import (see page 188); but, as a rule, he is more willing to sacrifice the unity of a discourse, than to allow that Our Lord repeated His sayings. It is surely a very violent procedure to tear away three verses (16, 17, 18) from Luke xvi., assigning to each a different position in contexts widely dissimilar; to sever Matt. v. 25, 26, vi. 22—34, vii. 7—11, from the

Sermon on the Mount; to place Matt. xiii. 16, 17, immediately after xi. 30, in parallelism with Luke x. 23, 24; or to dismember Matt. xxiv. and xxv. Most readers will feel that little is gained and much lost by such dislocations as these. The flaws, however, are comparatively few; most of the opinions advanced by the author command our entire assent; and it must not be forgotten that his clear exhibition of the views of other harmonists renders these peculiarities far less hurtful than they would be if found in books which leave the reader at the author's mercy.

We have no space for a detailed notice of other characteristics of this excellent work. Quotations from the Old Testament are dealt with carefully, the LXX. being given in three texts, those of the Alexandrian, Vatican, and Sinaitic MSS.: in certain passages of importance the original Hebrew and the other Greek versions are also supplied. Many points of interest are noticed and briefly discussed in a General Introduction, and in notes appended to the several sections. The typographical arrangement is clear and good, and the volume is in every way convenient for use.

The character of the companion volume is thus indicated by the author:—

"This Harmony is a reproduction in English of the author's *Harmony of the Four Gospels* in Greek. Being intended for English readers, so much of the Introduction and of the notes as requires a knowledge of Greek, is omitted. Other notes have been abridged in many cases. The text is throughout that of the Authorised or common Version, except where critical labours upon the original text, since that version was made, have established a change in the Greek, and also in a very few instances in which the translation admits of correction by common consent. In such passages the required change is made, and the words of the Authorised Version are given at the foot of the page."

It is of course impossible that a work executed on these principles should be completely satisfactory. The love of variety which characterised our translators shows itself most markedly in their treatment of parallel sections of the Gospels. When the English reader sees these sections side by side in the columns of a Harmony, he is constantly in danger of attaching importance to variations which exist in the English only, and of overlooking real differences which are not exhibited in our translation. It is only by an entirely new version that this difficulty can be removed. Amongst the "few instances in which the translation admits of correction by common consent," we notice John v. 18 ("his own Father"), Luke xviii. 12 ("I acquire"), xxiii. 33 ("a skull"), Matt. xxiii. 24 ("strain out"), John xiv. 18 ("orphans"), xvi. 8 ("convince"); but we look in vain for any change in Matt. xxv. 8, xxii. 42, xv. 3, Luke xxiii. 42, John iv. 29, v. 35, 44, viii. 58, &c., and even in John x. 16. In one important passage (John xii. 27), the punctuation of the English agrees neither with the Authorised Version nor with Tischendorf's Greek text. To



some of Dr. Gardiner's renderings, in passages where changes in the Greek text necessitated alteration in the English, we must seriously demur (e.g. Matt. xi. 23, xii. 6, xx. 33, Mk. ii. 21, 26, viii. 37, ix. 23, Luke xviii. 7, John xvii. 11); in most instances, however, they are correct and good. This volume contains the tabular view of other harmonistic arrangements which is referred to above, a useful Introduction, and numerous notes on points of detail.

On the whole we can confidently recommend this as the most valuable Harmony of the Gospels with which we are acquainted. It has been necessary to call in question certain details, but the work is one which deserves minute criticism. We trust that it will receive a hearty welcome from the English public.

*Dr. Nägelsbach on Jeremiah.*

Lange's Commentary on the Holy Scriptures. The Book of the Prophet Jeremiah. By Dr. C. W. Edward Nägelsbach.

The Lamentations of Jeremiah. By Dr. C. W. Edward Nägelsbach. Edinburgh: Clark.

DR. NÄGELSBACH'S is almost a new name among English translations from the German; but he has approved his competence for the task of expounding Jeremiah by his Hebrew Grammar, and by many very important monographs, especially those in Herzog's *Encyclopædia*. Dr. Schaff, whose editorship of the whole series gives it a special value, has done well to give some extracts from the author's Preface, containing his views of Biblical criticism. "It is important, above all, not to confound the eternal truth with human traditional conceptions thereof. The eternal truth is not prejudiced, even though an interpolation or a lacuna may be discovered here and there in a canonical book. Did such discoveries inflict a vital injury, care would have been taken that not a single variation should creep into the sacred archives. But such variations do exist in number; there are, as we have said, unquestionable distortions of the original text of greater or less extent. It is thus seen that the Almighty was not concerned at a little dust, a slight rent, or a small piece of patchwork, affixed by an unhallowed hand, on the hem of the majestic garment of His holy oracles. There is always enough of the unassailable sacred text remaining intact, which to some may be a 'fountain of living water,' to others 'the sword of the Spirit.' Now, would it be of any advantage to the good cause if we admitted no critical suspicion, but warded off every such attack at *any* price? I have from the first guarded, for God's and my conscience' sake, against such unspiritual knight-errantry." Of course, this principle must be accepted; but everything depends upon the skill, and honesty, and judgment, with which it is applied. The critic who leaves nothing but a few *disjecta membra* of his author, or only a slight nucleus, would use this language in justification of his pro-

cedure; though with little propriety. Dr. Nägelsbach is a temperate critic, and one, moreover, who so carefully weighs evidence, and is so much disposed to give the present text the advantage of every doubt, that he now accepts several passages which once he rejected or suspected. This is the precise opposite of what we find among German critics generally. "The integrity of the text has been relatively but little questioned. Though Jeremiah was one of the most read of the prophets, his text has been handed down to us, on the whole, pure and unadulterated."

The style of the Introduction, which, though rather short, is very full, may be judged from the following extract:—

"The peculiarities of his person and efficient work are fully reflected in the literary character of our prophet. Jeremiah as an author is like a brazen wall, and at the same time like soft wax. Brazen, since no power on earth could induce him to alter the tenor of his proclamation; but soft, in that we feel that a man of gentle disposition and broken heart has given utterance to these powerful words. His style is wanting in the noble, bold conciseness and concentration which we so much admire in the older prophets, Isaiah and Hosea. His periods are long, the development verbose." It must be remembered that these criticisms on style are quite consistent with sound theory of prophetic inspiration. But we seem to be treading on ground that shakes, when we go on. "The same peculiarity is displayed in the prophet's logic. While he maintains his fundamental thoughts with such undeviating monotony that the contents of his discourses seem almost meagre, yet on the other hand there is such luxuriance in the development, that the unity and the consecutiveness of the thoughts seem to suffer. For, one is not deduced logically from the other; but we see, as it were, a series of *tableaux* pass before us, of which each presents the same stage and the same persons, but in the most various groupings. This peculiarity of his logic refutes the objection which has been made, and constantly repeated, that Jeremiah springs analogically from one thing to another. The transitions are frequently abrupt, but there is still a logical progression. There is, however, another kind of repetition very frequent in Jeremiah: he not only quotes himself very often (there is a table of these self-quotations, p. 128), but he likes also to introduce the sayings of others. Jeremiah is specially at home in the Pentateuch, and most of all in Deuteronomy. It is on account of this reproduction of the thoughts of others that he has been reproached with a want of originality. But this is no more true than that he was wanting in poetry. In power he is certainly not equal to Isaiah. But he is not wanting in originality. As to a deficiency in poetry, I point to Umbreit, who says, 'The most spiritual and therefore the greatest poet of the desert and of suffering is certainly Jeremiah. But we have maintained much more than this, having boldly asserted that of all the prophets his genius is the most poetical, I fully subscribe to this judgment. For, assuredly, uni-

versal sympathy, and deep and pure emotion, are the qualities of a poet, and we undoubtedly find these elements of poetic inspiration in the highest degree in the finely strong nature of Jeremiah. The circumstances of his life caused his quotations to be predominantly sad; hence, in the whole range of human composition, there is scarcely a poetical expression of sorrow so thrilling as that of this prophet, 'O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people.' Umbreit remarks that these words form the portrait of the prophet; and Bendemann, in painting his celebrated picture, seems really to have had this passage especially in view."

Dr. Asbury's task has been well done. He has given us an English edition, which retains with wonderful correctness the mosaic-work of Hebrew in the commentary; and, here and there connecting the English version of the prose of Jeremiah, gives a fine poetical rendering made up by a comparison of the German and English version with the Hebrew.

The part of the volume on the Lamentations we have had no time to examine, even with the moderate care we have bestowed on the prophet's greater work. Dr. Nägelsbach advocated in Herzog the Jeremiad authorship of this book, but he has changed his opinion, supporting his change by a variety of cogent considerations. These Dr. Hornblower has examined in a masterly essay, which is a very creditable specimen of conscientious, learned, and thorough editorial care. On the whole, we feel ourselves much the richer for this ponderous but most valuable addition to our store of Old Testament exegesis.

**For Ever. An Essay on Eternal Punishment.** By the Rev. Marshall Randles. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. 1871.

It is cause for thankfulness that we have men willing to leave the lighter walks of literature, and with courage enough to speak plainly and boldly in defence of the teachings of Holy Scripture on a subject so dark and oppressive as this. We are all the more indebted to the author of this volume because of the manifest care and diligence with which he has prepared himself to deal with this subject, because of the spirit of sobriety and fairness in which he writes, and because of that logical acumen and well-balanced judgment which he brings to the service of this controversy. He is inclining and courteous toward his opponents, paying marked respect to their opinions, even when those opinions do not rise above the level of crotchets. We like Mr. Randles' general method of treating the subject. He takes certain established sublime truths, or fixed facts, as "The Character of God," "The Initiation of Christ," "Human Sympathy," and allows the light of these to fall upon the doctrine under discussion. And he is not afraid lest its horrors of darkness should be too much exposed by the light; he has no misgivings as to the result of a thorough and im-

partial investigation. The chapters we have indicated will, in particular, amply repay a thoughtful reading.

The book contains eight chapters, with an Appendix, which is an able and successful criticism on "The Victory of Divine Goodness," by the Rev. T. R. Birks. Of these chapters, our space will not allow us to give a separate analysis. We turned, instinctively, to the one on "The Direct Testimony of Holy Scripture;" for on this, as on all other vital subjects, the *one* question is, *What saith the Scripture?* The teachings and traditions of men, their experience, intuitions, reasonings, sympathies, are nothing in comparison with this. And Mr. Randles wisely limits the appeal of his argument to those who respect the authority of the Bible, and will bow to its decisions. To these his argument will commend itself, and tend to establish, or it may be restore, their faith in the true teachings of God's Word on this subject. We must, however, confess to some disappointment with this chapter. We could wish that the testimony of Scripture had been given with less etymological criticism, or, at least, with less reference to adverse interpretations. He condescends too much to "childish opponents," and is ever too eager to march out to the attack of the enemy's position. In this chapter he should have given the testimony of Scripture in a positive manner, with a full-toned voice, from his own point of view, leaving the glosses of his opponents to be dealt with afterwards. It is difficult, we know, in such a case, to do one thing at once—to state your own views, advance your own arguments, define and consolidate your own position, without reference to the views and arguments of those opposed. But this should be always done to the utmost possible extent. Had this method been adopted, the evidence of Scripture, which is too much distributed throughout the book, would have been compacted together, considerable repetition would have been avoided, the meaning, according to his own view, of words and passages would have been fixed once for all, and the whole testimony of Scripture would have been much more effective, because more close and massive. Mr. Randles says: "Explicit statement is often of less value than inferential evidence." This is peculiarly true in relation to this question, and if the author had allowed this sentiment its full influence upon him, he would have made more impressive the parallelism between eternal life and eternal death, and have made the whole constructive argument from Scripture more vivid and forcible. Etymological reasonings are good and indispensable, but, in this instance especially, "inferential evidence" and constructive arguments are most essential to the true maintenance of our position.

The teaching of Holy Scripture on this subject is strongly supported by the doctrine of *man's natural immortality*. The relation between these two is thus presented to us: "Such immortality granted, it becomes a foundation-stone of an argument for eternal punishment. But, *not* granted, the doctrine of endless punishment, proved by the testimony of Scripture, remains, and becomes the foundation-stone of an argument for the immortality of the soul. Both lines of reasoning

are sound ; the first making the doctrine of the soul's immortality subservient to that of eternal punishment, the second resting the truth of eternal punishment on direct revelation, and from that inferring the soul's immortality. We could afford to waive all argumentation on the natural immortality of the soul from mental phenomena, and stake the issue on God's Word." *We could, but* the issue is one of Scriptural interpretation and argument, and, therefore, if the immortality of man could be assailed with even partial success, it would make the question, *What saith the Scripture?* far more serious for us as against the Annihilationists. The stronger we make our ground on this subject, the surer will be our footing as interpreters of the Word of God.

Mr. Randles, in our opinion, is decidedly successful in dealing with objections, and in grappling with alternative theories. He carefully narrows the ground of objectors by repeatedly showing that "the objection to the evils of earth and hell, for a *limited* duration, may be couched in almost the very same language as that employed against *eternal* evil. So that objectors have to clear the ground for themselves by reconciling the actual existence and continuance of suffering with the character of God and the susceptible sympathies of man. His remarks on the number of the ultimately saved and lost, though liable to be thought sufficiently bold by some, are decidedly refreshing and assuring. There is one point not presented, at least with any force, which we think lies with great weight against some of the objections raised, and especially against that which is thought to lie in the disproportion between the sin and the penalty. It is this: that men who have heard the Gospel will be punished, not so much for the enormity and persistence of their sinfulness, as for their wilful rejection of the offer of life: "He that believeth not shall be damned," and for that reason. *This is the condemnation*, the culminating guilt of man, the aggravation of his case before the bar of the Eternal. Even man's judgment, apart from theories and fancies, would instinctively and indignantly pronounce judgment on this cause. You will not accept life—life purchased out of love so pure, at a cost so rare, and yet so freely offered—then *perish*, no doom is too heavy for you.

Most attention is paid, and properly so, to the theory of Annihilation, for it is the favourite of the hour. We commend him for it, but we fear the advocates of this theory will be displeased with our author for his plain and unhesitating use of the word annihilation. They mean the thing, but the word is manifestly too pronounced for them. They betray a "secret dread and inward horror of falling into nought." The various phases in which this theory is shown, here and elsewhere, to present, and the painful efforts, of which Dr. Parker's is a specimen, which are made to compromise matters, suggest the difficulty of approaching even this theory so as to hold it intelligently and confidently ; while Mr. Birk's attempts on the Universalist side suggest the same difficulty in relation to that theory. We believe it is impossible to refine upon these positions, and that every man of competent intelligence and candour must be prepared to confess, the more he reads and

thinks, that between the doctrine of Eternal Punishment and Annihilation on the one hand, and Universalism on the other, both literally interpreted, there is no midway position tenable or possible. And we thank Mr. Randles cordially for having shown that the doctrine of Eternal Punishment is both Scriptural and according to the analogy of nature and of right reason—always understanding, however, not so much the eternal infliction of punishment for a temporal sin, as the eternal connection between the sin that leaves the world and its necessary punishment in itself. His book is a valuable contribution toward the sound Scriptural settlement of this much-vexed question.

**The Training of the Twelve.** By the Rev. A. B. Bruce. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

THE title of this volume raised expectations that the volume itself does not satisfy. We have not a treatise on the specific discipline by which Our Lord moulded the characters of His chosen Apostles—a subject which well deserves to be handled by some competent divine. But such as it is, this volume is exceedingly good. It is not a series of essays on the methods by which the Divine Redeemer combated His disciples' errors, trained them to faith in Himself, and prepared them to become His Apostles to the ends of the earth. It is rather a collection of discourses on the Words of Our Lord, as illustrating the events of His life, and unfolding the purposes of His death. No province of theological literature is already richer than this. But Mr. Bruce's volume is a welcome addition, bringing not much that is new, but a good deal that is freshly said, and said by an unmistakably true man. The following is a specimen of the best part of the book:—

"While the sermon on the bread of life continues to be mixed up with sacramentarian controversies, agreement in its interpretation is altogether hopeless. Meantime, till a better day dawn on the divided and distracted Church, every man must endeavour to be fully persuaded in his own mind. Three things are clear to our mind: first, it is incorrect to say that the sermon delivered in Capernaum synagogue refers to the sacrament of the Supper. The true state of the case is, that both refer to the same thing, viz. the death of Christ, and both declare, in different ways, the same thing concerning it. The sermon says in symbolic words what the Supper says in a symbolic act, that Christ crucified is the life of men, the world's hope of salvation. The sermon says more than this, for it speaks of Christ's ascension as well as of His death; but it says this for one thing. A second point on which we are clear is, that it is quite unnecessary to assume a mental reference by anticipation to the Holy Supper, in order to account for the peculiarity of Christ's language in this famous discourse. As we saw at the beginning, the whole discourse arose naturally out of the present situation. The mention by the people of the manna naturally led Jesus to speak of the bread of life; and from the bread He passed on as naturally to speak of the flesh and the blood, because He could not



really be bread until He had become flesh and blood dissevered, i.e. until He had endured death. All that we find here might have been said, in fact, although the sacrament of the Supper had never existed. The third truth which shines clear as a star to our eye is,—that through faith alone we may attain all the blessings of salvation. Sacraments are very useful, but they are not necessary. If it had pleased Christ not to institute them, we could have got to heaven notwithstanding. Because He has instituted them, it is our duty to celebrate them, and we may expect benefit from their celebration. But the benefit we receive is simply an aid to faith, and nothing which cannot be received by *faith*. Christians eat the flesh and drink the blood of the Son of Man at all times, not merely at communion times, simply by believing in Him. They eat His flesh and drink His blood at His table in the same sense as at other times; only perchance in a livelier manner, their hearts being stirred up to devotion by remembrance of His dying love, and their faith aided by seeing, handling, and tasting the bread and wine.”—Pp. 145-6.

This is pithily stated. What follows is on a kindred subject, and strikes us as not so well put. We insert it for its own interest, as showing what embarrassment is occasioned to an expositor by refusing to accept the plain meaning, or what seems to us to be the plain meaning, of Scripture. That plain meaning will always well vindicate itself.

“Finally, if it be true that Peter is here called the rock on which the Church shall be built, this is to be understood in the same way as the promise of the keys. Peter is called the foundation of the Church only in the same sense as all the Apostles are called the foundation by the Apostle Paul, viz. as the first preachers of the true faith concerning Jesus as the Christ and Son of God; and if the man who *first* professed that faith be honoured by being called individually the rock, that only shows that the *faith*, and not the man, is after all the true foundation. That which makes Simon a *Petros*, a rock-like man, fit to build on, is the real *Petra* on which the Ecclesia is to be built. After these remarks, we deem it superfluous to enter minutely into the question to what the term ‘rock’ refers in the sentence, ‘Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build My Church.’ At the same time, we must say that it is by no means so clear to us that the rock must be Peter, and can be nothing else, as it is the fashion of modern commentators to assert. To the rendering, ‘Thou art Petros, a man of rock, and on *thee*, as on a rock, I will build My Church,’ it is possible, as already admitted, to assign an intelligible, Scriptural meaning. But we confess our preference for the old Protestant interpretation, according to which Our Lord’s words to His disciples should be thus paraphrased, ‘Thou, Simon Barjonas, art Petros, a man of rock, worthy of thy name Peter, because thou hast made that bold, good confession, and on the truth thou hast now confessed, as on a rock, will I build My Church; and so long as it abides on that foundation it will stand firm and unassailable against all the powers of hell.’ So rendering, we make

Jesus say not only what He really thought, but what was most worthy to be said. For Divine truth is the sure foundation. Believers, even Peters, may fail, and prove anything but stable; but truth is eternal, and faileth never."—Pp. 170-1.

It may be as well to confess that we have not had time to read this volume through. The discourses from which these extracts are taken, however, we have read and some others, and can only repeat that, as a collection of evangelical and earnest expositions of the Gospels they are excellent. Would that all the pulpits of these islands issued doctrine like this. But we question the propriety of issuing them as an exhibition of "the twelve Disciples of Jesus under discipline for the Apostleship."

*Hefele on the Councils.*

A History of the Christian Councils, from the Original Documents, to the Close of the Council of Nicæa, A.D. 325. By Charles Joseph Hefele, D.D., Bishop of Rottenburg, formerly Professor of Theology in the University of Tübingen. Translated from the German, and edited by William R. Clark, M.A., Oxon., Prebendary of Wells. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

IN Germany, Dr. Hefele's great *Concilien-geschichte* has reached the Council of Constance: volume after volume is received there by Romanists and Protestants alike with avidity. The work has occupied the author for many years. It is based upon a careful study of the original documents, and is not simply a condensation of "those large collections of Hardouin and Manzi which are seldom to be met with in private libraries." It is no disparagement of the book that it is written by a Roman Catholic: truth is the guiding principle of his statement of facts, and the doctrinal discussions that are interwoven with them may be very profitable to those who wish to see all sides of the great theological questions which appeal to antiquity. As it regards the present volume, it is occupied with the ante-Nicene age, and belongs to a period which, in some sense, is common property. And certainly no student can understand that period, or be said to have even a tolerable insight into the history of early Christian doctrine, who does not study, more or less, the history of the Councils and Synods. Nothing tends so much to realise and fix our knowledge of those times, and their doctrinal history, as to frequent those assemblies in which truth and error, good and evil, were perpetually in conflict, while, as we believe, the Spirit of Christ watched over all.

By this, we do not mean the Divine Inspiration and absolute guidance which the historian seems to take for granted. "That the origin of Councils is derived from the Apostolic Synod held at Jerusalem about the year 52 is undoubted; but theologians are not agreed as to whether they were instituted by Divine or human authority. The true answer to this question is as follows: They are an *apostolical*

institution ; but the Apostles, when they instituted them, acted under the commission which they received from Christ, otherwise they could not have published the decisions of their Synod with the words, 'It seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us.' They must have been convinced that the Lord of the Church had promised and had granted His Spirit to the assemblies of His Church." Here there is a confounding of things that differ. That in every assembly of Christians met in the name of Jesus, and in every assembly of Christian pastors and rulers, the Spirit of Christ is present, there can be no doubt. But it is quite another thing to say that the doctrine and discipline of the Church were committed to such Synods as an appointed institution. Of this we find no trace ; no reference is made to it throughout the Epistles ; and, were the Divine institution of this kind of Church government granted—as in some sense it may—that is quite another thing than to assert that every decision of such Councils, arrived at through angry discussion, carried, it may be, by bare majorities, and sometimes scandalising the majority of the Christian world, is the decree of the Holy Ghost. We cannot help reading Dr. Hefele's laborious endeavour to show that every Ecumenical Council must be summoned by the Pope, as the Head of the Church, in the light of the latest, and, probably, the last, of these Councils, and we confess that part of his work seems very weak. Its greatest value is the faithful picture it gives of early discipline : the Canons Disciplinary, given in Greek and English, will be, to many, a wonderful revelation of the inner life of the Church. The Quartodeciman or Easter Controversy, settled at Nicea, has, if we mistake not, some new and very important light here thrown upon it. We would advise those of our readers whose minds have been perplexed by recent dissertations on the subject, to read this account. Indeed, the whole narrative of the great Council is well told ; as we think, incomparably better in this simply historical method, than in some melodramatic sketches that have been very popular among us.

We thank Mr. Clark for this beginning. No publisher has done so much for the widening and deepening of our knowledge of ecclesiastical history. It is a true instinct that has led to the addition of this work, which ably, and in general carefully, translated and edited, ought to be widely circulated in our public and private libraries.

### The Doctrine of Holy Scripture respecting the Atonement.

By Thomas J. Crawford, Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh. Blackwood and Sons. 1871.

DR. CRAWFORD'S present treatise is the final expansion of views which have been already given to the world ; but these are woven into the fabric of a really great work on the Atonement, one that comes very near being the model for the treatment of that doctrine. Of course, we are bound to take exception to every part of it that deals with the extent and destination of the Atonement ; assured as

we are that the privileges of those who are united to Christ are never thoroughly understood until we assent to the universality of His sacrificial relation to the race as such.

The work is a contribution to the Biblical Theology of the Atonement. Dr. Crawford takes the whole compass of the New Testament redemptional language, and by an inductive treatment gathers up what the Bible says about the nature of that Atonement. We cannot but think that something like an analytical presentation of the long array—reducing them to a few leading and essential characteristics—would have been more effective. But it is hard to think so, when we look at the twelve sections in which the general results of the induction are given—sections scarcely to be matched in the English language for vigour and solemnity, and simplicity of statement.

Dr. Crawford has in this done good service. But his work will be more useful to young students in some other respects than even in his exposition of Scripture: in that region we confess ourselves not happy in the company of the Westminster Confession, even though its expositor be so catholic and large-hearted and sober-minded as our present guide. We value his book more for its most masterly treatment of the non-expiatory theories of Bähr, Hofmann, Keil, and Young; for its full exhibition of the Scriptural doctrine; and, above all, for its hundred pages of review of various modern theories with which we are all, consciously or unconsciously, familiar. The objections brought against the doctrine are met at length. From this part of the book, though not in our judgment the best, we take a useful extract, as a specimen of the quiet dignity and ease with which our author treats his great theme:—

“Before passing away from the subject of Our Lord’s teaching, I must briefly advert to a special objection that has been urged against the Atonement from certain of His parables. Thus, we are told that the father of the *prodigal son* freely forgave him, and cordially welcomed him, without requiring any satisfaction for his past misconduct; and that the debts of the *unmerciful servant*, when he had nothing to pay, were freely remitted, without any substitute undertaking to discharge them for him. And from this it is argued that, according to Our Lord’s teaching, there cannot be any necessity for an Atonement in order to obtain for sinners the Divine forgiveness.

“In meeting this objection, it is only necessary to keep in view the recognised rule in the interpretation of parables—namely, that the import of them is not to be further stretched than the nature of the subject which they are used to illustrate plainly requires, or than the nature of the imagery employed in them will admit of. (1.) In the parable of the Prodigal Son Our Lord’s object evidently was, not to set forth the *ground* or *principle* of forgiveness (which He expressly did at the institution of the Lord’s Supper, by declaring that ‘His blood was shed for the remission of sins’), but to exhibit the *gracious manner*, so far as the sinner is himself concerned, in which forgive-

ness is bestowed upon him by his heavenly Father. And with this view it was not necessary that anything should be introduced indicative of the method by which the Divine justice and the Divine mercy are harmoniously displayed in the pardon of sinners. Besides, the illustrative case employed in this parable, being that of an earthly parent receiving back his erring child, was not of such a kind as to afford scope for the introduction of any emblem of the Atonement as the basis of forgiveness. For it is not in His *paternal* relation, as here represented, but in His *judicial* relations to us as a righteous Governor, that God requires an expiation for the guilty. (2.) Again, the parable of the Unmerciful Servant is designed to show how generously we ought to forgive the trespasses of our fellow-men, in consideration of the much greater amount of our own trespasses, for the pardon of which we are beholden to the grace of God. And with this view it is not necessary, any more than in the other instance, that the Atonement, which God not only requires but also provides, should be specially referred to. All that is requisite is that our forgiveness should be represented as being, with respect to ourselves, an act of sovereign grace, wholly gratuitous and unmerited."

The Martyrs and Apologists. By E. de Pressensé, D.D.  
Translated by Annie Harwood. Hodder and Stoughton.

We said a few words about the original of this volume, the most interesting of the series on *The Early Years of Christianity*. The translation is accomplished with great care, though the friends who have helped the translator have not been as minute in their finish as they ought to have been. The author's peculiarities of theological view do not appear in the present volume, which gives the finest scope to that rare pictorial skill and faculty of analysis which distinguish Dr. Pressensé. Nothing can be more interesting than his sketches of the Apostolical Fathers, the Apologists, especially Justin Martyr, and Clemens, and Origen. The assailants of Christianity were never so well depicted. The German accounts are ponderous and wearisome. Our own English have been rather in the college text-book style. Here is an author who gives us as interesting narratives as Gibbon or Stanley, with a more evangelical appreciation of the truth of Christianity, as assailed and triumphant, than either. We shall give a single extract from this beautiful volume, which would scarcely be recognised as translation:—

"After charging the new religion with miserably degrading the conception of God, Celsus proceeds to his next accusation against it, that of unreasonably exalting the human creature. Strange that this proud philosopher, who could not find sarcasms bitter enough to express his contempt for the humility enjoined in the Gospel, should take pleasure in depreciating man, in disputing his Divine sonship, and tearing from his brow the crown which sin itself had not been

wholly able to destroy. The proud Platonist, who would be indignant to be for a moment classed among the humble and ignorant worshippers of a crucified Lord, who would feel his dignity compromised by accepting the doctrine of the Fall, does not hesitate to inflict an indelible brand upon humanity. Epithets of adequate scorn fail him for the miserable Galileans who gather round a cross as their standard; yet, proud philosopher as he is, he, by his system, drags the whole race of man down into the deep mire, and places him beneath the brute. Thus does pride lead to the lowest place, where humility rises to the highest. The Gospel preserves respect for humanity, even while it condemns; the philosophy of Celsus degrades while it exculpates. Nothing can ever confer higher honour on humanity than the doctrine that God has given Himself a ransom for it. There is as much meanness as pride in not accepting the infinite price of our salvation; for those who vilify human nature do so only that they may dispense with the duty of repentance; they vainly hope to rise more readily from a lower level.

"The pretension of both Jews and Christians to a share in the most amazing favours of the Deity, appears to Celsus the climax of absurdity. He compares them to ants emerging from their ant-hill, to frogs making a chorus in their marshes, to worms holding conclave in a poisonous slough, and devouring one another while they contested, as it were, for the palm of sin. 'It is to us alone,' they say, 'God reveals His purposes; for us He neglects the world, the heavens, and all that the earth contains. His care is solely for us; to us alone He sends His messenger unceasingly, and His one supreme concern is the manner in which we may be eternally united to Him.' These worms of the earth go so far in their audacity as to say: 'We are the beings most closely related to God; He has made us entirely in His image. All things are subject to us; the earth, the water, the air, the stars—all have been created for us, and are bound to obey us. And since some of us are defiled by sin, God will come Himself, or will send His Son, to destroy the wicked in everlasting fire, and to bring us into life eternal.' 'Such pretensions,' adds Celsus, 'would be more tolerable on the part of worms or frogs than on the part of Jews or Christians.'"

**History of Protestant Theology, particularly in Germany, viewed according to its Fundamental Movement, and in Connection with the Religious, Moral, and Intellectual life. By Dr. J. A. Dorner. Translated by the Rev. Geo. Robson and Sophia Taylor. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.**

THIS work, which may be called a History of Modern Theology, is one of the most important, interesting, and useful that Messrs. Clark have ever issued. A careful study of it would do much to systematise on the reader's mind the whole round of evangelical truth. In fact, it is, in a certain sense, a comprehensive view of



Historical theology, written in a new plan; not in the form of the tabulated summary, but as traced in the living history of those whose struggles won for us the truth, and whose science formulated it for posterity. The translators have done their best with an author whose style is not pictorial. They have given a faithful reproduction, and made it a task comparatively easy to master the work. Perfectly easy it is not; but the student who shall go twice through these volumes will have a better view of the bearings and relations of the great evangelical truths of the Reformation than he could get in any other way. Nor will such a view be less valuable to him, on the whole, because it is taken from the German Lutheran position. He must remember that the writer has a natural conceit that Germany is the home and centre of modern theology, and, allowing some little truth in this, silently correct the rest.

The Translator's Preface gives an interesting account of the origin of this work:—

"The Historical Commission of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Munich has, under the auspices of Maximilian II., King of Bavaria, undertaken the issue of a complete history of the sciences in Germany. Of the twenty-five histories embraced in the prospectus, one of the earliest to appear was the *History of Protestant Theology*, which was entrusted by the Commission to Dr. Dorner, and has been executed by him in a manner worthy of the occasion and the subject. The work met with a very favourable reception in Germany, having already passed through more than one edition, and is generally regarded there as one of the most important and valuable of the theological productions of the last five years. A companion or rival work, the *History of Catholic Theology*, was entrusted by the Commission to Dr. Werner, but even Roman Catholic reviewers have joined with Protestants in assigning the palm to the former, as in every respect a triumph of Protestant science over that of the Romish Church. Whilst Dr. Werner simply narrates with clear insight and comprehensiveness the various conflicts and particular incidents occurring in the field of Roman Catholic theology subsequently to the Council of Trent, Dr. Dorner endeavours first of all to exhibit the historic origin and the proper nature of Protestantism. He not only narrates the history of Protestant theology, but aims at conveying to the reader a proper understanding of that history. It is, therefore, not surprising that this production of his pen should have been spoken of as 'a classic, both in respect of matter and of form,' and should have taken a foremost place as a standard work on the subject to which it refers. Neither is it surprising that it should have called antagonistic works from those who take different views of the nature of Protestantism, such as Schwarz."

We have not finished with this important work, which will reappear in our pages. Meanwhile, we give it our best recommendation as an admirable History of Modern Theology.

*Tischendorf's Sinai-Bibel.*

Die Sinai-Bibel, ihre Entdeckung, Herausgabe und Erwerbung. Léipzig: Devrient.

HERE we have an account by Dr. Tischendorf himself of the history of his labours upon the text of the Scriptures. His edition of the Greek Testament required him to engage in a more careful investigation of the oldest manuscripts than had before been practicable. He began with the *Codex Ephraemi* and *Claromontanus* at Paris, which his edition first made public properly. The Vatican Codex he could only get possession of for six hours. As is well known, he found in the Sinai monastery, in a basket ready for the fire, one hundred and twenty-nine leaves of very ancient Biblical manuscript: forty-three of these, belonging to the Old Testament, appeared as the *Codex Friderico-Augustanus*, as dedicated to Frederick Augustus, King of Saxony. Meanwhile, the remaining eighty-six leaves, containing the Apocrypha, Isaiah, part of Jeremiah, and the Minor Prophets, were left behind: the librarian being enjoined to keep them well. After a time, Tischendorf determined with the help of his Government to recover these leaves also. But eleven years had elapsed, and they were not to be found: only a few verses of Gen. xxiv. were discovered as a book-mark. In 1857 he sought the aid of the Russian Government, whose influence was of course mighty in the Greek Church. On February 4th, 1859, when he had sought in vain, and was about to leave the monastery, the Economist amazed him by the production of the precious mass of manuscript, the eighty-six missing leaves of the Old Testament, with one hundred and twenty-six new ones, and the entire New Testament with the addition of Barnabas and Hermas. This treasure he wanted to purchase; but his offer was declined, with permission, however, conceded to have it copied at Cairo. The authorities were disposed rather to make it a present to the Emperor Alexander. The authorisation of the Archbishop of Sinai was neutralised for some months by ecclesiastical intrigues; and it was not till 1868 that this relic of antiquity was handed over to the Russian Government, and deposited in the Imperial Library. Meanwhile, the question arose whether the whole text should be photographed, or a typographical imitation of the old characters be preferred. In spite of the great cost, nearly £7,000 for the New Testament alone (one-third of the whole), which the photographic reproduction would entail, the Emperor and his son decided on photography. But, then it was suggested that many pages were very faint, and covered with marks of erasure and interposition. Moreover, many thought that the photographic impression might not be permanent. On the whole, Tischendorf preferred to limit the photographic and lithographic reproduction to a number of palæographically important pages. He was induced to adopt this method by anxiety to produce his work in 1862, the thou-

sandth anniversary of the Russian monarchy and of Christianity in Russia. Perfect success was the result.

This interesting volume we cannot trace further, especially as it is much occupied with reference to the controversy about the antiquity of the manuscript. This has been more than once alluded to in this journal. It may not be known to the reader that a quarto facsimile, so far as the pages and arrangement go—may be had at a cheap rate, and that a handy octavo edition is also published.

### Reasons for Returning to the Church of England. Strahan and Co.

A DEEPLY interesting little volume, which presents the old subject under some new aspects. Here we have the work of a scholar and a gentleman, who writes, without bitterness, and in the most graceful English, the story of his reasons for yielding to Rome and his return to Protestantism, and describes the new kind of Protestantism which he brought with him. We should recommend the volume with perfect pleasure but for its melancholy termination. Its estimate of the claims of Romanism is singularly true and well exhibited. Its picture of the actual inner life of Catholicism well deserves study, and is a lesson of charity. Its free criticism of the Protestant world is very useful. But the Rationalism in which all ends, when the disappointed enthusiast leaves the Church of his seduction, is a sad epitome of the moral of the whole. Instead of coming back humble, and wise, and tolerant, the penitent can express himself thus with regard to his forsaken friends, and his old people whom he has found again: "The Pope is declared infallible, not on grounds of historical reasoning, but by the sheer force of statement. The majority of the Catholic prelates, finding that the dogma has insensibly come to be generally adopted in the Catholic body, have assumed that the dominant tradition is true, and is essentially an element in the original constitution of the Christian Church. To the maintenance of this existing theory they pledge themselves, heart and soul. They read every text of Scripture, every fact of ecclesiastical history, under the conviction that it must have an Ultramontane meaning and none other. The honest, vigorous, critical faculty is dead within them. They can no more see the true signification of texts or facts, than a person viewing a landscape through green spectacles can detect the various hues of the scene before him. They are the slaves of the popular beliefs of their time, and will listen to no one who impugns the sacredness of the tyranny to which they have submitted themselves."

So far well. The restored pervert may well take his revenge on the intellectual slavery of those whose moral goodness he has done justice to, considering how much of his life has been lost in consequence of his submission. But the unhappy man has nothing good to say of the creed and the Church which he outraged by his

departure. "And is not this precisely the spirit in which so many Protestants are bent upon upholding at all costs those precise theological traditions which happen to have become dominant in this nineteenth century? Partly from one cause, and partly from another, the whole fabric of educated English life is agitated with doubts and questionings touching the first element of religious belief, while an intense worldliness is still the ruling principle among the wealthier and more comfortable classes in society." And so forth. This is not an enviable state of mind. We do not envy Mr. Capes his present position, or desire to share with him the religious inheritance he is yet to find.

The Works of Aurelius Augustine, Bishop of Hippo. A New Translation. The City of God. Vols. I. and II. Translated by the Rev. M. Dod, M.A. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

THERE is something almost heroic in the enterprise of Messrs. Clark. The Ante-Nicene Library was a large experiment: it has succeeded. The works of Augustine are now to be added, as we hope, in their entirety, since the portions published by the Oxford translators are by no means familiar, and are surrounded by an atmosphere that will keep them unfamiliar, to very many of Messrs. Clark's constituency. We have been pretty careful readers of all their translations, and think that generally they leave nothing to be desired. We sincerely hope that the expenditure of a few pounds will be cheerfully made by sufficient numbers to justify and reward the publishers' public spirit. Those who have the original will find it very pleasant to have open before them the text and the translation at once—as we have done—and those who have not will, at a very cheap cost, enrich their libraries incalculably.

As to the immortal apologetic work, the *De Civitate*, we need not say much. It is well known by name to all who know anything of Christian antiquity, as the masterpiece of the apologetic literature of ancient Christianity; a work on which Augustine spent all the strength and subtilty of his fine intellect. Not that it will in the translation satisfy the reader's fullest expectation. Very much of it will be found tedious and unworthy of its fame; and some chapters must needs be skimmed or omitted. But the remainder will amply repay the student. However, all that we would say is well stated in the Editor's Preface:—

"Its importance as a contribution to the history of opinion cannot be overrated. We find in it not only indications or explicit announcements of the author's own views upon almost every important topic which occupied his thoughts, but also a compendious exhibition of the ideas which most powerfully influenced the life of that age. It thus becomes, as Poujoulat says, *comme l'encyclopédie du cinquième siècle*. All that is valuable, together indeed with much that is not so, in the religion and philosophy of the classical nations of antiquity,

is reviewed; and in some branches of these subjects it has, in the judgment of one well qualified to judge, 'preserved more than the whole surviving Latin literature.' It is true that we are sometimes wearied by the too elaborate refutation of opinions which, to a modern mind, seem self-evident absurdities; but if these opinions were actually prevalent in the fifth century, the historical inquirer will not quarrel with the form in which his information is conveyed, nor will commit the absurdity of attributing to Augustine the foolishness of these opinions, but rather the credit of exploding them. . . . The proposals of publishing a translation of so choice a specimen of ancient literature needs no defence. As Poujoulat very sensibly remarks, there are not a great many men now-a-days who will read a work in Latin of twenty-two books."

We wish publishers, editor, and the band of translators, all human success and Divine blessing in their noble enterprise.

The Claims of China on Christian Men. By the Rev. A. Williamson, LL.D. Edinburgh: W. Oliphant.

SINCE we published our account of the interesting work on China published by Mr. Williamson, this indefatigable Missionary has taken his departure for the East. The substance of this pamphlet has been left to be circulated under the direction of the Board of Missions of the United Presbyterian Church. It is not our custom to give pamphlets a prominent place in these sheets; but this is an exceptional case, and we are only fulfilling a promise by saying a good word for this earnest little plea. Let the reader ponder the following, and then get the little book for himself:--

"A PLEA FOR CHINA.—Here, then, we have a people embracing one-third of the human race—a people possessing vast territories, as rich and fertile as ever they were; territories full of immense mineral wealth, as yet practically untouched, all indicative of a triumphant future; a people of great reach of intellect, fertility of resources, full of energy and enterprise, fitted by nature and disposed by training to contend with any obstacle and carry out their enterprises in spite of all opposition; a people, in a measure, cultivated and prepared to receive all that can be placed before them for acceptance; a people whose youthful minds are directed towards moral excellence as the acme of all ambition; trained to imitate virtuous examples, and to watch the springs of action; taught to set mental accomplishment above wealth, and virtue above nobility; a people, through God's providence, so hammered and blended together, that they retain their characteristics as well among the most vigorous and levelling races of the world, as among the immobile populations of the Archipelago; a people that has struggled after civilisation and high attainments for thousands of years, passed through revolution after revolution, disorganisation and reconstruction; come to the surface again and again; repeatedly raised their heads to the same point above the

commotions around them; but have again sunk and again raised themselves to that same point, but again sunk and never got beyond a certain limit of civilisation, all for want of the Word and Spirit of God to enlighten their minds and renew their hearts; all for want of a finger to point them to the good, and an arm to help them to keep their heads above the contending elements of human passions, selfishness, and ambition, so as to reach the peaceful haven of Divine love and a good hope of eternal life; a people ready to receive the word of emancipation, enlightenment, and new life, which their Father and our Father has entrusted to us for dissemination among them; a people possessed of all the elements of success and dominion, with no end of material resources, and with brains to plan and govern. They have always been the imperial race of the East, and are as able as ever to exercise dominion and power. Say, is there a people in this wide world who have such claims upon us?"

**Subject and Object: as Connected with Our Double Brain, and a New Theory of Causation.** By R. Verity. London: Longmans, Green, Reader, and Dyer. 1870.

SINCE the time of Descartes the antithesis of mind and matter has been prominently before the eyes of philosophers, furnishing them with a problem on which they have spent much thought and labour. Some have attempted to bridge the gulf; others, failing to recognise a duality of existence, have either resolved mind into matter, or matter into mind, giving rise to the various schools of Materialism and Idealism respectively. The failure of these efforts has, however, served to strengthen and confirm the position taken by a correct philosophy, which maintains that while mind and matter are perfectly distinct substances, closely related, and capable of exerting an influence upon each other, yet the exact nature of this relation, and the mode in which this mutual influence is exerted, are, and must remain, unknown.

Notwithstanding the noble efforts of Reid, Hamilton, Mansel, McCosh, and others, the materialistic philosophy has obtained a hold upon the British mind, and for some time past has had a large share of the popular favour. To this school of thought there can be no doubt our author belongs. The first chapter of the work before us is devoted to the consideration of the "Origin and Causation of Consciousness," in which it is maintained that the phenomena of consciousness are not ultimate facts, as hitherto generally supposed, but are products arising from the combinations of the mental forces or potentialities of our nervous system, either with one another, or with those of the external world, according to their respective laws and affinities. There is, however, throughout, an assumption of facts, many of which are evidently obtained by the "scientific use of the imagination," rendering the author's speculations comparatively untrustworthy. But even granting that the facts are as here repre-



sented, all that Mr. Verity has accomplished is, to show what are the physical conditions and accompaniments of consciousness, not what constitutes it, a question that must be answered by the psychologist, not by the physiologist.

The most important chapter in the work is that given to the setting forth of a "New Theory of Causation." According to Mr. Verity, causation consists simply of potential objects, more or less in number, uniting together in one for the production of an effect; their act of union being the cause, the union itself the effect. Former philosophers have gone wrong in losing sight of the fact that the objects called antecedents exist only as such before the causation takes place. This ingenious doctrine is but a modification of, and an attempted improvement on, that of Hume, who maintained that the relation of cause and effect is nothing more than one of invariable antecedence and sequence. Both are equally unsatisfactory to the inquiring mind, and fail to explain the facts of every-day life. A sound philosophy teaches that only an intelligent being can be a true and proper cause, and that in the consciousness of ourselves originating our own volitions, we have the source and ground of a true knowledge of causation. As therefore Mr. Verity takes for his motto, *felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas*, we sincerely hope that before very long such happiness may be his, feeling convinced that he has not yet attained to it.

The Greek New Testament, Edited from Ancient Authorities; with the Latin Version of Jerome, from the Codex Amiatinus. By S. P. Tregelles, LL.D. Matthew to Acts.—Catholic Epistles—Romans to Philemon. London: Samuel Bagster and Sons; C. J. Stewart.

In this noble work we have the fruits of more than thirty years' labour—loving, disinterested, unwearied labour—on the text of the Greek Testament. The first announcement of his intention of editing the Greek Testament with various readings was given by Dr. Tregelles in the year 1844, in the preface to his edition of the Book of Revelation. He gave in this work, a statement of the critical principles which at that time he had been led to adopt; somewhat modified in detail by wider experience, they are the principles on which the work before us is executed. The first part of the Greek Testament, containing the first two Gospels, was issued in 1857; the subsequent parts bear the dates of 1861, 1865, 1869, 1870. The history of the last instalment is touching. Whilst engaged on one of the latest chapters of the Apocalypse, Dr. Tregelles was struck down by severe illness, rendered helpless when in sight of the goal which, during so many long years of patient toil, he had been striving to attain. It was thought advisable to publish at once all that was ready for the public eye, leaving one, the remaining, book of the New

Testament, together with the Prolegomena and some important Appendices, to follow at a later time, when the author should have recovered strength. We believe the Apocalypse is now very nearly completed; but Dr. Tregelles' health continues so precarious that he is able to accomplish very little. Our readers will join with us in the earnest hope and prayer, that so valuable a life may be spared to the Church of God. We propose, at an early period, to examine this work in detail, comparing the text which it presents with those adopted by Tischendorf (ed. 8), Alford, and—may we add?—Canon Westcott and Mr. Hort. We will now content ourselves with an earnest recommendation to our readers to make themselves minutely acquainted with this edition of the Greek Testament, which, for accuracy of detail, clearness of arrangement, general soundness of principles, and beauty of typography, is inferior to no edition that has yet been given to the world.

**Christianity and Positivism. A Series of Lectures for the Times on Natural Theology and Apologetics.** By James McCosh, D.D. London: Macmillan. 1871.

WE do not think this work altogether worthy of its author's high reputation. We expected very much from the title, but have not found anything new, or anything very originally stated. The style betrays an indefinable descent, attributable, doubtless, to the fact that Dr. McCosh has here reproduced popular addresses. But they are too popular. Moreover, we think the Doctor concedes too much, as follows:—"As man cannot create or annihilate matter, so he cannot create or annihilate force. This doctrine has been held scientifically in our day by men like Mayer, Joule, Henry, and others. We now regard it as one and the same force, but under a vast variety of modifications, which warms our houses and our bodily frames, which raises the steam and impels the engine, which effects the different chemical combinations, which flashes in the lightning and lives in the plant. Man may direct the force, and make it go this way or that way; but he can do so only by means of force under a different form—by force brought into his frame by his food, obtained directly or indirectly, through the animal, from the plant, which has drawn it from the sun; and, as he uses or abuses it, he cannot lessen or augment it. I move my hand, and, in doing so, I move the air, which raises insensibly the temperature of the room, and may lead to chemical changes, and excite electric and magnetic currents, and take the circuit of the universe without being lost or lessened." This is a rather startling way of putting the conservation and correlation of forces. We should have expected something rather different from our Professor. He proceeds, indeed, to dilate upon the One God thus magnified in the Divinity-in-unity of His works. But he does not turn aside to consider the bearing of this doctrine on the question of molecular thinking and man's origination of energy, and the use made of it by the materialistic philosophy of

the day. Between the God who wields this infinite force in infinite varieties of distribution and the force itself, is there nothing interposed?

We cannot pursue the subject here. As the volume goes on, we have an earnest defence of Christianity against some of the modern assaults of physical science; a good criticism of Mr. Herbert Spencer, and of the Materialists; and an interesting, but not very original, series of Essays on Christianity and Historical Investigation. The best part of the volume deals, in an appendix, with Darwin's *Descent of Man*. On the whole we have not been much pleased with this last production of Dr. McCosh's pen. But that does not impair or imperil the very high estimate we have formed, and have helped our readers to form, of Dr. McCosh's services as one of the ablest leaders of thought in the domain of psychology and moral science.

**Sermons by the Rev. Isaac Keeling. With Memorials of his Life, Character, and Correspondence. Edited by the Rev. William Willan. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1871.**

MANY of our readers knew Mr. Keeling as a preacher. They will esteem it a satisfaction to have in possession a volume of his carefully prepared sermons, printed as they came from his own pen, often revised and improved. Some of them received his last finish. Mr. Keeling was a careful student of the English language, and the results of that study are seen in these discourses. Some of the sermons display very great care in their preparation; of a few the elaboration is carried much too far for popular pulpit addresses. Thoughtful hearers could ferry themselves over the long and delicately balanced sentences, but the multitude would fail to reach the other side. They could hardly be called model-sermons; but no one can study them as they deserve to be studied, without deriving great advantage and help from them. Pure in language, symmetrical in form, they are throughout grave, reverend, and thoughtful; often strikingly original in treatment, and displaying a keen discernment of spiritual truth and of the right application of it to the government of life. There is a mass of practical counsel in them which can be the fruit only of a very patient observance of men and the course of human affairs. This is especially observable in the historical sermons, a group that greatly adds to the value of the volume. There is a pure and lofty tone pervading the whole, revealing a mind of high moral order, at once chaste and noble. The brief biographical notices prefixed are very tender and discriminating. Mr. Willan has rendered good and useful service in publishing a volume which we very cordially recommend to our readers.

**The Fool's Gospel. London: Elliot Stock. 1871.**

WE cannot speak in terms of unqualified approbation of this book. The Gospel it treats of is the Gospel of the grace of God; it is

designed for the wayfaring men ; but it is an offence of good taste to call it the Fool's Gospel. The writer observes, "that if he had not found in the learned creeds of fifteen centuries, including those of the present day, the most formidable obstacles in the way of the one Great Truth in which man is supremely interested, his labour might have been spared." He confesses himself to be "conscious of having spoken with little respect of creeds and systems which he has long regarded as purely human—as artificial, far-fetched, and even fantastical." "He does not feel convicted of arrogance when he asserts that one or another, not to say every one, of the forms of 'scientific theology' is plainly contradictory in itself." To simplify the statement of the Gospel, and to free it from the ambiguity which surrounds it in the conflicting language of rival and irreconcilable creeds, is highly praiseworthy. But it is one thing to explain a truth half hidden in the words of earlier expounders ; it is another and less becoming thing to discard that truth altogether. Our author is too eager in rejecting "scientific theology" and "systems of theology," not knowing that he falls into the very evil that he condemns. We are at a loss to know the appreciable difference between a "system" or "method" and a "way." To some of our author's statements we must object as not accurately representing theological dogmas ; and we must equally object to some of his own dogmatic utterances. We think better of the writer's intention than of his achievement.

Seed-Truths ; or, Bible Views of Mind, Morals, and Religion.

By Pharcellus Church, D.D., Author of "Philosophy of Benevolence," "Religious Dissensions, their Cause and Cure, a Prize Essay," "Antioch, or the Increase of Moral Power in the Church," &c., &c. Edinburgh : T. and T. Clark. 1871.

A GLANCE at this book at once reveals the appropriateness of its title. The "Seed-truths," of which the author treats, are those truths which "underlie all the documents" of Scripture, and which are "the same to us as to any previous generation." To discover these truths, the author has "read the original Scriptures throughout," and has sought to "look beneath the derived word to the germinal idea which its root was used to express." As to the result of this investigation, he has succeeded in producing a very thoughtful and suggestive book ; one embracing many topics, but exhibiting throughout a unity of design, namely, the setting forth of the Divine method for restoring man from a fleshly or natural, to a spiritual, life. Differences of opinion will be held as to some of the author's interpretations and conclusions ; but few, we apprehend, can study the book without receiving additional light on some parts of Scripture, as well as an expanded view on some points of Christian doctrine. The work is thoroughly orthodox and evangelical in its spirit, and is written in a style at once clear and forceful.

A Treatise on the Preparation and Delivery of Sermons. By John D. A. Broadus, D.D., LL.D., Professor in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Greenville, South Carolina. Second Edition, pp. 514.

IN a short "Introductory Preface" prefixed to this edition of Professor Broadus's Treatise, Dr. Angus says: "This volume has been prepared by a very able teacher. He has had a practical knowledge of his subject, is intimately acquainted with the literature of all parts of it, and has treated the whole with such devoutness, such thoroughness, such blended scholarship and good sense, as makes his book one of the best in our language." We can fully endorse Dr. Angus's opinion. The work is comprehensive, interesting, able, and full of practical wisdom. The hand of the experienced teacher is manifest throughout; topics which have no practical bearing are touched lightly or avoided altogether, whilst no difficulties or dangers which actually beset the young preacher are thought too minute for notice. In two or three passages only are we reminded of the author's denominational opinions; as a whole, the work is catholic, like its theme. Dr. Broadus writes as one who is thoroughly in earnest, who feels himself the importance of his subject, and who would have his readers feel it too. We trust his labours will receive in this country the recognition which they deserve.

A Key to the Narrative of the Acts of the Apostles. By John P. Norris, M.A., Canon of Bristol. Rivingtons. 1871.

WE wish all the "Keys" published by Messrs. Rivington were as true, and opened into the truth as simply and candidly as Canon Norris's. Of his excellent *Key to the Narrative of the Four Gospels*, we wrote in high approval not many months ago. The present is not less carefully prepared, and is full of the unostentatious results of sound learning and patient thought. Let our readers understand that Mr. Blunt's Keys, whether to the Book of Common Prayer, or to Church History, or to Doctrine and Practice (founded on the Church Catechism), or to any other subject whatever, are intended to lead into intolerant and ultra High Church principles in every kind, but that Canon Norris's Keys, although published by the same house, are altogether different in spirit and purpose. At the same time, we do not accept Canon Norris's view of the condition or organisation of the Church at Corinth. Neander's we regard as much nearer to the actual facts of the case.

Prayers from the Collection of the late Baron Bunsen.  
Selected and Translated by Catherine Winkworth.  
London: Longmans.

THE late Baron Bunsen was a devout man, whose heart was right with the Saviour, though his dogmatic theology was of the cloudiest.

It was one of his cherished ideas that the common sentiment of Christian people, in all ages, might be collected in their devotional remains, and made the basis of practical and spiritual union among Christian people. He published in various forms many contributions to a Christian liturgy, compiled from a wider variety of sources than any other author had laid under contribution for such a purpose. Miss Winkworth has judiciously arranged some of these contributions, adapted both for family and for private use: her graceful translation has long been beyond need of commendation. All that we have to say is, that there is no falling off from its old severity of taste and fidelity of reproduction. These prayers will not be used as a manual in any family, or be habitually used by any private Christian. They are not adapted for such a use. But they are a valuable addition to that devotional library which every devout Christian is supposed to have about him. There is nothing that forbids our recommending this beautiful little volume of original prayers to every such person.

**The Proverbs of Solomon, Translated from the Hebrew Text; with Notes, Critical and Explanatory, by A. Elzas, Head Master of the Leeds Hebrew Schools. London: Trübner. 1871.**

On the whole a good translation, with some terse and useful notes, —many of them having the peculiar charm that extracts, well selected, from the Talmud always give a commentary. Take chap. xvii. 16, 17:—

“[Of] What use is money in the hand of a fool;  
To buy wisdom?—for that he has no heart.”

This seems the right punctuation. But the next verse is not so good:—

“At all times the friend seems to love you;  
But a friend in distress—he must yet be born.”

We cannot think the author of these Proverbs meant to say this: the text admits of the ordinary translation. On verse 28 the notes are, “Silence is a fence to wisdom” (Pirke Avoth); “a word is worth *one* Selah silence *two*.” Megillah, fol. 18.

**An Exposition of the Epistle to the Hebrews. By the Rev. Henry W. Williams. Wesleyan Conference Office.**

WE can only announce this excellent volume, which in the next number will be noticed at length.

**The Ecclesiastical Polity of the New Testament. By the Rev. G. A. Jacob, D.D. London: Strahan and Co.**

THE High-Church theories received an effectual discouragement in this volume, to which we shall return.



## II. MISCELLANEOUS.

The Life of John Milton: Narrated in Connection with the Political, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of His Time. By David Masson, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. Vol. II., 1638—1643. London and New York: Macmillan and Co. 1871.

WE give a very hearty welcome to the second volume of Professor Masson's elaborate *Life of Milton*. It is an addition to the original and standard histories of our country. This setting of an individual biography in the midst of a nation's history is as necessary to the understanding of the biography as well-wrought biographies are needful to the full illustration of the nation's history.

In the four books contained in the present volume, the history and biography extend from 1638 to 1643. This is only a brief period, yet it is one too deeply affecting the subsequent state of the nation to be passed over hastily. We cannot grudge Mr. Masson the space he has occupied, even though the length of the work threatens to be much extended.

The volume opens with a retrospect of the course of events during the first war between Charles and the Scots, concerning Bishops, begun and concluded during Milton's absence abroad. The bearing of this portion of Scottish history on English affairs, Mr. Masson justly remarks, has not been adequately represented, especially when it is remembered that "it was on the impulse of a movement completed by the northern part of the island for itself, and then let loose southwards, that the great English people, or the Puritans among them, began, and for some time continued, the larger movement of which England was the theatre."

Our attention is first arrested by the Scottish Covenanters, at this time comprising nearly the whole of the northern nation, pledged by oath to continue the struggle against Popery begun by their fathers, and to resist the "late innovations." They were a source of anxiety to the southern statesmen, and sorely taxed their endurance and ingenuity. This great national struggle is graphically depicted in these pages. So much so, that if the book were robbed of its central figure, it would be an interesting, if dismembered history. The appointment of the Marquis of Hamilton, kinsman and friend of the King, as Commissioner to treat with the Covenanters, indicated the gravity of the situation. Ineffectual negotiations, terminating generally to the advantage of the Scots, resulted in the Glasgow Assembly of 1638, which, by its edicts, "swept Episcopacy, root and branch, out of the

land, and re-established the Kirk on a Presbyterian basis." Nor was the war, the first "Bishops' war," more successful. It brought further humiliation to the King and gain to the Scots, in the form of "the future regulation of all ecclesiastical and civil affairs in Scotland by free annual assemblies of the Kirk, and free Parliaments of the realm."

Milton reaches London at the time Charles is returning from his unsuccessful northern expedition. Here we pass at once from the strife of armies and the intrigues of courts to the quiet, but not untroubled private life at Horton. Diligent and patient investigation of original documents is as obvious in these records of private family life, as in the more notable events of the kingdom, and adds very greatly to the intrinsic value of the work.

Old scenes have changed, and old friends have disappeared. Amongst the latter, his especial friend Charles Diodati, a death "overclouding and darkening for him everything else." Professor Masson has written, as we think justly, of Diodati as the friend of Milton's early life, whose loss touched him with the keenest grief, and whose memory continued to haunt him, from the grave, through the firmer years of his active manhood. "They had been known to each other since their boyhood together at St. Paul's School; Diodati had been his correspondent and often his companion in later years, when the choice of different universities and different walks of life had in some measure separated them. During Milton's Italian tour there was no one in England of whom he had thought so constantly as of Diodati; and now, harshly and mysteriously as it seemed, this friend of friends was lost to him, at a time when absence and its thousand incidents had whetted the desire for his renewed society." Milton threw the expression of his friendship and his grief into a poem, the "*Epitaphium Damonis*," a poem far too little known, the biographical and historical significance of which Professor Masson has well illustrated. It is not too much to say, after explanations of its character that are given, "it will be found, by those who will take a little trouble with it, one of the noblest things that Milton has left us, and certainly one of the most interesting in its personal revelations." The translation adds grace to these pages.

One of the most interesting references made here is to the ambition with which Milton felt himself stirred to undertake some great literary work. He says: "I began thus far to assert both to them (his Italian critics) and divers of my friends here at home, and not less to an inward prompting which now grows daily upon me, that by labour and intent study (which I take to be my portion in this life), joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to aftertimes as they should not willingly let it die." What that fruitful spirit, slowly awaking to a sense of its own power and duty, then contemplated, we learn from the precious volume of Milton's manuscripts, which has long been one of the greatest treasures in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. The *Jottings*

of Subjects, borrowed from the Old and New Testaments, from British history and Scotch stories, Professor Masson has given from the Cambridge MS., reminding us of the cherished sketches by the great masters of art, which are now freely exhibited in various Continental galleries; sketches in which the untrammelled thoughts of these great souls essayed some of their choicest works.

Milton had now removed to London, occupying himself with literary work and the education of the two sons of his only sister Anne; where we leave him pen in hand, and turn again to the raging sea of politics so near.

Scotland is at ease. The Bishops were swept away, and simple Presbyterianism reigned. In England, feelings were greatly divided. Anti-Episcopalians rejoiced, while others trembled at the Scottish triumph. Defensive pamphlets speedily appear, amongst them Bishop Hall's *Episcopacy by Divine Right*. But other weapons were soon to be used. Charles meditated war, even when making terms of peace. The Parliament, too, much occupied with home grievances, which had accumulated "during eleven years of arbitrary licence," declined to discuss the question of subsidies for Scottish war expenses, and was dissolved after three brief weeks' sitting, gaining the distinction of the Short Parliament. Convocation, however, continued to sit, and voted the King £20,000 a year for six years. Riots and arrests in London precede a second unsuccessful contest with the Scots. Then follow the Great Council held in York, to make treaty with the successful Northerners, and the reassembling of the English, "the Long," Parliament. This brings us to the close of the first book, date 1640. The incidents we have hastily sketched, and those following in the first chapter of the second book, afford Professor Masson opportunity for some very effective writing, and bear testimony to the patient fidelity with which he has accumulated materials from numerous sources. The description of the New Parliament, including sketches of the principal members and a general view of the labours of this historic assembly, is in his best style. We must refer our readers to the volume for the entire account, contenting ourselves by extracting the following reflection upon the incident of highest historic interest—Strafford's trial and doom:—

"It is not for a historian to be very ready with opinions as to what a king, or any other person might, could, or should have done on this or that occasion; but here there can be no doubt: all the sophistication in the world cannot make a doubt. If ever there may be a moment in a man's life when, with all the clamour of a nation urging to an act, all personal and State reasons persuading to it as expedient, and all the pressure of circumstances impelling to it as inevitable, still even they who would approve of the act in itself must declare that for *that* man to do it were dastardly, such a moment had come for Charles. To dare all, to see London and England in uproar, to lose throne, life, and everything, rather than assent to the death of his Minister, was Charles's plain duty. Strafford had been his

ablest Minister by far, had laboured for him with heart and hand, had made the supremacy of the Crown the cause of his life ; not an act he had done, one may say, but was with Charles's consent, or his implied command and approbation ; and it was in trust in all this, and in the royal promise that 'not a hair of his head should be touched,' that Strafford, against his own better judgment, had run the risk of coming to London. If the words 'honour' and 'fidelity' have any meaning, there was but one right course for the King. How did he behave ? On Sunday, the 9th of May, he had a consultation with Juxon, Usher, and Williams, as spiritual advisers, and with his Privy Councillors generally, respecting his scruples of conscience. Juxon and Usher gave him the manly advice that, if his conscience did not consent to the act, he ought not to do it ; Williams drew some distinction or other between 'public conscience' and 'private conscience.' The sophistry helped Charles. He appointed a Commission, consisting of Arundel and other lords, to give his assent to the Bill next day. On the 11th, however, he sent the young Prince of Wales to the Lords with a last message in Strafford's behalf. It would be 'an unspeakable contentment,' he said, if the Lords and Commons would agree to change Strafford's punishment into close imprisonment for life, on pain of death, without further process, on the least attempt to escape or to communicate with the King. 'If no less than his life can satisfy my people,' the letter ended, 'I must say *Fiat justitia* ;' and then there was a postscript, suggesting, at least, a reprieve till Saturday. Neither request was granted, and on Wednesday, the 12th of May, that proud curly head, the casket of that brain of power, rolled on the scaffold on Tower Hill."

An account of the English Church-Reform Movement closes the chapter, and translates us to the new home whither Milton had removed from his lodgings in St. Bride's churchyard, described by Edward Philips as "a pretty garden-house in Aldersgate-street, at the end of an entry, and therefore the fitter for his turn, besides that there are few streets in London more free from noise than that." Let us hear his own words :—

"As soon as might be, in affairs so disturbed and fluctuating, I, looking about for a place in which to establish myself, hired (*conduxi*) a house in the City sufficiently large for me and my books, and there betook myself happily enough to my intermitted studies, committing the issue of affairs to God in the first place, and to those next to whom the people gave that duty in trust. Meanwhile, the Parliament proceeding with the business strenuously, the pride of the Bishops was brought down. As soon as the liberty of speech, at least, began to be granted, all mouths were opened against the Bishops ; some to expostulate on the vices of the men, others on the vice of the order itself—that it was an unjust thing that the English should differ from all Churches, as many as were Reformed, and that it was fit that the Church should be governed by the example of the brethren, but most

of all according to the will of God. Roused by the cognisance of these things, inasmuch as I perceived that the true way to liberty followed on from these beginnings, these first steps ; that the advance was most rightly made to a liberation of the entire life of men from servitude, if a discipline taking its rise within religion should go forth thence to the manners and institutions of the Commonwealth ; and inasmuch also as I had so prepared myself from my youth that, above all things, I could not be ignorant of what is of Divine and what of human right, and had asked myself whether ever I should be of any use afterwards if then I should be wanting to my country—yea, to the Church, and to so many brethren exposing themselves to danger for the cause of the Gospel—I resolved, though I was then meditating certain other matters, to transfer into this struggle all my genius and all the strength of my industry."

Here we must leave him with these deep purposes surging within, and refer again to the learned Professor's luminous pages for an account of the subsequent part he took in the strife, and of the contributions he made to it in the form of Anti-Episcopal pamphlets, of the splendours of which, and of the noble thoughts and language contained in them, it is not too much to say, "No one can have an idea who does not read them for himself ;" while it is equally just, and perhaps more necessary, to add, that of some portions "they are so much beyond the bounds of modern good taste, that it is difficult to quote them." Of one portion the writer avers, "It is a passage of prose-poetry to which I have found nothing comparable as yet in the whole range of the English literature."

Of Milton's domestic affairs, including his marriage ; of the progress of the contest still raging without ; of the meeting of the famous Westminster Assembly, with the list of its members prepared with so much care and labour ; of the struggles of Presbyterianism and the uprising and growth of Independency in England and abroad, we must leave these pages to tell, as they so very well do.

Professor Masson has attempted a difficult task, to write concurrently a private and a public history. The gain will be in that it will enable the student of general history to view the national movements from the highly advantageous point of observation which Milton's life affords ; while Milton will appear in the midst of those surroundings which are needful to explain alike his writings and his life. The completion of the work in harmony with the character of the first volumes will give the world a worthy memoir of the great poet and politician, and a vivid representation of an influential and critical period of our national history.

**Threescore and Ten. A Memorial of the late Albert Barnes.**  
London : Hamilton, Adams and Co.

It has been the merit of Mr. Barnes to write the most widely-read Commentaries on the Scriptures that have appeared in modern times.

Early in his ministry, he organised and conducted Bible-classes in the outlying districts of his parish, and, in the course of his work, felt the need of a plain and simple Commentary on the Gospels, suitable for Sunday-school teachers and young people in general. It was with the view of supplying this want amongst his own people, that he began the preparation of his *Explanatory Notes on the Gospels*, and, like many other good men, found his life-work opening before him from what seemed but a slight and casual undertaking. For more than forty years, Mr. Barnes was an earnest and successful minister of the Gospel, a diligent pastor, and a power for good in the social and ecclesiastical life of the city of Philadelphia. To the duties of an active ministry, he gave what most men would consider the whole of their time, the ordinary working hours of the day; but his industrious and methodical habits, together with his appreciation of the value of the early morning, gave him more hours than most workmen care for. His twenty volumes of Commentaries on the Old and New Testaments appear to have been written before breakfast. It is not needful to speak critically of their quality. They have been sold by hundreds of thousands, both in this country and in America, and have been translated, in part, at least, into several languages. Their style is homely and unpretending, though with a tendency to be diffuse; the scholarship evinced, if not in any way remarkable, is sound and adequate; and as an interpreter of Scripture, Mr. Barnes is always careful, sensible, and devout.

The memorial volume before us is not the most pleasing kind of production, being of that "composite order" in which literary success is not often achieved. It is made up in the following manner. First, there is a sketch of Mr. Barnes's character by the Rev. Dr. Marsh; then, a sermon preached by Mr. Barnes about two years before his death, from the words, "The days of our years are threescore and ten;" then an account of his funeral, with reports of several speeches and a prayer offered on the occasion; and last, a "Memorial Sermon," preached by the Rev. Herrick Johnson. The method employed by Dr. Marsh, in his sketch, is one which aims at completeness of delineation, and yet almost necessarily fails in obtaining it, because the life and spirit are evaporated in the process of describing character in formal instalments. The divisions, duly emphasized by italics, follow each other thus:—Mr. Barnes a *self-made* man, a *hard-working* man, an *honest* man, a *conscientious* man, &c. There may be considerable carefulness and accuracy about all this, but it gives no distinct image of a man in the end. One would hardly recognise one's most intimate friend by description of this sort. It is not pleasant to find fault with eulogies bestowed upon so good a man as the late Albert Barnes, but surely Dr. Skinner was unfortunate in his address at the funeral, if the extract given is a fair specimen:—"He spoke of the departed as a man of God pre-eminently gifted; one who had an analytical, a logical, a pre-eminently philological mind; one in whom there was matter for praise or for glorying;



yet the praise did not belong to him, but to God in him." If there is something slightly confusing, not to say confused, in the sentence just quoted, there is something very much like extravagance in the following sentence from Dr. Marsh:—"There has been no other like him in all our American history. I look the world over in vain to find his equal in the rare combination of meekness and courage, quietness and strength, modesty and worth, self-command and self-control, friendship for man and devotion to God, simplicity of private life and power over millions to teach them the Word of Truth. He has passed away in the glory of his great manhood, in the eternal prime of virtue, faith, and Christian honour."

The sermon, whose text gives the title to this volume, was preached by Mr. Barnes on completing his seventieth year. It is a Christian man's review of life, a summing up of its lessons and experience, as they are understood towards the calm and happy close. The chief characteristics of modern progress are successively referred to by way of answering such questions as these:—"Is the world growing better or worse? Is there hope for the future? Has the world made progress, or is it in a retrograde movement?" It is evident that no satisfactory discussion of such wide questions as these can be attempted within the limits of an ordinary sermon. The preacher's answer is a cheerful one. All the signs in heaven above and in the earth beneath fill him with hope for man. "I think I see indications that human affairs are tending to that state when science, liberty, justice, pure morals, and the Christian religion will pervade the earth;" and again, "I shall close my eyes in death with bright and glorious hopes in regard to my native land, to the Church, and to the world at large." We are disposed to give great weight to the judgment of a good man who, in the calmness of a devout old age, tells of what has been done in his time, and declares himself full of heart and hope for the times that are coming. We should like to believe him right in virtue of something like prophetic instinct, even where we can hardly accept the reasoning by which he justifies his hopefulness. It is hardly possible for all of us to go with him, for instance, in rejoicings like this: "The old dynasties that tyrannised over man have passed away, never to be re-established. The tendency in civil affairs is, everywhere, to liberty, to equality, to the overthrow of the old systems of tyranny, to the establishment of institutions founded on the rights of man. The bloody scenes of civil tyranny, as well as of fiery religious persecution, pertain to the past." There is not a word about new tyrannies, no suggestion of fresh and perplexing problems of evil springing up in our time, as strong, it may be, to vex the world, as any of those on whose decay we congratulate ourselves.

**Our Living Poets. An Essay in Criticism.** By H. Buxton Forman. Tinsley Brothers.

It may appear somewhat of a delicate task to criticise this volume in these pages, since a considerable portion of it has appeared in the

*London Quarterly* at different times. But such feelings need not deter us. The value of Mr. Forman's book lies not so much in his separate criticisms—though these are of great value—as in the bold attempt he has made to reach a systematic criticism, to establish rules and doctrines, and to apply them faithfully. In one word, he aims at being scientific, to speak strictly, and to lay a foundation. Clearly, then, the leading purpose that penetrates the book could not be made fully manifest in a single article, however much it might be kept in view by the writer. The work is in no proper sense a reprint, though matter previously published has been very skilfully wrought in.

It is abundantly clear that Mr. Forman has made himself thoroughly master of the *technique* of the poetic art, an indispensable preliminary to good criticism of poetry. He advances to judgment of individual works from this side, and in most instances his verdicts are satisfactory. He uses this knowledge as a means to reaching the spirit and significance, believing that, in all true and rare artistic work, there is, of necessity, a most intimate correspondence between the spirit and the form. This belief keeps him from falling into the error which has hitherto been only too common. Critics have been wont to isolate too much, and to declare dogmatically upon separate parts or points. Mr. Forman does not apply his first tests as final, and thus he often avoids such deliverances. Scientific criticism can only illustrate, it can never exhaust poetic work, which has a basis in truth and reality—presumably the only poetic work which such criticism should condescend to illustrate. Mr. Forman remembers this, and thus, while scientific, he is seldom dogmatic. It is true, he condemns Jean Ingelow somewhat too brusquely; but if there is fault to be found in this particular case, it is rather with the terms he uses to express his judgment than with the judgment itself, though we must in candour say that incidental remarks on such a poet as Wordsworth, to the effect that Miss Ingelow's blank-verse "would have pleased him in his prosiest mood," belong almost to the other order. Such expressions, however, are very rare in this work. Mr. Forman is most at home when he is sympathetically criticising—that is, when he is recommending works which have not yet been stamped with the seal of such wide public approval as they deserve. To illustrate and popularise such works, is the true aim of the higher criticism. Mr. Forman has dealt in this spirit with the works of that thoughtful, quaint, but most musical artist, W. B. Scott, and with the rarely dramatic, strong and characteristic productions of Mr. R. H. Horne. Nothing that we have recently seen in criticism is truer, more delicate, or more incisive than Mr. Forman's remarks on that intensely mystical, yet most quaintly musical poem, *The Fear of the World*, whose scope so eludes the mind, whose rhythms so hold the heart. But Mr. Forman, with the peculiar mediating sense which marks the true critic, does not dwell long on that, as evidently enough his own personal feelings might lead him to do, he speedily passes on from this metaphysical eastern

garden, with its strange perfumes, if we may name it so, to the simpler ballads, which are most discriminatingly dealt with. In these short essays on W. B. Scott and R. H. Horne, we see Mr. Forman put to a very severe test, which he bears well. With Mr. Forman's criticism on Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning, our readers must be already pretty well acquainted. Mr. Browning is dealt with in a very careful, yet sympathetic manner. His modes of expression are elaborately considered, but never without deliberate reference to general scope and intent; so that we often have light thrown on obscure meaning merely by being made more familiar with the secrets of his verse-craft. Miss Smedley and Mr. D. G. Rossetti, we cannot help thinking, are too highly praised; but that is a gracious error in a deliverance on writers who, after all deductions are made, remain true poets. Mr. Swinburne is faithfully criticised for his curious and deliberate revolt against the moral and theological ideas of his time; and Matthew Arnold is handled scarcely with less decision for his "provincialism." Mr. Forman holds that:—

"While Mr. Arnold is working out his theme with that perfect clearness and niceness of his, so good for all essayists to emulate, he is yet often, in his own urbane way, doing very 'provincial' violence to the idea in hand, by forcing it to include things that will not properly come within it. For instance, he preaches the gospel of politeness to the top of his bent; in his polemics he is exceedingly polite, refined, urbane (to use his own pet word). He condemns the brutal tone of our press invective, but merely because it is not polite, refined, urbane—not because it wounds people's susceptibility; and he would accuse one of being vulgarly practical if one asked what is the great matter whether an unkind thing be said brutally or with the more refined devilishness of 'urbane' sarcasm? Perhaps the urbane sarcasm hurts more than the brutal insult—most likely it does. Why, then, should we try to disseminate urbane sarcasm at all? Does Mr. Arnold really think he does humanity a good service when he not only preaches, but practises also urbane invective? I can conceive that Mr. Wright, if he is at all open to painful impressions from things said of him in print, would not enjoy the implication of a certain sentence of Mr. Arnold's in a certain squabble about translating Homer. Noticing that Mr. Wright dates from Mapperly, Mr. Arnold says that he should like to ask him whether he knows what became of that poor girl Wragg—referring to a girl who murdered her illegitimate child on Mapperly hills, and furnished Mr. Arnold with a fine illustration for some remarks on another subject. Now, it is very likely that if Mr. Wright had had his choice, he would much rather have been called a fool by the *Saturday Review* than mentioned by Mr. Arnold in the manner referred to. . . . It is very easy, in writing on urbanity *versus* provinciality, to take up all kinds of faults, and stigmatise them as provincial. But can any good reason be given for regarding the very grave offence of egotism as an urbane rather than a provincial sin? Do we not get the note of provinciality here?"

But this is only preliminary to a very delicate and appreciative criticism of Mr. Arnold's poems, and a careful comparison of his classical restorations with those of Swinburne and others. The drama of "Merope" is carefully analysed, and is declared to be, as a whole, one of our finest modern classical dramas, perfect for intelligent use in the Greek form, in its larger outline. The choruses, being unrhymed, are held to be inferior to those of the "Atalanta" of Mr. Swinburne. We are not sure that Mr. Forman brings out as he might have done, the tenderness of Matthew Arnold, as seen in such poems as "Longing," in the "Faded Leaves," "The Buried Life," and "Desire." The severe simplicity of the style is apt to conceal the emotion that quivers and trembles beneath. George Eliot's development as a poet is traced out with skill, and her possibilities thoughtfully estimated; while we have a somewhat longer essay on Mr. William Morris, in which, while analysis is not wanting, there is not a little criticism conceived in the very spirit of Mr. Morris's objective, garrulous, yet dreamy, graceful narrative. Saying this, we speak our highest recommendation of Mr. Forman's book; he enters into the spirit of his author, and gives us what is really dramatic criticism.

**The Poor Artist; or, Seven Eyesights and One Object.** By R. H. Horne, Author of "Orion," "The Death of Marlowe," &c., &c. Second Edition, with a Preliminary Essay on Varieties of Vision in Man. London: John Van Voorst, Paternoster Row. 1871.

AMONG a certain class of intellectual persons, this charming little book, published anonymously in 1850, was found instructive and entertaining at the time, and has been cherished since; and this new edition will be very welcome to them, with its new "Preliminary Essay"—by no means the least of its attractions.

Of the author, who, after a career of no small brilliance in English literature, rushed to Australia (some twenty years ago), and virtually buried his fine genius there for twenty years, and who has only of late re-appeared in the literary world of London, a good deal that is interesting might easily be said. What we are most concerned to note at present is, of course, the acknowledgment of *The Poor Artist* in the title-page of this new edition, and the fine essay now prefixed to it; but Mr. Horne's name should not be mentioned without adding to it the best "title of honour" he has earned—namely, that of author of *Cosmo de Medici*, *Gregory VII.*, *Judas Iscariot*, and other tragic dramas. Why this "title of honour" is not familiar to the present generation of readers, an essayist has attempted to explain, by reference to the fact that Mr. Horne's extraordinary versatility and unflagging energy led him to constant changes of the field of labour, so that, instead of concentrating his strength on the drama,

he radiated it into space, so to speak—putting forth all sorts of works, avowed, anonymous, and pseudonymous, in almost every branch of literature. *The Poor Artist* was one of many anonymous works traceable to Mr. Horne by internal evidence; and the recent acknowledgment gives the book a new interest. Among books designed to bring home sound scientific thought to young or not very profound intelligences, by dressing it in an alluring garb of fanciful narrative, there are but few superior to *The Poor Artist*; although it must be confessed that, as a work in that particular branch of literary art, another of Mr. Horne's tales "for children of all ages" surpasses *The Poor Artist*. *The Good-Natured Bear*, an exquisite story, long out of print, would be as great a treasure to those who are now growing up as it was to their fathers and mothers, who were children when it was published five-and-twenty years ago; and it is a pity the author does not see at once to the re-issuing of it, now he has left his haunts in the Blue Mountains.

Mr. Horne's essay on *Varieties of Vision in Man* is very fresh and far-seeing. It displays that vivid rapidity of observation and subtle directness of insight that one is naturally prone to attribute to Mr. Horne's quality of poet; and if this same quality of poet detracts at all from the philosophic value of this capital essay, it is because the poet's imagination is of necessity as unflinching as the ordinary process of research is in the case of the ordinary unpoetic investigator. It is by no means clear that the author's imaginative directness has lessened the value of the essay one jot: it is quite possible that his unguarded enthusiasm in tracking out varieties of visual phenomena will be mistaken in many cases by his readers for an attempt to localise in the organs of sight phenomena that are really in great part psychical and not optical; but for those who read with due care there is sufficient reservation expressed in this respect to show that the author does not really, by any means, ignore the psychical side of optical phenomena. So far as the philosophic thread of the essay is concerned, we must leave such of our readers as are so disposed to follow that out for themselves; but we cannot resist the temptation of quoting the following—

#### " VISION FOR THE METAPHYSICIANS.

" Seated one evening, during the brief twilight of the antipodes, in the first floor of an inn, on the stormy western coast of Australia, I contemplated the fading blue sky through an open window. The sea was, at this time, perfectly calm and colourless, and presented a faint yet clear dark line of the horizon at an apparent distance of eighteen or twenty miles. There was no sound, either of air or sea. I thought of the ships and boats that had passed over the expanse before me—the space of sea between the window-frame and as far as the horizontal line—and thought of the living freights that those vessels had borne, long since passed away to the dead; thought of

the enormous numbers of fish that had eaten each other, and were all gone into water and what not, while similar races were now roaming about with the same destinies. I thought of the anxious eyes that had often been fixed upon yonder horizontal line, now becoming much fainter, yet still presenting its definite boundary; and then I began to wander into idle and every-day thoughts—the wretchedly-cooked dinner I had had, the probable amount of my bill, the swindling character of some of the Australian Governments; whether my horse had really got the oats I had ordered; whether I had not better go and look after him—and so forth, my eyes being still towards the sea. Suddenly a most enormous bird—the *roc* of the ‘Arabian Nights’ could have been nothing to it—alighted directly upon the distant horizontal line, which dipped with its weight! I started, breathless, and, for an instant, quite confounded, I sprang up, and ran across the room to the window. There was no sea at all. What I had been contemplating so intently in the twilight was the level sky, with the telegraphic line extending across the window at a distance of some twenty yards! The monster bird was an imported London sparrow, who had suddenly alighted on the line, and caused it to make a little dip down!

“Now, Anti-Berkeleyans, and metaphysicians in general—excepting all those who take a common-sensical view of the mind—here is a field for examination. It is here propounded that, until I started from my seat, and running to the window discovered the visual mistake, there was no essential difference, to me, between what I imagined and believed I saw, and what would have been the reality—all the generations of drowned men and defunct fish included. My consciousness would be precisely the same in either case. The external world, therefore, exists in the mind, certainly; and it exists otherwise (*cogitabilis*) practically, and yet problematically and inscrutably, up to this day.”—P. xlix.

This book, which was one of the products of that energy we have referred to as having been “radiated into space,” has now, after twenty years, been brought home to the long catalogue of the author’s avowed works; thus showing that “space,” in a literary sense, is not quite so inexorable as the abstraction into which radiated light and heat have been held to pass. It would be well worth the while of anyone who has the time, knowledge, and opportunity, to follow the author’s known career in its more conspicuous line, and track out and bring home to him some of the innumerable manifestations of force that have passed for the present into the forgotten pages of magazines, and into other anonymous and pseudonymous pages. For ourselves, we must be content to recommend, to such of our younger readers as are not acquainted with it, this one reclaimed sheep of Mr. Horne’s strayed flock; for to go after the ninety-nine still in the wilderness of defunct periodicals, &c., is a task beyond our present opportunities.



Memoirs of the Rev. John Wesley Etheridge, M.A., Ph.D.  
By the Rev. Thornley Smith. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS book contains some notices of the life of the eminent saint, preacher, and scholar, to whom it relates, and extracts from his correspondence, poetry, and other writings. The former might have been advantageously condensed, and the other portions of the volume proportionately lengthened. Considering, however, how quickly the memories of many such men seem to fade, even in the minds of those who knew and loved them best, the public are under great obligations to Mr. Smith for preserving some recollections of Dr. Etheridge's history, and some of the more desultory products of his piety and genius. We most cordially recommend the book to the devout of all Churches—to young ministers of the Methodist Churches in particular, and to all students of what we may venture to call the natural history of Methodism.

The story is soon told. Born in 1804, in a rural district of the Isle of Wight (which, by the way, Mr. Smith assures us is in Hampshire); the son of Methodist parents of the old type—of a father who did “the work of an Evangelist,” and whose only mistake seems to have been that he did not give himself “wholly to the Ministry;” baptised with the name and into the discipleship of John Wesley, “a child of a gracious disposition” and of a tender conscience, he became the willing servant of Christ, almost as soon as he could understand the claims and appreciate the responsibility of such a service. Mr. Smith, quoting verses written by Charles Wesley, in one of his finest flights of fancy, half ignores the fact that even this gentle, genial man, so outwardly pure and guileless, was born in sin and shapen in iniquity. These are not the times to forget the sad tale of our race, and of every individual member of it.

Dr. Etheridge's education, though in youth very partial and incomplete, was yet far better than that of most of his contemporaries in the Methodist ministry. His father was his chief tutor; and it was to his own thirst for knowledge, and patient pursuit of it, that he owed his subsequent attainments, his scholarly command of the Greek, Latin, French and German languages, and, as his special study and walk, Hebrew, Syriac, and the cognate dialects, and Biblical and Rabbinical literatures, in all their branches. In Divinity, he studied under one of those remarkable men who still—we hope not less frequently than of yore—adorn the ranks of the Methodist Local Preachers. “Robert Yelf” was a country schoolmaster of the period and place; an old bachelor, living alone, his hair white and short-cut, his face closely shorn, his dress a long brown coat, his look that of a “Roman Catholic Abbé.” He owned many books, half of them in French, and these chiefly theological. With him the young student spent two afternoons a week for two years, reading the works of great English divines and of notable French preachers. For

these latter, the taste, somewhat prevalent half-a-century ago, had not yet gone out. From this general course of reading, we fancy he learned, perhaps insensibly, that full, round, stately style of speech, combined with much force and passion, which, as he practised it, he found to be the very mother-tongue of his sanctified nature. It was the study of the "deep things" in the Great Book which fashioned him into a great man and minister. By it, God spake much to him, and he became accustomed to speak "after the same manner." Steward and Thornton, not much unlike him in many other respects, resembled him, more or less, in this also.

In 1824, he began to preach, and in 1826, his probation for the ministry. Richard Watson recommended him to Hull; and there, mindful of his one commission, to teach and enforce Holy Scripture, to polish and sharpen, so to speak, the only "sword of the Spirit," he at once commenced a course of expository preaching. We cannot follow him during his forty years' wanderings in the ministerial service. Always infirm; debarred, during a long period, by dangerous illness from the stated occupation of the pulpit; his domestic happiness first broken by the early death of his wife, and afterwards destroyed by that of his daughter, spared just long enough to disappoint his long and trembling cares on her behalf; shut out, at length, by deafness, from general converse with society; he wrought patiently on, in preaching, pastoral visitations, and all the petty details of his calling, and by means of the press, until, in 1866, ripe in holy hope, he entered the blessedness of which his whole air, tone, spirit, speech, had so long been redolent.

Dr. Hoole has favoured Mr. Smith with a history and an estimate of Dr. Etheridge's published works; and from the *Outline Lectures on the History of the Patriarchs*, appended to this volume, we gather some notion of the general style of his preaching; this latter, however very imperfect, because his ministry was eminently pastoral, and for that reason various, adapting itself to all classes and to all exigencies. Circumstances made him a biographer, but, though he wrote useful lives of both Clarke and Coke, the time of a scholar of his rare bent might, perhaps, have been better employed. Fletcher, had Etheridge been spared to *Miltonise* about him, would have kindled him into a passion of genius, but we had rather that, as was professed, he should have modernised and supplemented Watson. His poetry, the reflex of himself, contains lines which, when once read, will never be forgotten. Take that on the "Imperial Countenance of God," in *The Day before Easter*.

The general and the true impression given by the book is that of a large-minded, tender-hearted, sweet-natured, saintly man. The picture is beautiful and suggestive. There, in a comparatively unimportant circuit—for well-to-do circuits never very solicitously sought for a man such as this—constantly communing with God and with his own beloved dead, he went, steadily and conscientiously, through the weekly toil of a hard-worked Methodist preacher; kindled

new lights for scholars, sang himself into worship and into catholic fellowship "with all saints," taught and persuaded, and to purpose, too, village congregations; while, now and then, as opportunity served, he could charm and rouse intelligent multitudes; "visited classes," though he never heard a word of reciprocal help or comfort; wrote loving letters to correspondents worthy of them; travelled when he could not work, or that he might dig deep in University libraries; was very "anxious to see a stir among the people," and often saw and mingled with it, his whole sad soul on fire; yet dwelt fondly on that celebration of the Holy Supper in which he once shared with the High Churchmen of Oxford. What a rebuke all this to modern platitudes about the needlessness, the impossibility, nay, the mischief, of making every minister of religion a competent expounder of God's Word, and about the difficulty of a Methodist minister becoming, with God's blessing, a man of wide knowledge, sympathy, and usefulness; what a rebuke also to the narrowness which, weed-like, threatens to overspread and choke the most fruitful pastures of Nonconformity, not less than those of the Anglican Church itself! What an encouragement to labour under difficulty—to the formation and prosecution of a grand ideal of the ministerial calling!

We implore Mr. Smith to omit from the many future editions of this excellent book, all the so-called "illustrations."

**The Story of Harecourt: Being the History of an Independent Church.** By John B. Marsh, Author of "The Reference Shakspeare," "Wise Sayings of the Great and Good," "Robin Hood and his Merry Companions." With an Introduction by the Rev. Alexander Raleigh, D.D. London: Strahan and Co. 1871.

No one reading the above title would be prepared for the rich treat in store for him in these pages. Harecourt is the historic title of a congregation of Independents now worshipping in Canonbury, of which the deservedly well-known Dr. Alexander Raleigh is the present pastor.

The story takes its rise in the early part of the seventeenth century, truly described as "a very critical and formative time;" a time when warriors were much given to prayer, and preachers to politics. The first name introduced to us is that of the founder of the Church, George Cokayn, of Sussex College, Cambridge, who brought himself into notice as a theologian by a preface which he wrote to a volume of the works of Dr. Tobias Crispe, a Calvinist of some eminence in those times. Cokayn became chaplain to Sir Bulstrode Whitelocke, M.P., and was appointed to the living of Pancras, Soper-Lane, "the most famous city church during the Commonwealth and Protectorate."

It was a custom in those days for the House of Commons to

observe a monthly fast-day, when the members attended divine service in St. Margaret's Church, selected preachers officiating. The honour fell to Cokayn, and he gained much commendation for his performance. The description given of the scene opens to us a view of the condition of the times, and so well illustrates the style of the book, that we give it with pleasure :—

“Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Independents, had in turn occupied the pulpit of St. Margaret's, and the constant repetition of the service tended to make politicians of some of the preachers. One, at least, in the time of the Second Charles, lost his head for a sermon which he preached. George Cokayn was twenty-nine years old when he preached before the House. The scene upon the occasion of these fast-sermons was one of much interest. Round about the church were posted those psalm-singing soldiers in leather jerkins, who made such irresistible thrusts with pikestaff or halberd in their conflicts with the King's soldiers; men who wanted to settle the nation, and religion also, after a thorough military fashion. Upon the occasion of Cokayn's sermon there were many present who never after mixed with the same throng in the church. In the Speaker's pew sat Lenthall, and scattered about were Seldon, Bradshaw, Sir Thomas Widdrington, and many others, with respect to whom Colonel Pride had a commission at that moment in his pocket. Several of these men were excluded from the House of Commons before the sermon they heard on November 29th was out of the press. There were a few present specially interested in the success of the young preacher. Amongst these were Sir Bulstrode Whitelocke, Colonel Rowland Wilson, and Alderman Robert Tichborne. Glancing round upon that assembly, men will be recognised who helped to rule England for ten years without a State Church, a House of Lords, or a King. A congregation of flowing-haired, white-collared, velvet-coated men—men who wore great jack-boots and short laced breeches; men who did very much to secure the civil rights of the people of England, and establish liberty of conscience towards God. To these men, whose king was then a prisoner in Carisbrook Castle, and whose soldiers had completely beaten down their enemies, Obadiah Sedgwick and George Cokayn preached. The junior preached last. After the first sermon a psalm was sung, and then George Cokayn appeared in the pulpit. Rich brown hair, parted in the centre of the forehead, flowed down in clustered masses over his shoulders. His face shone with ruddy health, and was aglow with enthusiasm. To the charms of his person were superadded a vigorous intellect and a natural eloquence which irresistibly won the hearts of his hearers. He wore the Geneva gown and bands common to the Independents and Presbyterians.”

In 1660 Cokayn was ejected from his living, or he voluntarily left it, in consequence of the passing of the Bill requiring immediate re-ordination. The Church was dispersed, some of the members being cast into prison, and others plunged into deep sorrow; yet

worship was maintained in the houses of the people. For a time the preacher's fame opened many of the city pulpits to him, and drew crowds to hear him. This liberty, however, was not long accorded to him. We then find the scattered Church assembling in their minister's house in Redcross-street, and afterwards in the "Stated Room" built in Hare-court. Thence its history is traced down to the present time.

The interest of this story, which is often very great, and gains much from the stirring and important times in which most of its scenes were enacted, revolves mainly around a few historical characters which are very felicitously drawn. Cokayn himself is a study, as is his friend Sir Bulstrode Whitelocke; while Mr. John Nesbitt, Cokayn's immediate successor, notwithstanding Addison's satire, is deserving of careful attention. If Sir Robert Tichborne and Sir John Ireton are less prominent figures, they are very worthily represented. They were the two men selected by Parliament to join Oliver Cromwell in a prayer-meeting with some disaffected but penitent officers in the army. They were both knighted by Cromwell, and both attained the dignity of Lord Mayor; and it would be wrong to omit a reference to the young and beautiful widow, sweet Mistress Mary Wilson, who became the wife of Sir Bulstrode; notwithstanding that he had ten children, for she "was brought to consider that children were a blessing," and she "durst not refuse a man for having ten blessings."

The whole story is written in a manner becoming the annals of a Church which Dr. Raleigh truthfully describes as "in some respects of unusual interest," and of men, his "ancestry in the ministerial office, of great worth and, in individual instances, of some fame."

**A Text-Book of Indian History.** By the Rev. G. U. Pope, D.D., Principal of Bishop Cotton's Grammar School and College, Bangalore, &c. London: J. Gladding and Son. 1871.

DR. POPE has rendered good service to the cause of education and of literature by the publication of this laborious and well-digested manual. Such a volume was much needed, for after all that had been previously done towards facilitating the study of Indian history, there was no work on the subject, at once ample, concise, and trustworthy, to which educated Englishmen, young and old alike, could have recourse as an adequate handbook and storehouse of information touching this important department of national and general culture. The want is met by Dr. Pope's very full, judicious, and beautiful "Text-Book." The work does not take the form of a continuous narrative. It would have been impossible, on this plan, to furnish, within any reasonable limits, the multitude of details, chronological, genealogical, biographical, and others, which add so much to the value of Dr. Pope's production. There is, indeed, a chain of narra-

tive, never wholly broken, which runs through it from first to last. But every now and then the links pass into a short network of illustration and criticism, or into a thread of geographical or dynastic tables, so to turn again into the shape from which they changed. And, what is of consequence in a work of this description, the use of a larger type for the primary matter, and of a smaller for the secondary, makes the eye the minister of the mind in distinguishing the various elements of the history, and enables different classes of readers to avail themselves easily of the volume for the purposes for which they may consult it. The work opens with admirable introductory chapters on the political divisions and general geography of Hindustan and its appendages. The author then proceeds to trace the course of the history, beginning with that hazy dawn which appears in the Vedas, the Institutes of Manu, the Puranas, and the two great epics of the so-called Solar and Lunar Dynasties, and advancing step by step to our own times, the earlier periods being treated with judicious brevity; while the later are rightly made to present themselves in progressive fullness of detail. First we have a sketch of what is known respecting India down to that memorable year A.D. 1001, when Mahmud of Ghazni carried his black standard into the Panjab, and became the founder of the earliest dynasty of the Afgans. Then come records of the bloody and turbulent period, ending A.D. 1526, during which the seven Afgan dynasties fought for ascendancy, or ruled in Delhi and Agra. With the year 1526 commences the splendid career of that wondrous Mogul Empire, the unburied ghost of which but as yesterday vanished for ever in treachery and blood. Dr. Pope's readers will not grudge the ample space which he gives to this conspicuous feature of his subject. The conquests of the Moguls lead naturally to the history of the Dakhan and of the Mahrattas. These occupy together nearly a hundred pages of the volume. Then follow chapters on the Portuguese settlements and dominion in India; on the various European Companies which, after the Portuguese, strove to obtain a share in the Eastern Trade to A.D. 1744; on the wars and rivalries of the French and English between 1742 and the surrender of Pondicherry in 1761; on the founding of the British power in Bengal; and on the Governors-General of India from 1744 to the present time; the work concluding with separate accounts of the Panjab and Mysore. Appended to the body of the work are examination questions, chronological tables, and biographical and other indexes, all marking the same judgment, accuracy, and comprehension of the needs of the reader which distinguish the entire manual. The series of small, but clear, exact, and tastefully coloured maps of the several political divisions of India which adorns the volume adds incalculably to its practical worth both as a book of study and of reference. It is truly marvellous how commonly this most necessary accompaniment to works like Dr. Pope's—we mean, a number of legible and not very costly illustrative maps—is sought for, and not found. When it is further



stated, that the Text-Book is printed on good bright paper, in a type which rather courts than pains the eye, and that the whole appearance of the volume is cheerful and scholarly, we sufficiently commend to our readers a very valuable accession to that great body of educational and literary apparatus in which bygone centuries have been so poor, in which our own age is already become, beyond all example, rich.

Song-Tide, and other Poems. By Philip Bourke Marston.  
London: Ellis and Green, 33, King-street, Covent-Garden. 1871.

WHEN we have said that in the best of his poems Mr. Marston shows himself a disciple of Mr. D. G. Rossetti, we have certainly told the truth, though not quite the whole truth; for although the sonnets which form the larger half of this volume would clearly not have existed in their present form if Mr. Rossetti had not set Mr. Marston a fashion, and though there is much lyric work in the book traceable directly or indirectly to the same source, there is yet a vein of originality, and a clearly defined speciality for singing. The poems of Mr. P. B. Marston do not strike one as having been conceived in prose and executed in verse; they seem rather as if they had come to the author by legitimate poetic inspiration (of whatever order), and had been bettered in the bringing forth by a close and careful adherence to the *technique* of Mr. Rossetti, as far as any one less gifted can master that exquisite *technique*. Mr. Marston is quite the best of the younger poets who have followed Mr. Rossetti in cultivating that delicately perfect exotic, the strict Italian sonnet of two quatrains and a sestet. Such growths as the plant has taken in the splendidly elaborate garden of sense and sound whereof the Arch-Preraphaelite is the master, it will not probably fall to the lot of any other to produce; but as far as others can benefit, in respect of method, by a study of *The House of Life*, &c. (not to name that standard work *The Early Italian Poets*), Mr. Philip Marston certainly has benefited. His "Prelude" of seven stanzas, analogous in form to the sonnet, is very enjoyable; and we quote the first of these as explaining sufficiently the title of the poem of sonnets:—

"Hears't thou upon the shore-line of thy life  
The beating of this song-tide led by thee,  
As by the winds and moon is led the sea?  
The clashing waves conflicting meet in strife;  
Bitter with tears of hopeless love they roll,  
And fall, and thunder, between soul and soul.  
Strange things are borne upon their foaming heights,  
Through wild gray windy days and shrieking nights;  
O'er rocks and hidden shoals, round beacon lights.  
Their foam is blown, till on thy shores at length  
They burst, in all the trouble of their strength."—P. 3.

Sonnet fifty-one of *Song-Tide* is a fine specimen of the embodiment of past points of time into personalities; a retrospect becomes exceedingly graphic when the important stages in a past history are separately endowed with individuality and gifted with voice; and this "Vision of Days" is excellent in its kind, though too dependent on Mr. Rossetti's noble sonnet "Lost Days." Indeed, Mr. Marston would, and no doubt will, do better by keeping to his master's *method* without depending on him for *ideas*. Here is the pupil's "vision":—

"The days whereof my heart is still so fain  
 Passed by my soul in strange and sad procession,  
 And one said, 'Lo! I held thy love's confession;'  
 And one, 'My hands were filled with golden gain  
 Of thy love's sweetnesses, now turned to pain;'  
 And one, 'I heard thy soul's last sad concession;'  
 And one, 'For thee my voice made intercession;'  
 And one, 'I wept above thy sweet hopes slain.'  
 Then followed, in a long and mournful band,  
 Days wreathed with cloud and garmented with grey,  
 And all made moan upon their weary way;  
 But one day walked apart, and in her hand  
 Before her face, she held a sorcerer's wand,  
 And what she said I heard, but may not say."—P. 57.

It is to be noted that there are several faults which will probably strike the reader sufficiently without specification; and the vague termination leaves one inclined to suspect that the answer to the riddle is nothing very particular. Still the sonnet is sufficiently sharp in finish and ringing in sound to give good hopes of maturer work, to be done with a far completer excellence; and in the miscellaneous poems of the volume there is a fair variety of airy fancy, vigorous, though not profound, "vicarious thinking," and deep manly emotion. The general tone of the book, if over melancholy, is yet wholesome. The little *suite de pièces* called "Garden Secrets" can hardly fail to charm any reader; and many other poems in the volume, if once read, will assuredly be read again.

The Coolie: His Rights and Wrongs. Notes of a Journey to British Guiana; with a Review of the System and of the Recent Commission of Inquiry. By the Author of "Ginx's Baby." London: Strahan and Co. 1871.

THE readers of *Ginx's Baby* will be prepared for a forcible, thorough, and lively exhibition of this, another of the great politico-social subjects which are loudly demanding the careful attention of statesmen and philanthropists. The present work, however, is not a satire, but a plain narrative of facts, enlivened indeed by many episodes of travel, relevant and irrelevant, together with a critical examination of important social, moral, and material questions, national and international, involved in a system of which those facts are the immediate fruit. Eastern Asia has an abounding, overflowing population, needy, uncult-

tured, badly fed, and unemployed. The rich fields of the Western Indies and of other lands call loudly for the hand of the tiller. What could be more rational, prudent, humane, than to afford to these necessitous people the means of transport to these fair lands, to offer them employment and wages, good government, protection, and legal redress, and all under the guarantee of the British Government? That such a system would be liable to abuse it is easy to see. Reports of such abuses ultimately reached this country, some of them of a very grave character. A letter of considerable length, detailing grounds of complaint, addressed to Earl Granville, by a gentleman who had held the office of stipendiary magistrate, drew the attention of the Government to the state of affairs, and led to the appointment of a Commission of Inquiry. In the interest of the Coolies, the Aborigines Protection Society and the Anti-Slavery Society retained the services of a barrister, the author of the present work, who proceeded to Georgetown, Demarara, to represent his five hundred thousand clients. The history of the whole is before us in a narrative of travel, a record of observation of the working of the Coolie system, a discussion of involved questions, an analysis and review of the Commissioners' report, and some very practical suggestions for remedies of existing evils.

The reader of this volume will at once see that the movement "for the importation of Eastern labour foreshadows a time when this will be among the greatest of social-political subjects, when the statesman and the economist will alike need to exercise all their astuteness in solving its perpetually increasing problems," while the information it gives will aid him in forming an intelligent and unbiassed judgment for himself on this great question. The subject requires alteration. This is the way quietly to secure it. "Under any circumstances, England cannot be forgetful of her duty to her ignorant and unprotected Indian subjects."

**The Great Social Evil: its Causes, Extent, Results, and Remedies.** By William Logan, Author of the "Moral Statistics of Glasgow," &c. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1871.

WHEN a man writes on such a subject as this, he does well to fortify himself by the quotation of authorities, lest the course he pursues be looked upon with suspicion. Mr. Logan has done this. Indeed, his book is rather a compilation of the sayings and writings of well-known public men, during the last twenty years, on the "Social Evil," than an original production. The "personal notes" he gives indicate that his field of observation has been wide, and his experience varied as well as long; at the same time they give evidence, as indeed does the volume throughout, that the writer has only one aim. If statistics may be trusted, this vice is not so rampant, especially in London, as it was thirty years ago. But statistics on this subject, as on the kindred one of drunkenness, on whichever side quoted, only

give us an approximation toward the truth ; and our own reliance on them is somewhat faint. But the evil is prevalent and flaunting, and foul enough, apart from statistics and comparisons. We cannot here speak of its worse than filthy results ; we consider it the most terrible power of social demoralisation and national disaster known on earth, and this without underrating in the least the vice which is its twin-companion and foster-father. But it loudly demands the serious and immediate consideration of all Christians and philanthropists, and of the Legislature itself. For though we have no faith in repressive or permissive enactments for crushing out the life of *any* vice, yet the laws of a Christian land should have a *forceps* too sure in its bite and too firm in its hold to permit the escape of any villain, however well-dressed, who preys on the innocence of its homes. He who makes an outcast should be an outcast. As for the panders and their foul haunts, let no mercy be shown them, literally none. The police raid which began in Liverpool some months ago, should be made universal and irresistible. We commend Mr. Logan's volume to all who sympathise with the efforts being made to reclaim the outcast. At the same time, in relation to this "evil" and to "England's curse," we would remind our readers of our Saviour's words in Mark vii. 21—23, and of the truth we all hold, that only by purifying the heart with grace can we hope to remove effectually and for ever these foul crimes from the surface of our social and national life.

#### History of Methodism in North Devon. London : Wesleyan Conference Office.

LOCAL histories of Methodism are multiplying in every direction. We confess that we take great pleasure in the thought. The narrative of the struggles through which the Methodist revival passed from a mere influence into a corporate and permanent organisation in any district is well worth preserving, and the man deserves well of his community who takes pains to arrest the flow of old facts into oblivion, and preserve them before it is too late. We have seen no example of this class of literature that we so thoroughly like as the present. Private reasons apart, which we are not ashamed to confess, the book itself is deeply interesting. It is written in a thoroughly evangelical, catholic, and dignified style from beginning to end, and we think we only do them a kindness when we recommend our readers to give it a place in their Methodist library. Its opening chapter is a capital page of English Church History. For instance, take the following extract concerning the Arian Presbyterians of the West :—

"In the beginning of the eighteenth century, the Presbyterians introduced many changes, first in doctrine, and next in church government. In 1708, James Peirce, one of the most learned ministers of that denomination, through his intercourse with William Whiston, a professor at the Cambridge and Utrecht Universities, became indoctrinated with Arian opinions, about which time he associated himself

with the Presbyterian Church at Exeter, at that period composed of several congregations. Among the ministers appointed to the Church, in addition to Mr. Peirce, were Joseph Hallet, John Withers, and John Lavington. Suspicion as to the orthodoxy of some of these, and a scrutiny, led to the ejection of Messrs. Hallet, Withers, and Peirce from the pulpits of the Presbyterian Church. The spirit in which this was done not only called forth much sympathy, but also led to the provision of a suitable place of worship, in which the ministry of the ejected ones might be continued. On the Sabbath-day following the expulsion, March 15th, 1719, Mr. Peirce began his ministry in some selected place in Exeter, and on December 27th of the same year a new meeting-house was opened in Mint-lane, on the site of an old Benedictine monastery, known as St. Nicholas's Priory. This division soon had the effect of causing Presbyterianism, as a system of Church government, to die out. In 1812, about ninety years after its erection, the Arian Mint-lane Chapel was purchased and rebuilt by the Wesleyan Methodists, and it continues to be their property to the present time."

England's Curse and its Cure. By the Rev. J. Walter. With an Introduction by the Rev. Charles Garrett. London: Elliot Stock. 1871.

WE sympathise with Mr. Walter in the suffering he has endured in consequence of the severe railway accident which befell him some time ago, and which prevented him from correcting the press sheets during the publication of this work. Had he been able to correct, we think he would have been also disposed to abridge again. He tells us "the original MS. has been abridged *one-fourth*." He might have abridged it almost one-fourth more, with advantage to his readers and with no loss to the cause he so zealously advocates. The chapters on "The Physical Aspects of the Drinking Question," "Is Alcohol Food?" and "The People's Food Metamorphosed into a Curse," might have been compressed into one, we think. And then it is not necessary to repeat instances in detail of the dire effects of intemperance whenever some phase of the evil has to be exposed or some duty in relation to it enforced, especially when such instances have nothing more than a general bearing on the question. The chapter on "Social Drinking" might have been written with more discrimination and with much more effect. "Social Drinking" in some places is only tavern-carousing with a difference. Mr. Walters's aim is unmistakable, and he writes with an enthusiasm almost excessive. It is not well to overdo anything. A description of moderate drinkers is given which does not well consort with the statement that "Moderate drinking fills the world with drunkards." Surely men who take "one pint per day," or "one half-pint every other day," have more affinity with total abstainers than with drunkards. If he has not already done it, we should advise Mr. Walter to make the

acquaintance of Mr. Samuel Bowly, of Gloucester, and to imitate his style of advocacy. He is, perhaps, the most temperate, intelligent, and therefore effective, speaker on this question we have ever heard.

Mr. Garrett's part in the book is worthy of him; he is an earnest, consistent, thorough, and useful advocate of every social improvement. To both writers and their cause we heartily wish success.

**The Streets and Lanes of a City. Being the Reminiscences of Amy Dutton. With a Preface by the Bishop of Salisbury. Macmillan and Co.**

DURING the cholera epidemic, the sisters Dalton undertook the management of an hospital, which, through much trial, they bravely stuck to; and the account of this is far from being the least interesting portion of the work.

These two books are of one type. The first is a journal of real experience in the work of district visiting, which seems to have been satisfactorily done, and with very good results in most cases. The stories are told with much simplicity and unaffected pathos, which is itself sufficient to assure us of their reality, even had we not been plainly told that nothing is fictitious save the names. The Bishop of Salisbury contributes a plain and unpretending Introduction. In spite of a slight ecclesiastical flavour, the work has value for all denominations, because it is a record of such work as any Christian woman, desirous of active work in the world, could well engage in; and from the little volume she might get practical hints and help. We have, at all events, read it with peculiar interest, and can warmly commend it.

Agnes Elizabeth Jones trained herself with self-denying devotion under Miss Nightingale for the work of hospital nursing. She was evidently a born worker in this kind. While yet a mere girl, she began a system of visitation of the sick poor at Faban, in Ireland, where she lived; she left the leisure and temptation of a peculiarly attractive home, to get thoroughly trained to usefulness—spending some time at pastor Fliedner's Institute at Kaiserworth, and then a year at St. Thomas's Hospital, and going through all the drudgery of the positions. She was appointed Lady Superintendent to the Liverpool workhouse hospital—a giant place of the sort, with something like 1,400 inmates, of whom she had the sole charge. She did a great work among them, and the record of it is not only interesting, it is inspiring. The biographer has, to some extent, erred in drawing too much upon records of personal frames and feelings never meant for publication, instead of telling us more of the mode of work at Liverpool, which could certainly have still been got at from others; but the book is, for all that, one of the most valuable, in its way, that has recently appeared.



**The Annals of Our Time: A Diurnal of Events, Social and Political, Home and Foreign. From the Accession of Queen Victoria, June 20th, 1837. By Joseph Irving. A New Edition, carefully Revised, and brought down to the Peace of Versailles, February 28th, 1871. London and New York: Macmillan and Co. 1871.**

At the close of the year, newspaper editors are wont to give a summary of events of interest that have been chronicled by them during the twelve months. The *Annals of Our Time* embraces thirty-four such summaries, carefully gathered from many sources, with extended and well-prepared accounts of the more important occurrences. Home and foreign history, embracing commerce, politics, Parliamentary debates, law, science, literature, art, biography, and war, are represented in these comprehensive pages. The earlier edition, which was well received by the press and the public generally, has undergone considerable revision, names and dates have been verified, much unnecessary matter eliminated, additions to the extent of 300 pages made. Some idea of the work itself, as well as of the revision it has been subjected to, may be gathered from the following prefatory note:—"The obituary notices alone have been extended from 425 pages in the first edition to above 1,000 in the present. The cycle of history has been further completed by the addition of annals of the last two years, as many as forty-six pages being occupied by an impartial exhibition of the wonderful series of events marking the latter half of 1870. The Table of Administrations during her Majesty's reign has been corrected down to the present time, and its usefulness increased by a record of divisions, showing majorities determining the fates of each Ministry."

No labour seems to have been spared to render this a complete handbook to that portion of modern history which is embraced by the reign, and which, having witnessed the greatest social and political activity, has for us and for succeeding generations the greatest interest. Some corrections may be possible: for example, we note a dozen references to a living writer, and but one to an eminent statesman whose name is for ever identified with some of the most critical passages of modern European history. Notwithstanding this, for ready and convenient reference, for comprehensiveness, for general usefulness, as well as for its typographical excellence, this handbook is unmatched. A useful Index is appended, containing at least ten thousand references.

**For Lack of Gold. A Novel. In Three Vols. By Charles Gibbon, Author of "Robin Gray," &c. Blackie and Son.**

MR. GIBBON has, in high degree, the qualities of a story-teller. He has invention, he has fine instinct for character, and he has the happy knack of being almost sensational, without needing to do violent in-

justice to human nature in any form. Besides, he is master of a reticent humour, which is always self-respecting, and which gives force to a tender pathos, that never degenerates into mere sentimental effusion. Indeed, as in the case of Scott, a shrewd manly good sense, and patient observation, give balance to the whole, and form a sufficient corrective against the leading faults into which many of the followers of Scott have fallen. And it is evident that Mr. Gibbon is a follower of Scott. But he is no unworthy one. Throughout, we have the results of patient and kindly study; and over all there is cast the gleam of a generous, though in no wise self-indulgent, humanity. The scene is laid in the north-east portion of Scotland, and we have several of the best types of Scotch character treated with singular truth and freshness. There is the shrewd yet weakly-vain old miller; the reckless but scarcely wicked spendthrift; the severely dignified woman, whose nature Calvinism *seems* to have soured; and a sweet simple heroine, and two sisters of oddly diverse mould. One or two village celebrities make up the list of leading characters. These are very simple elements, yet out of them Mr. Gibbons has constructed a most telling story, with a thread of real tragedy running through it. Best of all, he has dispensed with villany, and has made mere recklessness and stupidity work all the complications of the novel, a by no means easy task. But as he has dispensed with a villain, so also has he, to some extent, with a hero. Angus Lamb is weakly, the creature of circumstances; and yet he is well-developed. But Angus's mother is, to some extent, the heroine, though she does not come strictly before us in this capacity. The delineation of that character is, in our opinion, simply masterly. Now and then Mr. Gibbon is over strongly melodramatic; but this is a fault likely to gain him readers rather than otherwise at present. We should not forget to mention that, while much of the character of the dialect has been preserved, Mr. Gibbon has very skilfully Anglicised it.

The Songstresses of Scotland. In Two Volumes. By Sarah Tytler and J. S. Watson. Strahan and Co.

WE had, of course, some notion that Scotland was very rich in song. But we had no idea that her women-singers had been so many and so richly productive. Misses Tytler and Watson have done a service in this very carefully written work. It bears marks of studious care; the style is free, yet finished, and the page is everywhere lightened up by choice picture and anecdote. Evidently there was, in this case, no mere professional compilation. The work was clearly done *con amore*. We have a biography of each of the several ladies, and one or two of them of singular interest. Amongst these are Lady Muirne, whose "Land o' the Leal" is often attributed to Burns, and whose "Caller Herrin" is so lifelike that it might be supposed to have had for author, not an aristocratic lady, but a real "fish-wife." Lady Anne Lindsay, or Barnard, whose "Auld Robin Gray" is literally world-known;

Miss Jean Elliot, whose "Flowers of the Forest" is so mournfully tender and sweet; Mrs. Cockburn, whose *esprit* and wit are traditional; Miss Jean Adams, the schoolmistress, who died a pauper, though she had written, at least, one immortal lyric; Jean Glover, the strolling player, whose "Over the Muir among the Heather" seems a faithful reflex of her own brief taste of early gladness; Joanna Baillie, better known for her *Plays of the Passions* than for her songs; and Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton. Susanna Blamire is claimed as a Scotch songwriter; but the Cumberland worthies would perhaps dispute the right so to classify her, though she for a while lived in Scotland, and wrote well in the Scotch dialect. This is altogether a most pleasant book, some of the sketches being not only readable, but highly finished and artistic.

Statistics of New Zealand for 1869. Compiled from Official Records. Presented to both Houses of the General Assembly by Command of His Excellency. Wellington: Printed under the Authority of the New Zealand Government. George Didsbury, Government Printer. 1870.

A SERIES of elaborate and carefully prepared papers, comprising seventy-one tables relating to the political, economical and industrial development of this distant colony. They have an interest peculiar to statistical compilations, and supply a large amount of intricate and valuable information. They embrace particulars of population, including immigration and emigration; of births, marriages and deaths; extended in formation relating to trade and interchange, together with detailed accounts of the kind, quantity and value of the imports and exports of each province, with comparative statements for several years; details and summaries of revenues, expenditure and debt of the General and Provincial Governments; accounts of waste and Crown lands, banks and joint-stock companies, and the average prices of provisions and live-stock. Particulars are also given of postal and telegraph service, of savings-banks, and of the state of the public schools, together with minute legal and criminal statistics. A valuable series of meteorological observations made at eleven different stations, forming a comparative table of climate, and an appendix of elaborate agricultural statistics complete a volume valuable alike to the political economist, the historian, and the general student.

Missionary Enterprise No Fiction. A Tale Founded on Facts. London: Elliot Stock. 1871.

AFTER musing "long and anxiously," our author has thrown "a series of duly authorised facts into the form of a connected tale, exhibiting an apparently unbroken chain of events, arising out of Missionary enterprise in Africa;" his object being to aid in exciting "Missionary interest, and to afford a pleasant hour of hallowed

amusement to the Missionary soldier either resting from or engaged in toils similar to those set forth in these pages."

We confess to having very small regard for stories made up of facts. The design to represent the nature of Missionary work, and to stimulate to sympathy with Missionary enterprise, is a very worthy object; but the record of any actual Missionary life would have told the tale better, and have made a more real appeal to the heart of the reader. The story, as here presented, is a fiction, though "founded on facts." There are stories wholly without fiction, which show the nature of Missionary work better than it is here imagined. The writer's purpose is pure; but there is more goodness in his aim than grace in his method. The object, however, is good, and we hope good will come of it.

**The New World; or, A Recent Visit to America.** Together with Introductory Observations for Tourists, and Four Appendices, containing all suitable Information for Emigrants, &c. By the Rev. W. G. Campbell, General Missionary, and Author of "The Apostle of Kerry." London: Elliot Stock. Dublin: John Robertson and Co.; J. Gough; and of the Author.

A COMPREHENSIVE title indeed! Giving a "full, true, and particular account" of what the writer intends, as well as of what he is. A book on America by an intelligent, lively, and travelled Irishman, with a verse of poetry on almost every page, cannot fail to be interesting. And such is the book before us. Even should the reader not observe from the title-page the country which Mr. Campbell calls his own, his native land, he will soon gather it as he reads on. The following advice to tourists may give him a suspicion:—"See all that is worth seeing, and you will be well repaid." Mr. Campbell writes with zest and piquancy; and a spirit of piety and of faith in God breathes throughout his pages which is quite refreshing.

**The Two Brothers, and Other Poems.** By Edward Henry Bickersteth, M.A., Author of "Yesterday, To Day, and For Ever." London: Rivingtons. 1871.

In a volume of poems, written at intervals during a period of twenty-seven years, great diversity of value may be expected. It is so in this volume; and though it may be a gratification to friends who desired to possess them, it is questionable if it is as kind to the public, or as fair to himself, for the author to put the cruder productions of school-boy days in a group with the more mature thoughts of later years.

In some of the historical poems, there are passages not wanting in dramatic power; nor are the true pathos and chaste tenderness lacking

in some of the other pieces, as, "The Threshold of Things Unseen." Some of the hymns, too, are very sweet, though the movement of others is wanting in dignity.

Oration on the Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, 21st December, 1870. By Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, LL.D., President of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Boston: Press of John Wilson and Son. 1871.

THIS oration is very much what an American anniversary oration on this important subject should be. It is instinct throughout with a duly enthusiastic interest in every movement of those stalwart men who fled the stringent persecutions of the Old World to set up their Church in the New; and the orator does not fail to lay a proper stress on the religious element which so strongly preponderated in the dawn of American Democracy. The eloquence of the discourse is great, and there is no page that is not a good sample of that rich, free, vigorous English spoken and written by the best men on the other side of the Atlantic. As a specimen of American typography, the book is perfect.

Her Title of Honour. By Holme Lee, Author of "Kathie Brande," "For Richer for Poorer," &c. London: Henry S. King and Son. 1871.

THIS reprint from the *People's Magazine* is a tenderly pathetic story, well told in good plain English. It is a story of service and heroic sacrifice, spent in the best and holiest cause. It is enriched with beautiful description and details of life and sentiment; and it illustrates this useful moral, that the consciousness of devotion to the service of the needy is an ample compensation for the sacrificial expenditure of the most valuable life. It cannot be read without profit; bringing as it does before the mind one of the noblest characters in Missionary History—Henry Martyn.

Heroines in Obscurity. A Second Series of "Papers for Thoughtful Girls." By the Author of "Papers for Thoughtful Girls." London: Strahan and Co. 1871.

OUR younger friends may thank us for drawing their attention to this second series of papers. They are a kind of lay sermon based upon "The Preacher's" description of the virtuous woman, and illustrated by various examples drawn mainly from middle-class suburban London life. They are full of good counsels, and may be read with profit by thoughtful, and even by thoughtless girls.

An Introductory Text-book to Zoology. By H. Alleyne Nicholson. Edinburgh: W. Blackwood and Sons.

NOTHING can be better adapted to its object than this cheap and well written Introduction.

Benoni Blake, M.D. Surgeon at Glenaldie. By the Author of "Peasant Life in the North." London: Strahan & Co.

Joshua Marvell. By B. J. Farjeon. London: Tinsley Bros. Fernyhurst Court. By the Author of "Stone Edge." London: Strahan and Co.

Shoemakers' Village. By Henry Holbeach. London: Strahan and Co.

THESE are very fair works of the kind, especially Joshua Marvell, and Fernyhurst Court.

Westward by Rail: A Journey to San Francisco and Back, and a Visit to the Mormons. By W. F. Rae. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

A VERY interesting narrative.

Historical Narratives, from the Russian. By H. C. Romanoff. London: Rivingtons.

A RACY and deeply interesting volume.

Practical Plane Geometry. By J. W. Palliser. London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co.

AN instalment of a little course which cannot but be serviceable to the class for whom it is intended.

A New View of Causation. By Thomas Squire Barrett. London: Provost and Co.

A BEAUTIFULLY printed volume, the chief value of which is its exhaustive account of all the theories. The new view looks very much like an old one, which we have lately condemned.

Ciro. By the Rev. W. Lucas Collins, M.A. London: Blackwood and Sons.

THE most interesting of all the "Ancient Classics."